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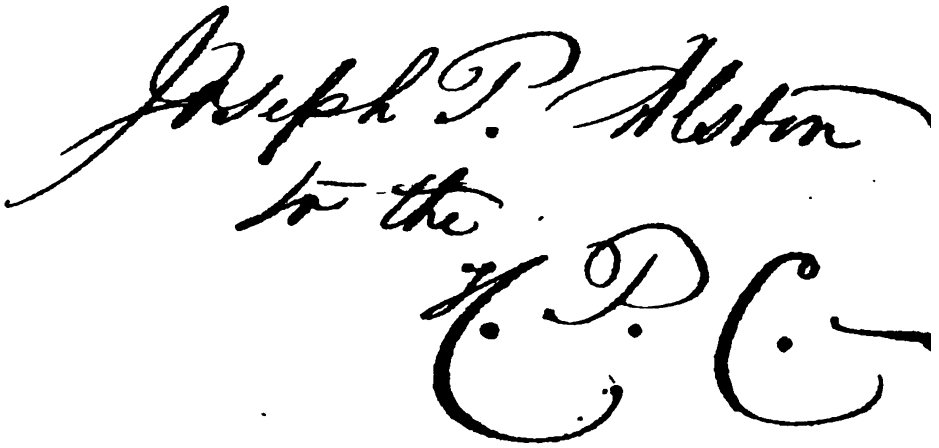

# SHAKSPEARE'S

# DRAMATIC WORKS.

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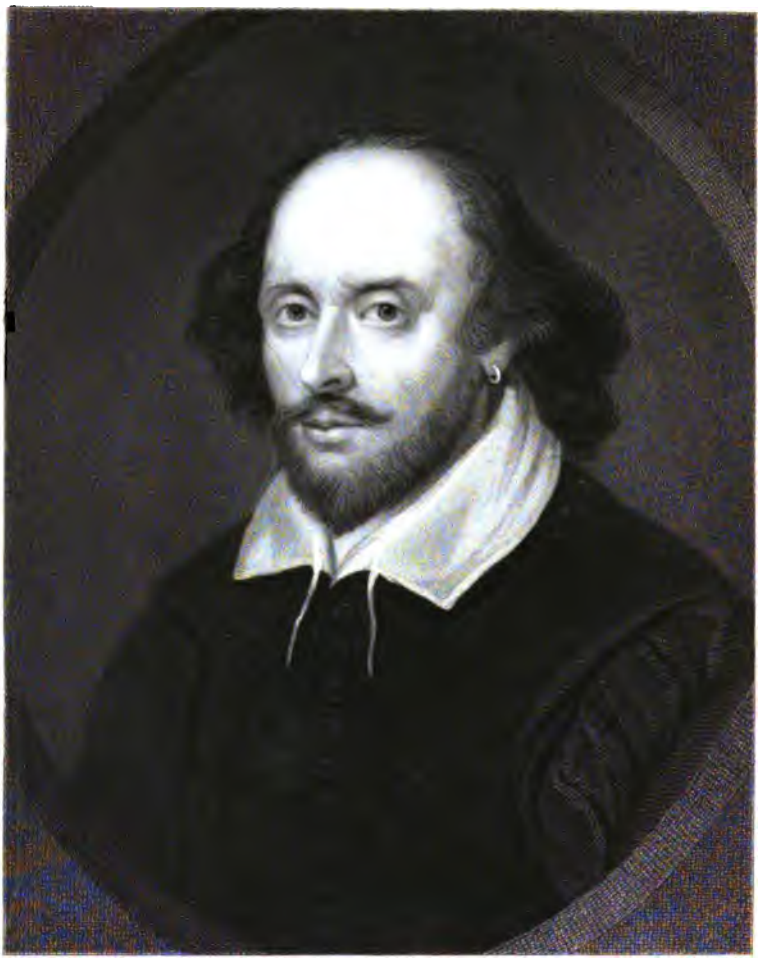
VOL. I.



H. T. Ryall sculpt.

SHAKSPEARE.

London, Published by Richard ... 1839.

THE

# DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE;

WITH

## A LIFE OF THE POET,

AND

## NOTES,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Jn Seven Volumes

VOL. I.

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BOSTON:
CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

1844.

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# ADVERTISEMENT.

In the edition of the Dramatic Works of Shakspeare now presented to the reader, it has been the design of the publishers, to give the text with as much accuracy as possible, accompanying it with such annotations only, as might be required for the purposes of illustration.

Those who are acquainted with the various editions, and with the results of the labor of commentators, will be aware that this task is not an easy one. The publishers believed that they could best accomplish it, by selecting the comprehensive and valuable edition of Mr. Singer as the basis of theirs, so far as relates to the notes; rejecting, however, such of those notes, and such portions of any of them, as appeared to be unnecessary, and inserting additional ones where they seemed likely to be useful.

The changes in both these respects are so numerous, that there would have been no propriety in affixing to this edition the name of Mr. Singer; but it would be injustice not to express to him the most important and constant obligations. The Preliminary

Remarks upon the several plays are derived from the same source. With regard to the text, they have preferred, in general, to follow the readings of the folio edition of 1623, with which the text of this edition has been carefully compared.

In order to present to the reader a biography of Shakspeare, they have preserved all such portions of that written by Dr. SYMMONS, and published in connection with Mr. Singer's edition, as were considered valuable; and, with the view of combining all the facts relative to the personal history of the Poet, which research, began too late, has been able to discover, they have added the "*New Facts regarding the Life of Shakspeare*," contained in a recent letter addressed by J. Payne Collier to Thomas Amyot, and now, for the first time, reprinted in this country.

In short, the object of the publishers has been, to prepare an edition in a handsome and convenient form, not too much encumbered with comments, nor too destitute of them, and comprehending such other advantages as the inquiries and research of the accomplished scholar, who has prepared the work for the press, have suggested.

HILLIARD, GRAY, & CO.

BOSTON, *August*, 1836.

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# THE LIFE

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH SOME

REMARKS UPON HIS DRAMATIC WRITINGS.

---

Little more than two centuries has elapsed since William Shakspeare conversed with our tongue, and trod the self-same soil with ourselves; and if it were not for the records kept by our Church in its registers of births, marriages, and burials, we should at this moment be as personally ignorant of the "sweet swan of Avon" as we are of the old minstrel and rhapsodist of Meles. That William Shakspeare was born in Stratford upon Avon; that he married and had three children; that he wrote a certain number of dramas; that he died before he had attained to old age, and was buried in his native town,—are positively the only facts, in the personal history of this extraordinary man, of which we are certainly possessed; and, if we should be solicitous to fill up this bare and most unsatisfactory outline, we must have recourse to the vague reports of unsubstantial tradition, or to the still more shadowy inferences of lawless and vagabond conjecture. Of this remarkable ignorance of one of the most richly endowed with intellect of the human species, who ran his mortal race in our own country, and who stands separated from us by no very great intervention of time, the causes may not be difficult to be ascertained. William Shakspeare was an actor and a writer of plays; in neither of which characters, however he might excel in them, could he be lifted high in the estimation of his contemporaries. He was honored, indeed, with the friendship of nobles and the patronage of monarchs: his

theatre was frequented by the wits of the metropolis; and he associated with the most intellectual of his times. But the spirit of the age was against him; and, in opposition to it, he could not become the subject of any general or comprehensive interest. The nation, in short, knew little and cared less about him. During his life, and for some years after his death, inferior dramatists outran him in the race of popularity; and then the flood of Puritan fanaticism swept him and the stage together into temporary oblivion. On the restoration of the monarchy and the theatre, the school of France perverted our taste; and it was not till the last century was somewhat advanced, that William Shakspeare arose again, as it were, from the tomb, in all his proper majesty of light. He then became the subject of solicitous and learned inquiry; but inquiry was then too late; and all that it could recover from the ravage of time were only a few human fragments, which could scarcely be united into a man. To these causes of our personal ignorance of the great bard of England must be added his own strange indifference to the celebrity of genius. When he had produced his admirable works, ignorant or heedless of their value, he abandoned them with perfect indifference to oblivion or to fame. It surpassed his thought that he could grow into the admiration of the world; and, without any reference to the curiosity of future ages, in which he could not conceive himself to possess an interest, he was contented to die in the arms of obscurity, as an unlaureled burgher of a provincial town. To this combination of causes are we to attribute the scantiness of our materials for the Life of William Shakspeare. His works are in myriads of hands: he constitutes the delight of myriads of readers: his renown is coextensive with the civilization of man; and, striding across the ocean from Europe, it occupies the wide region of transatlantic empire: but he is himself only a shadow which disappoints our grasp; an undefined form, which is rather intimated than discovered to the keenest searchings of our eye. Of the little, however, questionable or certain, which can be told of him, we must now proceed to make the best use in our power, to write what by courtesy may be called his life; and we have only to lament that the result of our labor must greatly disappoint the curiosity which has been excited by the grandeur of his reputation. The slight narrative of Rowe, founded

on the information obtained, in the beginning of the last century, by the inquiries of Betterton, the famous actor, will necessarily supply us with the greater part of the materials with which we are to work.

William Shakspeare, or Shakspere (for the floating orthography of the name is properly attached to the one or the other of these varieties), was baptized in the church of Stratford upon Avon, as is ascertained by the parish register, on the 26th of April, 1564; and he is said to have been born on the 23d of the same month, the day consecrated to the tutelar saint of England His parents, John and Mary Shakspeare, were not of equal ranks in the community; for the former was only a respectable tradesman, whose ancestors cannot be traced into gentility, whilst the latter belonged to an ancient and opulent house in the county of Warwick, being the youngest daughter of Robert Arden of Wilmecote. The family of the Ardens (or Ardernes, as it is written in all the old deeds) was of considerable antiquity and importance, some of them having served as high sheriffs of their county, and two of them (Sir John Arden and his nephew, the grandfather of Mrs. Shakspeare) having enjoyed each a station of honor in the personal establishment of Henry VII. The younger of these Ardens was made, by his sovereign, keeper of the park of Aldercar, and bailiff of the lordship of Codnore. He obtained, also, from the crown, a valuable grant in the lease of the manor of Yoxsal, in Staffordshire, consisting of more than 4,600 acres, at a rent of 42*l.* Mary Arden did not come dowerless to her plebeian husband; for she brought to him a small freehold estate called Asbies, and the sum of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* in money. The freehold consisted of a house and fifty-four acres of land; and, as far as it appears, it was the first piece of landed property which was ever possessed by the Shakspeares. Of this marriage the offspring was four sons and four daughters; of whom Joan (or, according to the orthography of that time, Jone) and Margaret, the eldest of the children, died, one in infancy and one at a somewhat more advanced age; and Gilbert, whose birth immediately succeeded to that of our Poet, is supposed by some not to have reached his maturity, and by others, to have attained to considerable longevity. Joan, the eldest of the four remaining children, and named after her deceased sister, married William

Hart, a hatter in her native town; and Edmund, the youngest of the family, adopting the profession of an actor, resided in St. Savior's parish in London; and was buried in St. Savior's Church, on the last day of December, 1607, in his twenty-eighth year. Of Anne and Richard, whose births intervened between those of Joan and Edmund, the parish register tells the whole history, when it records that the former was buried on the 4th of April, 1579, in the eighth year of her age, and the latter on the 4th of February, 1612–13, when he had nearly completed his thirty-ninth.

In consequence of a document, discovered in the year 1770, in the house in which, if tradition is to be trusted, our Poet was born, some persons have concluded that John Shakspeare was a Roman Catholic, though he had risen, by the regular gradation of office, to the chief dignity of the corporation of Stratford, that of high bailiff; and, during the whole of this period, had unquestionably conformed to the rites of the Church of England. The asserted fact seemed not to be very probable; and the document in question, which, drawn up in a testamentary form, and regularly attested, zealously professes the Roman faith of him in whose name it speaks, having been subjected to a rigid examination by Malone, has been pronounced to be spurious. The trade of John Shakspeare, as well as his religious faith, has recently been made the subject of controversy. According to the testimony of Rowe, grounded on the tradition of Stratford, the father of our Poet was a dealer in wool, or, in the provincial vocabulary of his country, a wool-driver; and such he has been deemed by all the biographers of his son, till the fact was thrown into doubt by the result of the inquisitiveness of Malone. Finding, in an old and obscure MS. purporting to record the proceedings of the bailiff's court in Stratford, our John Shakspeare designated as a glover, Malone exults over the ignorance of poor Rowe, and assumes no small degree of merit to himself as the discoverer of a long-sought and a most important historic truth. If he had recollected the remark of the clown in the Twelfth Night,* that "a sentence is but a cheverel glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outwards!"

* Act iii. sc. 1.

—he would, doubtless, have pressed the observation into his service, and brought it as an irresistible attestation of the veracity of his old MS.

Whatever may have been the trade of John Shakspeare, whether that of wool-merchant or of glover, it seems, with the little fortune of his wife, to have placed him in a state of easy competence. In 1569 or 1570, in consequence partly of his alliance with the Ardens, and partly of his attainment of the prime municipal honors of his town, he obtained a concession of arms from the herald's office—a grant which placed him and his family on the file of the gentry of England; and, in 1574, he purchased two houses, with gardens and orchards annexed to them, in Henley Street, in Stratford. But before the year 1578, his prosperity, from causes not now ascertainable, had certainly declined; for in that year, as we find from the records of his borough, he was excused, in condescension to his poverty, from the moiety of a very moderate assessment of six shillings and eight pence, made by the members of the corporation on themselves; at the same time that he was altogether exempted from his contribution to the relief of the poor. During the remaining years of his life, his fortunes appear not to have recovered themselves; for he ceased to attend the meetings of the corporation hall, where he had once presided; and, in 1586, another person was substituted as alderman in his place, in consequence of his magisterial inefficiency. He died in the September of 1601, when his illustrious son had already attained to high celebrity; and his wife, Mary Shakspeare, surviving him for seven years, deceased in the September of 1608, the burial of the former being registered on the eighth, and that of the latter on the ninth of this month, in each of these respective years.

On the 30th of June, 1564, when our Poet had not yet been three months in this breathing world, his native Stratford was visited by the plague; and, during the six succeeding months, the ravaging disease is calculated to have swept to the grave more than a seventh part of the whole population of the place. But the favored infant reposed in security in his cradle, and breathed health amid an atmosphere of pestilence. The Genius of England may be supposed to have held the arm of the destroyer, and not to have permitted it to fall on the consecrated dwelling of his and Nature's darling.

The disease, indeed, did not overstep his charmed threshold; for the name of Shakspeare is not to be found in the register of deaths throughout that period of accelerated mortality. That he survived this desolating calamity of his townsmen, is all that we know of William Shakspeare from the day of his birth till he was sent, as we are informed by Rowe, to the free-school of Stratford; and was stationed there in the course of his education, till, in consequence of the straitened circumstances of his father, he was recalled to the paternal roof. As we are not told at what age he was sent to school, we cannot form any estimate of the time during which he remained there; but if he was placed under his master when he was six years old, he might have continued in a state of instruction for seven or even for eight years—a term sufficiently long for any boy, not an absolute blockhead, to acquire something more than the mere elements of the classical languages. We are too ignorant, however, of dates, in these instances, to speak with any confidence on the subject; and we can only assert that seven or eight of the fourteen years, which intervened between the birth of our Poet in 1564 and the known period of his father's diminished fortune in 1578, might very properly have been given to the advantages of the free-school. But now the important question is to be asked—What were the attainments of our young Shakspeare at this seat of youthful instruction? Did he return to his father's house in a state of utter ignorance of classic literature? or was he as far advanced in his school-studies as boys of his age (which I take to be thirteen or fourteen) usually are in the common progress of our public and more reputable schools? That his scholastic attainments did not rise to the point of learning, seems to have been the general opinion of his contemporaries; and to this opinion I am willing to assent. But I cannot persuade myself that he was entirely unacquainted with the classic tongues; or that, as Farmer and his followers labor to convince us, he could receive the instructions, even for three or four years, of a school of any character, and could then depart without any knowledge beyond that of the Latin accidence. The most accomplished scholar may read with pleasure the poetic versions of the classic poets; and the less advanced proficient may consult his indolence by applying to the page of a translation of a prose classic, when accuracy of quotation

may not be required; and on evidences of this nature is supported the charge which has been brought, and which is now generally admitted, against our immortal Bard, of more than school-boy ignorance. He might, indeed, from necessity apply to North for the interpretation of Plutarch; but he read Golding's Ovid only, as I am satisfied, for the entertainment of its English poetry. Ben Jonson, who must have been intimately conversant with his friend's classic acquisitions, tells us expressly that "He had small Latin, and less Greek." But, according to the usual plan of instruction in our schools, he must have traversed a considerable extent of the language of Rome, before he could touch even the confines of that of Greece. He must in short have read Ovid's Metamorphoses, and a part at least of Virgil, before he could open the grammar of the more ancient, and copious, and complex dialect. This I conceive to be a fair statement of the case in the question respecting Shakspeare's learning. Beyond controversy he was not a scholar; but he had not profited so little by the hours which he had passed in school, as not to be able to understand the more easy Roman authors without the assistance of a translation. If he himself had been asked, on the subject, he might have parodied his own Falstaff, and have answered, "Indeed I am not a Scaliger or a Budæus, but yet no blockhead, friend." I believe also that he was not wholly unacquainted with the popular languages of France and Italy. He had abundant leisure to acquire them; and the activity and the curiosity of his mind were sufficiently strong to urge him to their acquisition. But to discuss this much-agitated question, would lead me beyond the limits which are prescribed to me; and, contenting myself with declaring that, in my opinion, both parties are wrong, both they who contend for our Poet's learning, and they who place his illiteracy on a level with that of John Taylor, the celebrated water poet, I must resume my humble and most deficient narrative. The classical studies of William Shakspeare, whatever progress he may or may not have made in them, were now suspended; and he was replaced in his father's house, when he had attained his thirteenth or fourteenth year, to assist with his hand in the maintenance of the family. Whether he continued in this situation whilst he remained in his single state, has not been told to us, and cannot therefore, at this period, be known. But in the absence of informa-

tion, conjecture will be busy, and will soon cover the bare desert with unprofitable vegetation. Whilst Malone surmises that the young Poet passed the interval, till his marriage, or a large portion of it, in the office of an attorney, Aubrey stations him, during the same term, at the head of a country school. But the surmises of Malone are not universally happy; and to the assertions of Aubrey I am not disposed to attach more credit than was attached to them by Anthony Wood, who knew the old gossip, and was competent to appreciate his character. It is more probable that the necessity which brought young Shakspeare from his school, retained him with his father's occupation at home, till the acquisition of a wife made it convenient for him to remove to a separate habitation. It is reasonable to conclude that a mind like his, ardent, excursive, and "all compact of imagination," would not be satisfied with entire inactivity, but would obtain knowledge where it could, if not from the stores of the ancients, from those at least which were supplied to him by the writers of his own country.

In 1582, before he had completed his eighteenth year, he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter, as Rowe informs us, of a substantial yeoman in the neighborhood of Stratford. We are unacquainted with the precise period of their marriage, and with the church in which it was solemnized; for in the register of Stratford there is no record of the event; and we are made certain of the year in which it occurred only by the baptism of Susannah, the first produce of the union, on the 26th of May, 1583. As young Shakspeare neither increased his fortune by this match, though he probably received some money with his wife, nor raised himself by it in the community, we may conclude that he was induced to it by inclination, and the impulse of love. But the youthful poet's dream of happiness does not seem to have been realized by the result. The bride was eight years older than the bridegroom; and whatever charms she might possess to fascinate the eyes of her boy-lover, she probably was deficient in those powers which are requisite to impose a durable fetter on the heart, and to hold "in sweet captivity" a mind of the very highest order. No charge is intimated against the lady; but she is left in Stratford by her husband during his long residence in the metropolis; and on his death, she is found to be only slightly, and, as it were, casually, remembered in his will. Her second

pregnancy, which was productive of twins (Hamnet and Judith, baptized on the 2d of February, 1584–5), terminated her pride as a mother; and we know nothing more respecting her, than that, surviving her illustrious consort by rather more than seven years, she was buried on the 8th of August, 1623, being, as we are told by the inscription on her tomb, of the age of sixty-seven. Respecting the habits of life, or the occupation of our young Poet by which he obtained his subsistence, or even the place of his residence, subsequently to his marriage, not a floating syllable has been wafted to us by tradition for the gratification of our curiosity; and the history of this great man is a perfect blank till the occurrence of an event, which drove him from his native town, and gave his wonderful intellect to break out in its full lustre on the world. From the frequent allusions in his writings to the elegant sport of falconry, it has been suggested that this, possibly, might be one of his favorite amusements; and nothing can be more probable, from the active season of his life, and his fixed habitation in the country, than his strong and eager passion for all the pleasures of the field. As a sportsman, in his rank of life, he would naturally become a poacher; and then it is highly probable that he would fall into the acquaintance of poachers, and, associating with them in his idler hours, would occasionally be one of their fellow-marauders on the manors of their rich neighbors. In one of these licentious excursions on the grounds of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, in the immediate vicinity of Stratford, for the purpose, as it is said, of stealing his deer, our young Bard was detected; and, having farther irritated the knight by affixing a satirical ballad on him to the gates of Charlecote, he was compelled to fly before the enmity of his powerful adversary, and to seek an asylum in the capital. Malone, who is prone to doubt, wishes to question the truth of this whole narrative, and to ascribe the flight of young Shakspeare from his native country to the embarrassment of his circumstances, and the persecution of his creditors. But the story of the deer-stealing rests upon the uniform tradition of Stratford, and is confirmed by the character of Sir T. Lucy, who is known to have been a rigid preserver of his game; by the enmity displayed against his memory by Shakspeare in his succeeding life; and by a part of the offensive

ballad* itself, preserved by a Mr. Jones of Tarbick, a village near to Stratford, who obtained it from those who must have been acquainted with the fact, and who could not be biased by any interest or passion to falsify or misstate it. Besides, the objector, in this instance, seems not to be aware that it was easier to escape from the resentment of an offended proprietor of game, than from the avarice of a creditor; that, whilst the former might be satisfied with the removal of the delinquent to a situation where he could no longer infest his parks or his warrens, the latter would pursue his debtor wherever bailiffs could find and writs could attach him. On every account, therefore, I believe the tradition, recorded by Rowe, that our Poet retired from Stratford before the exasperated power of Sir T. Lucy, and found a refuge in London, not possibly beyond the reach of the arm, but beyond the hostile purposes of his provincial antagonist.

The time of this eventful flight of the great Bard of England cannot now be accurately determined; but we may somewhat confidently place it between the years 1585 and 1588; for in the former of these we may conclude him to have been present with his family at the baptism of his twins, Hamnet and Judith; and than the latter of them we cannot well assign a later date for his arrival in London, since we know † that before 1592 he had not only written two long poems, the Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece, but had acquired no small degree of celebrity as an actor and as a dramatic writer.

At this agitating crisis of his life, the situation of young Shakspeare was certainly, in its obvious aspect, severe and even terrific. Without friends to protect or assist him, he was driven, under the frown of exasperated power, from his profession; from his native fields; from the companions of his childhood and his youth; from his wife and his infant offspring. The world was spread before him, like a dark ocean, in which no fortunate isle could be seen to glitter

* The first stanza of this ballad, which is admitted to be genuine, may properly be preserved as a curiosity. But as it is to be found in every life of our author, with the exception of Rowe's, I shall refer my readers, to whom it could not be gratifying, to some other page for it than my own.

† From Robert Greene's posthumous work, written in 1592, and Chettle's Kind Hart' Dream, published very soon afterwards.

amid the gloomy and sullen tide. But he was blessed with youth and health; his conscience was unwounded, for the adventure for which he suffered, was regarded, in the estimation of his times, as a mere boy's frolic, of not greater guilt than the robbing of an orchard; and his mind, rich beyond example in the gold of heaven, could throw lustre over the black waste before him, and could people it with a beautiful creation of her own. We may imagine him, then, departing from his home, not indeed like the great Roman captive, as he is described by the poet—

> Fertur pudicæ conjugis osculum,
> Parvosque natos, ut capitis minor,
> Ab se removisse, et virilem
> Torvus humi posuisse, vultum, &c.—

but touched with some feelings of natural sorrow, yet with an unfaltering step, and with hope vigorous at his heart. It was impossible that he should despair; and if he indulged in sanguine expectation, the event proved him not to be a visionary. In the course of a few years, the exile of Stratford became the associate of wits, the friend of nobles, the favorite of monarchs; and in a period which still left him not in sight of old age, he returned to his birthplace in affluence, with honor, and with the plaudits of the judicious and the noble resounding in his ears.

His immediate refuge in the metropolis was the stage; to which his access, as it appears, was easy. Stratford was fond of theatrical representations, which it accommodated with its town or guildhall, and had frequently been visited by companies of players when our Poet was of an age not only to enjoy their performances, but to form an acquaintance with their members. Thomas Greene, who was one of their distinguished actors, has been considered by some writers as a kinsman of our author's; and though he, possibly, may have been confounded by them with another Thomas Greene, a barrister, who was unquestionably connected with the Shakspeares, he was certainly a fellow-townsman of our fugitive Bard's; whilst Heminge and Burbage, two of the leaders of the company in question, belonged either to Stratford or to its immediate neighborhood. With the door of the theatre thus open to him, and under the impulse of his own theatrical bias (for however in after-life he may have lamented his degradation as a professional actor, it must be concluded

that he now felt a strong attachment to the stage), it is not wonderful that young Shakspeare should solicit this asylum in his distress; or that he should be kindly received by men who knew him, and some of whom were connected, if not with his family, at least with his native town. The company, to which he united himself, was the Earl of Leicester's or the Queen's, which had obtained the royal license in 1574. The place of its performances, when our Poet became enrolled among its members, was the Globe on the Bankside; and its managers subsequently purchased the theatre of Blackfriars (the oldest theatre in London), which they had previously rented for some years; and at these two theatres, the first of which was open in the centre for summer representations, and the last covered for those of winter, were acted all the dramatic productions of Shakspeare. That he was at first received into the company in a very subordinate situation, may be regarded not merely as probable, but as certain; that he ever carried a link to light the frequenters of the theatre, or ever held their horses, must be rejected as an absurd tale, fabricated, no doubt, by the lovers of the marvellous, who were solicitous to obtain a contrast in the humility of his first to the pride of his subsequent fortunes. The mean and servile occupation, thus assigned to him, was incompatible with his circumstances, even in their present afflicted state; and his relations and connections, though far from wealthy, were yet too remote from absolute poverty, to permit him to act for a moment in such a degrading situation. He was certainly, therefore, immediately admitted within the theatre; but in what rank or character cannot now be known. This fact, however, soon became of very little consequence; for he speedily raised himself into consideration among his new fellows by the exertions of his pen, if not by his proficiency as an actor. When he began his career as a dramatic writer, or to what degree of excellence he attained in his personation of dramatic characters, are questions which have been frequently agitated without any satisfactory result. By two publications, which appeared toward the end of 1592, we know, or at least we are induced strongly to infer, that at that period, either as the corrector of old or as the writer of original dramas, he had supplied the stage with a copiousness of materials. We learn also from the same documents that, in his profession of actor,

he trod the boards not without the acquisition of applause. The two publications, to which I allude, are Robert Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance," and Henry Chettle's "Kind Hart's Dream." In the former of these works, which was published by Chettle subsequently to the unhappy author's decease, the writer, addressing his fellow dramatists, Marlowe, Peele, and Lodge, says, "Yes! trust them not" (the managers of the theatre); "for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." As it could not be doubtful against whom this attack was directed, we cannot wonder that Shakspeare should be hurt by it; or that he should expostulate on the occasion rather warmly with Chettle as the editor of the offensive matter. In consequence, as it is probable, of this expression of resentment on the part of Shakspeare, a pamphlet from the pen of Chettle, called "Kind Hart's Dream," issued from the press before the close of the same year (1592) which had witnessed the publication of Greene's posthumous work. In this pamphlet, Chettle acknowledges his concern for having edited any thing which had given pain to Shakspeare, of whose character and accomplishments he avows a very favorable opinion. Marlowe, as well as Shakspeare, appears to have been offended by some passages in this production of poor Greene's; and to both of these great dramatic poets Chettle refers in the short citation which we shall now make from his page: "With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them" (concluded to be Marlowe, whose moral character was unhappily not good) "I care not if I never be. The other" (who must necessarily be Shakspeare), "whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had; for that, as I have moderated the hate of living authors, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case, the author being dead), that I did not, I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault; because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil than he is excellent in the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty; and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art."

Shakspeare was now twenty-eight years of age; and this testimony of a contemporary, who was acquainted with him, and was himself an actor, in favor of his moral and his professional excellence, must be admitted as of considerable value. It is evident that he had now written for the stage; and before he entered upon dramatic composition, we are certain that he had completed, though he had not published, his two long and labored poems of Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece. We cannot, therefore, date his arrival in the capital later than 1588, or, perhaps, than 1587; and the four or five years which interposed between his departure from Stratford and his becoming the object of Greene's malignant attack, constituted a busy and an important period of his life. Within this term he had conciliated the friendship of the young Thomas Wriothesly, the liberal, the high-souled, the romantic Earl of Southampton; a friendship which adhered to him throughout his life; and he had risen to that celebrity, as a poet and a dramatist, which placed him with the first wits of the age, and subsequently lifted him to the notice and the favor of Elizabeth and James, as they successively sate upon the throne of England.

At the point of time which our narrative has now reached, we cannot accurately determine what dramatic pieces had been composed by him; but we are assured that they were of sufficient excellence to excite the envy and the consequent hostility of those who, before his rising, had been the luminaries of the stage. It would be gratifying to curiosity, if the feat were possible, to adjust with any precision the order in which his wonderful productions issued from his brain. But the attempt has more than once been made, and never yet with entire success. We know only that his connection with the stage continued for about twenty years (though the duration even of this term cannot be settled with precision), and that, within this period, he composed, either partially, as working on the ground of others, or educing them altogether from his own fertility, thirty-five or (if that wretched thing, Pericles, in consequence of Dryden's testimony in favor of its authenticity, and of a few touches of THE GOLDEN PEN being discoverable in its last scenes, must be added to the number) thirty-six dramas; and that of these it is probable that such as were founded on the works of preceding authors were the first essays of his dramatic talent; and such as

were more perfectly his own, and are of the first sparkle of excellence, were among the last. While I should not hesitate, therefore, to station "Pericles," the three parts of "Henry VI." (for I cannot see any reason for throwing the first of these parts from the protection of our author's name), "Love's Labor Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Taming of the Shrew," "King John," and "Richard II.," among his earliest productions, I should, with equal confidence, arrange "Macbeth," "Lear," "Othello," "Twelfth Night," and "The Tempest," with his latest, assigning them to that season of his life, when his mind exulted in the conscious plenitude of power. Whatever might be the order of succession in which this illustrious family of genius sprang into existence, they soon attracted notice, and speedily compelled the homage of respect from those who were the most eminent for their learning, their talents, or their rank. Jonson, Selden, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Donne, were the associates and the intimates of our Poet: the Earl of Southampton was his especial friend: the Earls of Pembroke and of Montgomery were avowedly his admirers and patrons: Queen Elizabeth distinguished him with her favor; and her successor, James, with his own hand, honored the great dramatist with a letter of thanks for the compliment paid in Macbeth to the royal family of the Stuarts.*

The circumstance which first brought the two lords of the stage, Shakspeare and Jonson, into that embrace of friendship which continued indissoluble, as there is reason to believe, during the permission of mortality, is reported to have been the kind assistance given by the former to the latter, when he was offering one of his plays (Every Man in his Humor) for the benefit of representation. The manuscript, as it is said, was on the point of being rejected and returned with a rude answer, when Shakspeare, fortunately glancing his eye over its pages, immediately discovered its merit, and, with his influence, obtained its introduction on the stage. To this story, some specious objections have been raised; and there cannot be any necessity for contending for it, as no lucky accident can be required to account for the inducement of amity between

* The existence of this royal letter of thanks is asserted on the authority of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who saw it in the possession of Davenant. The cause of the thanks is assigned on the most probable conjecture.

two men of high genius, each treading the same broad path to fame and fortune, yet each with a character so peculiarly his own, that he might attain his object without wounding the pride or invading the interests of the other. It has been generally believed that the intellectual superiority of Shakspeare excited the envy and the consequent enmity of Jonson. It is well that of these asserted facts no evidences can be adduced. The friendship of these great men seems to have been unbroken during the life of Shakspeare; and, on his death, Jonson made an offering to his memory of high, just, and appropriate panegyric. He places him above not only the modern but the Greek dramatists; and he professes for him admiration short only of idolatry. They who can discover any penuriousness of praise in the surviving poet, must be gifted with a very *peculiar* vision of mind. With the flowers which he strewed upon the grave of his friend, there certainly was not blended one poisonous or bitter leaf. If, therefore, he was, as he is represented to have been by an impartial and able judge (Drummond of Hawthornden), "a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; jealous of every word and action of those about him," &c. &c., how can we otherwise account for the uninterrupted harmony of his intercourse with our Bard, than by supposing that the frailties of his nature were overruled by that preëminence of mental power in his friend which precluded competition; and by his friend's sweetness of temper and gentleness of manners, which repressed every feeling of hostility. Between Shakspeare and Thomas Wriothesly, the munificent and the noble Earl of Southampton, distinguished in history by his inviolable attachment to the rash and the unfortunate Essex, the friendship was permanent and ardent. At its commencement, in 1593, when Shakspeare was twenty-nine years of age, Southampton was not more than nineteen; and, with the love of general literature, he was particularly attached to the exhibitions of the theatre. His attention was first drawn to Shakspeare by the Poet's dedication to him of the "Venus and Adonis," that "first heir," as the dedicator calls it, "of his invention;" and the acquaintance, once begun between characters and hearts like theirs, would soon mature into intimacy and friendship. In the following year (1594), Shakspeare's second poem, "The Rape of Lucrece," was addressed by him to his noble patron in a strain of

less distant timidity; and we may infer from it that the Poet had then obtained a portion of the favor which he sought. That his fortunes were essentially promoted by the munificent patronage of Southampton cannot reasonably be doubted. We are told by Sir William Davenant, who surely possessed the means of knowing the fact, that the peer gave at one time to his favored Dramatist the magnificent present of a thousand pounds. This is rejected by Malone as an extravagant exaggeration; and because the donation is said to have been made for the purpose of enabling the Poet to complete a purchase which he had then in contemplation, and because no purchase of an adequate magnitude seems to have been accomplished by him, the critic treats the whole story with contempt, and is desirous of substituting a dedication fee of one hundred pounds for the more princely liberality which is attested by Davenant. But surely a purchase might be within the view of Shakspeare, and eventually not be effected; and then of course the thousand pounds in question would be added to his personal property; where it would just complete the income on which he is reported to have retired from the stage. As to the incredibility of the gift in consequence of its value, have we not witnessed a gift, made in the present day, by a noble of the land to a mere actor, of ten times the nominal and twice the effective value of this proud bounty of the great Earl of Southampton's * to one of the master-spirits of the human race? †

Of the degree of patronage and kindness extended to Shakspeare by the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, we are altogether igno-

* As the patron and the friend of Shakspeare, Thomas Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, is entitled to our especial attention and respect. But I cannot admit his eventful history into the text, without breaking the unity of my biographical narrative; and to speak of him within the compass of a note will be only to inform my readers, that he was born on the 6th of October, 1573; that he was engaged in the mad attempts of his friend, the Earl of Essex, against the government of Elizabeth; that, in consequence, he was confined during her life by that queen, who was so lenient as to be satisfied with the blood of one of the friends; that, immediately on her death, he was liberated by her successor, not disposed to adopt the enmities of the murderess of his mother; that he was promoted to honors by the new sovereign; and that, finally, being sent with a military command to the Low Countries, he caught a fever from his son, Lord Wriothesly; and, surviving him only five days, concluded his active and honorable career of life, at Bergen-op-zoom, on the 10th of November, 1624. It may be added, that, impoverished by his liberalities, he left his widow in such circumstances as to call for the assistance of the crown.

† The late Duke of Northumberland made a present to John Kemble of 10,000*l*.

rant; but we know, from the dedication of his works to them by Heminge and Condell, that they had distinguished themselves as his admirers and friends. That he numbered many more of the nobility of his day among the admirers of his transcendent genius, we may consider as a specious probability. But we must not indulge in conjectures, when we can gratify ourselves with the reports of tradition, approaching very nearly to certainties. Elizabeth, as it is confidently said, honored our illustrious dramatist with her especial notice and regard. She was unquestionably fond of theatric exhibitions; and, with her literary mind and her discriminating eye, it is impossible that she should overlook—and that, not overlooking, she should not appreciate—the man whose genius formed the prime glory of her reign. It is affirmed that, delighted with the character of Falstaff as drawn in the two parts of Henry IV., she expressed a wish to see the gross and dissolute knight under the influence of love; and that the result of our Poet's compliance with the desire of his royal mistress, was "The Merry Wives of Windsor."* Favored, however, as our Poet seems to have been by Elizabeth, and notwithstanding the fine incense which he offered to her vanity, it does not appear that he profited in any degree by her bounty. She could distinguish and could smile upon genius; but unless it were immediately serviceable to her personal or her political interests, she had not the soul to reward it. However inferior to her in the arts of government, and in some of the great characters of mind, might be her Scottish successor, he resembled her in his love of letters, and in his own cultivation of learning. He was a scholar, and even a poet: his attachment to the general cause of literature was strong; and his love of the drama and the theatre was particularly warm. Before his accession to the English throne, he had written, as we have before noticed, a letter, with his own hand, to

* Animated as this comedy is with much distinct delineation of character, it cannot be pronounced to be unworthy of its great author. But it evinces the difficulty of writing upon a prescribed subject, and of working with effect under the control of another mind. As he sported in the scenes of Henry IV., Falstaff was insusceptible of love; and the egregious dupe of Windsor, ducked and cudgelled as he was, cannot be the wit of Eastcheap, or the guest of Shallow, or the military commander on the field of Shrewsbury. But even the genius of Shakspeare could not effect impossibilities. He did what he could to revive his own Falstaff; but the life which he reinfused into his creature was not the vigorous vitality of Nature; and he placed him in a scene where he could not subsist.

Shakspeare, acknowledging, as it is supposed, the compliment paid to him in the noble scenes of Macbeth; and scarcely had the crown of England fallen upon his head, when he granted his royal patent to our Poet and his company of the Globe; and thus raised them from being the lord chamberlain's servants to be the servants of the king. The patent is dated on the 19th of May, 1603, and the name of William Shakspeare stands second on the list of the patentees. As the demise of Elizabeth had occurred on the 24th of the preceding March, this early attention of James to the company of the Globe may be regarded as highly complimentary to Shakspeare's theatre, and as strongly demonstrative of the new sovereign's partiality for the drama. But James's patronage of our Poet was not in any other way beneficial to his fortunes. If Elizabeth were too parsimonious for an effective patron, by his profusion on his pleasures and his favorites, James soon became too needy to possess the means of bounty for the reward of talents and of learning. Honor, in short, was all that Shakspeare gained by the favor of two successive sovereigns, each of them versed in literature, each of them fond of the drama, and each of them capable of appreciating the transcendency of his genius.

It would be especially gratifying to us to exhibit to our readers some portion at least of the personal history of this illustrious man during his long residence in the capital;—to announce the names and characters of his associates, a few of which only we can obtain from Fuller; to delineate his habits of life; to record his convivial wit; to commemorate the books which he read; and to number his compositions as they dropped in succession from his pen. But no power of this nature is indulged to us. All that active and efficient portion of his mortal existence, which constituted considerably more than a third part of it, is an unknown region, not to be penetrated by our most zealous and intelligent researches. It may be regarded by us as a kind of central Africa, which our reason assures us to be glowing with fertility and alive with population; but which is abandoned in our maps, from the ignorance of our geographers, to the death of barrenness, and the silence of sandy desolation. By the Stratford register we can ascertain that his only son, Hamnet, was buried, in the twelfth year of his age, on the 11th of August, 1596; and that, after an interval of nearly eleven years, his eldest

daughter, Susannah, was married to John Hall, a physician, on the 5th of June, 1607. With the exception of two or three purchases made by him at Stratford, one of them being that of New Place, which he repaired and ornamented for his future residence, the two entries which we have now extracted from the register, are positively all that we can relate with confidence of our great Poet and his family, during the long term of his connection with the theatre and the metropolis. We may fairly conclude, indeed, that he was present at each of the domestic events recorded by the register; that he attended his son to the grave, and his daughter to the altar. We may believe also, from its great probability, even on the testimony of Aubrey, that he paid an annual visit to his native town; whence his family were never removed, and which he seems always to have contemplated as the resting-place of his declining age. He probably had nothing more than a lodging in London, and this he might occasionally change; but in 1596, he is said to have lived somewhere near to the Bear-Garden, in Southwark.

In 1606, James procured from the continent a large importation of mulberry-trees, with a view to the establishment of the silk manufacture in his dominions; and, either in this year or in the following, Shakspeare enriched his garden at New Place with one of these exotic, and, at that time, very rare trees. This plant of his hand took root, and flourished till the year 1752, when it was destroyed by the barbarous axe of one Francis Gastrell, a clergyman, into whose worse than Gothic hands New Place had most unfortunately fallen.

As we are not told the precise time when Shakspeare retired from the stage and the metropolis to enjoy the tranquillity of life in his native town, we cannot pretend to determine it. As he is said, however, to have passed some years in his establishment at New Place, we may conclude that his removal took place either in 1612 or in 1613, when he was yet in the vigor of life, being not more than forty-eight or forty-nine years old. He had ceased, as it is probable, to tread the stage as an actor at an earlier period; for in the list of actors, prefixed to the Volpone of B. Jonson, performed at the Globe theatre, and published in 1605, the name of William Shakspeare is not to be found. However versed he might be in the science of acting (and that he was versed in it we are assured by

his directions to the players in Hamlet), and however well he might acquit himself in some of the subordinate characters of the drama, it does not appear that he ever rose to the higher honors of his profession. But if they were above his attainment, they seem not to have been the objects of his ambition; for by one of his sonnets* we find that he lamented the fortune which had devoted him to the stage, and that he considered himself as degraded by such a public exhibition. The time was not yet come when actors were to be the companions of princes; when their lives, as of illustrious men, were to be written; and when statues were to be erected to them by public contribution!

The amount of the fortune on which Shakspeare retired from the busy world, has been the subject of some discussion. By Gildon, who forbears to state his authority, this fortune is valued at 300*l.* a year; and by Malone, who, calculating our Poet's real property from authentic documents, assigns a random value to his personal, it is reduced to 200*l.* Of these two valuations of Shakspeare's property, we conceive that Gildon's approaches the more nearly to the truth; for if to Malone's conjectural estimate of the personal property, of which he professes to be wholly ignorant, be added the thousand pounds given by Southampton (an act of munificence of which we entertain not a doubt), the precise total, as money then bore an interest of 10*l.* per cent., of the three hundred pounds a year will be made up. On the smallest of these incomes, however, when money was at least five times its present value, might our Poet possess the comforts and the liberalities of life; and in the society of his family, and of the neighboring gentry, conciliated by the amiableness of his manners and the pleasantness of his conversation, he seems to have passed his few remaining days in the enjoyment of tranquillity and respect. So exquisite, indeed, appears to have been his relish of the quiet, which was his portion within the walls of New Place, that it induced a complete oblivion of all that had engaged his attention, and had aggrandized his name, in the preceding scenes of his life. Without any regard to his literary fame, either present or to come, he saw with perfect unconcern some of his immortal works brought, mutilated and deformed, before the world, in surreptitious copies; and others of them, with an equal indif-

* See Sonnet cxi.

ference to their fate, he permitted to remain in their unrevised or interpolated MSS. in the hands of the theatric prompter. There is not, probably, in the whole compass of literary history, such another instance of a proud superiority to what has been called by a rival genius,

"The last infirmity of noble minds,"

as that which was now exhibited by our illustrious Dramatist and Poet. He seemed

"As if *he* could not or *he* would not find
How much *his* worth transcended all *his* kind."*

With a privilege rarely indulged even to the sons of genius, he had produced his admirable works without any throes or labor of the mind: they had obtained for him all that he had asked from them —the patronage of the great, the applause of the witty, and a competency of fortune adequate to the moderation of his desires. Having fulfilled, or, possibly, exceeded his expectations, they had discharged their duty; and he threw them altogether from his thought; and whether it were their destiny to emerge into renown, or to perish in the drawer of a manager; to be brought to light in a state of integrity, or to *revisit the glimpses of the moon with a thousand mortal murders on their head*, engaged no part of his solicitude or interest. They had given to him the means of easy life, and he sought from them nothing more. This insensibility in our Author to the offspring of his brain may be the subject of our wonder or admiration; but its consequences have been calamitous to those who in after times have hung with delight over his pages. On the intellect and the temper of these ill-fated mortals it has inflicted a heavy load of punishment in the dulness and the arrogance of commentators and illustrators. Some superior men, it is true, have enlisted themselves in the cause of Shakspeare. Rowe, Pope, Warburton, Hanmer, and Johnson, have successively been his editors, and have professed to gives his scenes in their original purity to the world. But from some cause or other, which it is not our present business to explore, each of these editors, in his turn, has disappointed the just expectations of the public; and, with an inversion of Nature's general rule, the little men have finally prevailed against the great. The blockheads

* Epitaph on a Fair Maiden Lady, by Dryden.

have hooted the wits from the field; and, attaching themselves to the mighty body of Shakspeare, like barnacles to the hull of a proud man-of-war, they are prepared to plough with him the vast ocean of time; and thus, by the only means in their power, to snatch themselves from that oblivion to which Nature had devoted them. It would be unjust, however, to defraud these gentlemen of their proper praise. They have read for men of talents; and, by their gross labor in the mine, they have accumulated materials to be arranged and polished by the hand of the finer artist.—Some apology may be necessary for this short digression from the more immediate subject of my biography. But the three or four years, which were passed by Shakspeare in the peaceful retirement of New Place, are not distinguished by any traditionary anecdote deserving of our record; and the chasm may not improperly be supplied with whatever stands in contiguity with it. I should pass in silence, as too trifling for notice, the story of our Poet's extempore and jocular epitaph on John Combe, a rich townsman of Stratford, and a noted money-lender, if my readers would not object to me that I had omitted an anecdote which had been honored with a place in every preceding biography of my Author. As the circumstance is related by Rowe, "In a pleasant conversation among their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakspeare, in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph if he happened to outlive him; and, since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately; upon which Shakspeare gave him these four verses:—

> 'Ten in the hundred lies here ingraved:
> 'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved.
> If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
> Ho! Ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John a Combe.'

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely that he never forgave it." By Aubrey the story is differently told; and the lines in question, with some alterations, which evidently make them worse, are said to have been written after Combe's death. Steevens and Malone discredit the whole tale. The two first lines, as given to us by Rowe, are unquestionably not Shakspeare's; and that any lasting enmity subsisted between these two burghers of Stratford is disproved by the respective wills of the

parties, John Combe bequeathing five pounds to our Poet, and our Poet leaving his sword to John Combe's nephew and residuary legatee, John Combe himself being at that time deceased. With the two commentators above mentioned, I am inclined, therefore, on the whole, to reject the story as a fabrication; though I cannot, with Steevens, convict the lines of malignity; or think, with him and with Malone, that the character of Shakspeare, on the supposition of his being their author, could require any labored vindication to clear it from stain. In the anecdote, as related by Rowe, I can see nothing but a whimsical sally breaking from the mind of one friend, and of a nature to excite a good-humored smile on the cheek of the other. In Aubrey's hands, the transaction assumes a somewhat darker complexion; and the worse verses, as written after the death of their subject, may justly be branded as malevolent, and as discovering enmity in the heart of their writer. But I have dwelt too long upon a topic which, in truth, is undeserving of a syllable; and if I were to linger on it any longer, for the purpose of exhibiting Malone's reasons for his preference of Aubrey's copy of the epitaph to Rowe's, and his discovery of the propriety and beauty of the single Ho in the last line of Aubrey's, as Ho is the abbreviation of Hobgoblin, one of the names of Robin Goodfellow, the fairy servant of Oberon, my readers would have just cause to complain of me, as sporting with their time and their patience.

On the ninth of July, 1614, Stratford was ravaged by a fire, which destroyed fifty-four dwelling-houses, besides barns and out-offices. It abstained, however, from the property of Shakspeare; and he had only to commiserate the losses of his neighbors.

With his various powers of pleasing; his wit and his humor; the gentleness of his manners; the flow of his spirits and his fancy; the variety of anecdote with which his mind must have been stored; his knowledge of the world, and his intimacy with man, in every gradation of society, from the prompter of a playhouse to the peer and the sovereign, Shakspeare must have been a delightful —nay, a fascinating companion; and his acquaintance must necessarily have been courted by all the prime inhabitants of Stratford and its vicinity. But over this, as over the preceding periods of his life, brood silence and oblivion; and in our total ignorance

of his intimacies and friendships, we must apply to our imagination to furnish out his convivial board, where intellect presided, and delight, with admiration, gave the applause.

On the 2d of February, 1615–16, he married his youngest daughter, Judith, then in the thirty-first year of her age, to Thomas Quiney, a vintner in Stratford; and on the 25th of the succeeding month, he executed his will. He was then, as it would appear, in the full vigor and enjoyment of life; and we are not informed that his constitution had been previously weakened by the attack of any malady. But his days, or rather his hours, were now all numbered; for he breathed his last on the 23d of the ensuing April, on that anniversary of his birth which completed his fifty-second year. It would be gratifying to our curiosity to know something of the disease, which thus prematurely terminated the life of this illustrious man; but the secret is withheld from us; and it would be idle to endeavor to obtain it. We may be certain that Dr. Hall, who was a physician of considerable eminence, attended his father-in-law in his last illness; and Dr. Hall kept a register of all the remarkable cases, with their symptoms and treatment, which, in the course of his practice, had fallen under his observation. This curious MS., which had escaped the enmity of time, was obtained by Malone; but the recorded cases in it most unfortunately began with the year 1617; and the preceding part of the register, which most probably had been in existence, could no where be found. The mortal complaint, therefore, of William Shakspeare, is likely to remain forever unknown; and as darkness had closed upon his path through life, so darkness now gathered round his bed of death, awfully to cover it from the eyes of succeeding generations.

On the 25th of April, 1616, two days after his decease, he was buried in the chancel of the church of Stratford; and at some period within the seven subsequent years (for in 1623 it is noticed in the verses of Leonard Digges), a monument was raised to his memory, either by the respect of his townsmen or by the piety of relations. It represents the Poet with a countenance of thought, resting on a cushion, and in the act of writing. It is placed under an arch, between two Corinthian columns of black marble, the capitals and bases of which are gilt. The face is said, but, as far as I can find, not on any adequate authority, to have been modelled

from the face of the deceased; and the whole was painted, to bring the imitation nearer to nature. The face and the hands wore the carnation of life: the eyes were light hazel: the hair and beard were auburn: a black gown, without sleeves, hung loosely over a scarlet doublet. The cushion, in its upper part, was green; in its lower, crimson; and the tassels were of gold color. This certainly was not in the high classical taste; though we may learn from Pausanias that statues in Greece were sometimes colored after life; but as it was the work of contemporary hands, and was intended, by those who knew the Poet, to convey to posterity some resemblance of his lineaments and dress, it was a monument of rare value; and the tastelessness of Malone, who caused all its tints to be obliterated with a daubing of white lead, cannot be sufficiently ridiculed and condemned. Its material is a species of freestone; and as the chisel of the sculptor was most probably under the guidance of Dr. Hall, it bore some promise of likeness to the mighty dead. Immediately below the cushion is the following distich:—

Judicio Pylium; genio Socratem; arte Maronem
Terra tegit; populus mœret; Olympus habet.

On a tablet underneath are inscribed these lines:—

Stay, passenger; why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death has placed
Within this monument—Shakspeare; with whom
Quick Nature died; whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit:—

and the flat stone, covering the grave, holds out, in very irregular characters, a supplication to the reader, with the promise of a blessing, and the menace of a curse:—

Good friend! for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones;
And cursed be he that moves my bones.

The last of these inscriptions may have been written by Shakspeare himself, under the apprehension of his bones being tumbled, with those of many of his townsmen, into the charnel-house of the parish. But his dust has continued unviolated, and is likely to remain in its holy repose till the last awful scene of our perishable globe. It were to be wished that the two preceding inscriptions

were more worthy than they are of the tomb to which they are attached. It would be gratifying if we could give any faith to the tradition, which asserts that the bust of this monument was sculptured from a cast moulded on the face of the departed Poet; for then we might assure ourselves that we possess one authentic resemblance of this preëminently intellectual mortal. But the cast, if taken, must have been taken immediately after his death; and we know neither at whose expense the monument was constructed, nor by whose hand it was executed, nor at what precise time it was erected. It may have been wrought by the artist, acting under the recollections of the Shakspeare family, into some likeness of the great townsman of Stratford; and, on this probability, we may contemplate it with no inconsiderable interest. I cannot, however, persuade myself that the likeness could have been strong. The forehead, indeed, is sufficiently spacious and intellectual; but there is a disproportionate length in the under part of the face; the mouth is weak; and the whole countenance is heavy and inert. Not having seen the monument itself, I can speak of it only from its numerous copies by the graver; and by these it is possible that I may be deceived. But if we cannot rely on the Stratford bust for a resemblance of our immortal Dramatist, where are we to look with any hope of finding a trace of his features? It is highly probable that no portrait of him was painted during his life; and it is certain that no portrait of him, with an incontestable claim to genuineness, is at present in existence. The fairest title to authenticity seems to be assignable to that which is called the Chandos portrait, and is now in the collection of the Duke of Buckingham, at Stowe. The possession of this picture can be distinctly traced up to Betterton and Davenant. Through the hands of successive purchasers, it became the property of Mr. Robert Keck. On the marriage of the heiress of the Keck family, it passed to Mr. Nicholl, of Colney-Hatch, in Middlesex: on the union of this gentleman's daughter with the Duke of Chandos, it found a place in that nobleman's collection; and, finally, by the marriage of the present Duke of Buckingham with the Lady Anne Elizabeth Brydges, the heiress of the house of Chandos, it has settled in the gallery of Stowe. This was pronounced by the late Earl of Orford (Horace Walpole), as we are informed by Mr. Granger, to be the only original picture

of Shakspeare. But two others, if not more, contend with it for the palm of originality; one, which, in consequence of its having been in the possession of Mr. Felton, of Drayton, in the county of Salop, from whom it was purchased by the Boydells, has been called the Felton Shakspeare; and one, a miniature, which, by some connection, as I believe, with the family of its proprietors, found its way into the cabinet of the late Sir James Lamb, more generally, perhaps, known by his original name of James Bland Burgess. The first of these pictures was reported to have been found at the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap, one of the favorite haunts, as it was erroneously called, of Shakspeare and his companions; and the second by a tradition, in the family of Somervile, the poet, is affirmed to have been drawn from Shakspeare, who sat for it at the pressing instance of a Somervile, one of his most intimate friends. But the genuineness of neither of these pictures can be supported under a rigid investigation; and their pretensions must yield to those of another rival portrait of our Poet, which was once in the possession of Mr. Jennens, of Gopsal, in Leicestershire, and is now the property of that liberal and literary nobleman, the Duke of Somerset. For the authenticity of this portrait, attributed to the pencil of Cornelius Jansenn, Mr. Boaden* contends with much zeal and ingenuity. Knowing that some of the family of Lord Southampton, Shakspeare's especial friend and patron, had been painted by Jansenn, Mr. Boaden speciously infers that, at the earl's request, his favorite Dramatist had, likewise, allowed his face to this painter's imitation; and that the Gopsal portrait, the result of the artist's skill on this occasion, had obtained a distinguished place in the picture-gallery of the noble earl. This, however, is only unsupported assertion, and the mere idleness of conjecture. It is not pretended to be ascertained that the Gopsal portrait was ever in the possession of Shakspeare's illustrious friend; and its transfers, during the hundred and thirty-seven years which interposed between the death of Southampton, in 1624, and the time of its emerging from darkness at Gopsal, in 1761, are not made the subjects even of a random guess. On such evidence, therefore, if evidence it can be called, it is impossible for us to receive, with Mr. Boaden, the Gopsal picture

* An Inquiry into the Authenticity of Pictures and Prints offered as Portraits of Shakspeare, p. 67—80

as a genuine portrait of Shakspeare. We are now assured that it was from the Chandos portrait Sir Godfrey Kneller copied the painting which he presented to Dryden, a poet inferior only to him whose portrait constituted the gift. The beautiful verses, with which the poet requited the kind attention of the painter, are very generally known; but many may require to be informed that the present, made on this occasion by the great master of the pencil to the greater master of the pen, is still in existence, preserved, no doubt, by the respect felt to be due to the united names of Kneller, Dryden, and Shakspeare; and is now in the collection of Earl Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Castle.* The original painting, from which Droeshout drew the copy for his engraving, prefixed to the first folio edition of our Poet's dramas, has not yet been discovered; and I feel persuaded that no original painting ever existed for his imitation; but that the artist worked in this instance from his own recollection, assisted probably by the suggestions of the Poet's theatric friends. We are, indeed, strongly of opinion that Shakspeare, remarkable, as he seems to have been, for a lowly estimate of himself, and for a carelessness of all personal distinction, would not readily submit his face to be a painter's study, to the loss of hours, which he might more usefully or more pleasurably assign to reading, to composition, or to conviviality. If any sketch of his features was made during his life, it was most probably taken by some rapid and unprofessional pencil, when the Poet was unaware of it, or, taken by surprise, and exposed by it to no inconvenience, was not disposed to resist it. We are convinced that no authentic portrait of this great man has yet been produced, or is likely to be discovered; and that we must not therefore hope to be gratified with any thing which we can contemplate with confidence as a faithful representation of his countenance. The head of the statue, executed by Scheemaker, and erected, in 1741, to the honor of our Poet in Westminster Abbey, was sculptured after a mezzotinto, scraped by Simon nearly twenty years before, and said to be copied from an original portrait by Zoust. But as this artist was not

* I derive my knowledge on this topic from Malone; for till I saw the fact asserted in his page, I was not aware that the picture in question had been preserved amid the wreck of poor Dryden's property. On the authority also of Malone and of Mr. Boaden, I speak of Sir Godfrey's present to Dryden as of a copy from the Chandos portrait.

known by any of his productions in England till the year 1657, no original portrait of Shakspeare could be drawn by his pencil; and, consequently, the marble chiselled by Scheemaker, under the direction of Lord Burlington, Pope, and Mead, cannot lay any claim to an authorized resemblance to the man for whom it was wrought. We must be satisfied, therefore, with knowing, on the authority of Aubrey, that our Poet "was a handsome, well-shaped man;" and our imagination must supply the expansion of his forehead, the sparkle and flash of his eyes, the sense and good-temper playing round his mouth, the intellectuality and the benevolence mantling over his whole countenance.

It is well that we are better acquainted with the rectitude of his morals than with the symmetry of his features. To the integrity of his heart—the gentleness and benignity of his manners—we have the positive testimony of Chettle and Ben Jonson; the former of whom seems to have been drawn, by our Poet's good and amiable qualities, from the faction of his dramatic enemies; and the latter, in his love and admiration of the man, to have lost all his natural jealousy of the successful competitor for the poetic palm. I have already cited Chettle: let me now cite Jonson, from whose pages much more of a similar nature might be adduced. "I loved," he says in his 'Discoveries,' "I loved the man, and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions," &c. &c. When Jonson apostrophizes his deceased friend, he calls him "My gentle Shakspeare;" and the title of "the sweet swan of Avon," so generally given to him, after the example of Jonson, by his contemporaries, seems to have been given with reference as much to the suavity of his temper as to the harmony of his verse. In their dedication of his works to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, his fellows, Heminge and Condell, profess that their great object in their publication was, "only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakspeare;" and their Preface to the public appears evidently to have been dictated by their personal and affectionate attachment to their departed friend. If we wish for any further evidence in the support of the moral character of Shakspeare, we may find it in the friendship of Southampton; we may extract it

from the pages of his immortal works. Dr. Johnson, in his much overpraised Preface, seems to have taken a view very different from ours of the morality of our author's scenes. He says, "His (Shakspeare's) first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings, indeed, a system of moral duty may be selected," (indeed!) "but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him;" (Would the preface-writer have wished the Dramatist to give a connected treatise on ethics, like the Offices of Cicero?) "he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to show in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked: he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong; and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of the age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place." Why this common-place on justice should be compelled into the station in which we here most strangely find it, I cannot for my life conjecture. But absurd as it is made by its association in this place, it may not form an improper conclusion to a paragraph which means little, and which, intending censure, confers dramatic praise on a dramatic writer. It is evident, however, that Dr. Johnson, though he says that a system of moral duty may be selected from Shakspeare's writings, wished to inculcate that his scenes were not of a moral tendency. On this topic, the first and the greater Jonson seems to have entertained very different sentiments:—

——"Look, how the father's face

(says this great man)

Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-turned and true-filed lines."

We think, indeed, that his scenes are rich in sterling morality, and that they must have been the effusions of a moral mind. The only crimination of his morals must be drawn from a few of his sonnets; and from a story first suggested by Anthony Wood, and afterwards

told by Oldys on the authority of Betterton and Pope. From the Sonnets* we can collect nothing more than that their writer was blindly attached to an unprincipled woman, who preferred a young and beautiful friend of his to himself. But the story told by Oldys presents something to us of a more tangible nature; and as it possesses some intrinsic merit as a story, and rests, as to its principal facts, on the authority of Wood, who was a native of Oxford, and a veracious man, we shall not hesitate, after the example of most of the recent biographers of our Poet, to relate it, and in the very words of Oldys:—"If tradition may be trusted, Shakspeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, on his journey to and from London. The landlady was a beautiful woman, and of a sprightly wit; and her husband, Mr. John Davenant (afterwards mayor of that city), a grave, melancholy man, who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakspeare's pleasant company. Their son, young Will Davenant (afterwards Sir William Davenant), was then a little schoolboy, in the town, of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakspeare, that, whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day, an old townsman, observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his *god*-father, Shakspeare. There is a good boy, said the other; but have a care that you don't take God's name in vain! This story Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakspeare's monument, then newly erected in Westminster Abbey."

The will of Shakspeare, giving to his youngest daughter, Judith, not more than three hundred pounds, and a piece of plate, which probably was valuable, as it is called by the testator, "My broad silver and gilt bowl," assigns almost the whole of his property to his eldest daughter, Susanna Hall, and her husband, whom he appoints to be his executors. The cause of this evident partiality in the father appears to be discoverable in the higher mental accomplishments of the elder daughter, who is reported to have resembled him in her intellectual endowments, and to have been eminently distinguished by the piety and the Christian benevolence which actuated her conduct. Having survived her estimable husband

* See Son. 141, 144, 147, 151, 152.

fourteen years, she died on the 11th of July, 1649; and the inscription on her tomb, preserved by Dugdale, commemorates her intellectual superiority, and the influence of religion upon her heart. This inscription, which we shall transcribe, bears witness also, as we must observe, to the piety of her illustrious father :—

Witty above her sex—but that's not all—
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall.
Something of Shakspeare was in *that*; but *this*
*Wholly of him*, with whom she's now in bliss.
Then, passenger, hast ne'er a tear
To weep with her, that wept with all?
That wept, yet set herself to cheer
Them up with comforts cordial.
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne'er a tear to shed.

As Shakspeare's last will and testament will be printed at the end of this biography, we may refer our readers to that document for all the minor legacies which it bequeaths; and may pass immediately to an account of our great Poet's family, as far as it can be given from records which are authentic. Judith, his younger daughter, bore to her husband, Thomas Quiney, three sons—Shakspeare, who died in his infancy; Richard, and Thomas, who deceased, the first in his 21st year, the last in his 19th, unmarried, and before their mother; who, having reached her 77th year, expired in February, 1661–2, being buried on the 9th of that month. She appears either not to have received any education, or not to have profited by the lessons of her teachers; for, to a deed still in existence, she affixes her mark.

We have already mentioned the dates of the birth, marriage, and death of Susanna Hall. She left only one daughter, Elizabeth, who was baptized on the 21st of February, 1607–8, eight years before her grandfather's decease, and was married on the 22d of April, 1626, to Mr. Thomas Nash, a country gentleman, as it appears, of independent fortune. Two years after the death of Mr. Nash, who was buried on the 5th of April, 1647, she married, on the 5th of June, 1649, at Billesley in Warwickshire, Sir John Barnard, Knight, of Abington, a small village in the vicinity of Northampton. She died, and was buried at Abington, on the 17th of February, 1669–70; and, as she left no issue by either of her hus-

bands, her death terminated the lineal descendants of Shakspeare. His collateral kindred have been indulged with a much longer period of duration; the descendants of his sister, Joan, having continued in a regular succession of generations even to our days; whilst none of them, with a single exception, have broken from that rank in the community in which their ancestors, William Hart and Joan Shakspeare, united their unostentatious fortunes in the year 1599. The single exception to which we allude, is that of Charles Hart, believed, for good reasons, to be the son of William, the eldest son of William and Joan Hart, and consequently the grand-nephew of our Poet. At the early age of seventeen, Charles Hart, as lieutenant in Prince Rupert's regiment, fought at the battle of Edgehill; and, subsequently betaking himself to the stage, he became the most renowned tragic actor of his time. "What Mr. Hart delivers," says Rymer (I adopt the citation from the page of Malone), "every one takes upon content: their eyes are prepossessed and charmed by his action before aught of the poet's can approach their ears; and to the most wretched of characters he gives a lustre and brilliancy, which dazzles the sight that the deformities in the poetry cannot be perceived." "Were I a poet" (says another contemporary writer), "nay, a Fletcher, or a Shakspeare, I would quit my own title to immortality so that one actor might never die. This I may modestly say of him (nor is it my particular opinion, but the sense of all mankind), that the best tragedies on the English stage have received their lustre from Mr. Hart's performance; that he has left such an impression behind him, that no less than the interval of an age can make them appear again with half their majesty from any second hand." This was a brilliant eruption from the family of Shakspeare; but as it was the first, so it appears to have been the last; and the Harts have ever since, as far at least as it is known to us, "pursued the noiseless tenor of their way," within the precints of their native town on the banks of the soft-flowing Avon.*

* By intelligence, on the accuracy of which I can rely, and which has only just reached me, from the birthplace of Shakspeare, I learn that the family of the Harts, after a course of lineal descents during the revolution of two hundred and twenty-six years, is now on the verge of extinction; an aged woman, who retains in *single blessedness* her maiden name of Hart, being at this time (Nov. 1825) its sole surviving representative. For some years she occupied the house of her ancestors, in which Shakspeare is reported to have first seen the

Whatever is in any degree associated with the personal history of Shakspeare is weighty with general interest. The circumstance of his birth can impart consequence even to a provincial town; and we are not unconcerned in the past or the present fortunes of the place over which hovers the glory of his name. But the house in which he passed the last three or four years of his life, and in which he terminated his mortal labors, is still more engaging to our imaginations, as it is more closely and personally connected with him. Its history, therefore, must not be omitted by us; and if, in some respects, we should differ in it from the narrative of Malone, we shall not be without reasons sufficient to justify the deviations in which we indulge. New Place, then, which was not thus first named by Shakspeare, was built in the reign of Henry VII., by Sir Hugh Clopton, Kt., the younger son of an old family resident near Stratford, who had filled in succession the offices of sheriff and of lord mayor of London. In 1563, it was sold by one of the Clopton family to William Bott; and by him was again sold, in 1570, to William Underhill (the purchaser and the seller being both of the rank of esquires), from whom it was bought by our Poet in 1597. By him it was bequeathed to his daughter Susanna Hall; from whom it descended to her only child, Lady Barnard. In the June of 1643, this lady, with her first husband, Mr. Nash, entertained, for nearly three weeks, at New Place, Henrietta Maria, the queen of Charles I., when, escorted by Prince Rupert and a large body of troops, she was on her progress to meet her royal consort, and to proceed with him to Oxford. On the death of Lady Barnard without children, New Place was sold, in 1675,* to Sir Edward

light; and here she obtained a comfortable subsistence by showing the antiquities of the venerated mansion to the numerous strangers who were attracted to it. Being dispossessed of this residence by the rapaciousness of its proprietor, she settled herself in a dwelling nearly opposite to it. Here she still lives; and continues to exhibit some relics, not reputed to be genuine, of the mighty Bard, with whom her maternal ancestor was nourished in the same womb. She regards herself also as a dramatic poet; and, in support of her pretensions, she produces the rude sketch of a play, uninspired, as it is said, with any of the vitality of genius. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Charles Fellows, of Nottingham; who, with the characteristic kindness of his most estimable family, sought for the intelligence which was required by me, and obtained it.

* Malone gives a different account of some of the transfers of New Place. According to him, it passed by sale, on the death of Lady Barnard, to Edward Nash, the cousin-german of that lady's first husband; and, by him, was bequeathed to his daughter Mary, the wife of Sir Reginald Foster; from whom it was bought by Sir John Clopton, who gave it by

Walker, Kt., Garter King at Arms; by whom it was left to his only child, Barbara, married to Sir John Clopton, Kt., of Clopton in the parish of Stratford. On his demise, it became the property of a younger son of his, Sir Hugh Clopton, Kt., (this family of the Cloptons seems to have been peculiarly prolific in the breed of knights,) by whom it was repaired and decorated at a very large expense. Malone affirms that it was pulled down by him, and its place supplied by a more sumptuous edifice. If this statement were correct, the crime of its subsequent destroyer would be greatly extenuated; and the hand which had wielded the axe against the hallowed mulberry-tree, would be absolved from the second act, imputed to it, of sacrilegious violence. But Malone's account is, unquestionably, erroneous. In the May of 1742, Sir Hugh entertained Garrick, Macklin, and Delany, under the shade of the Shakspearian mulberry. On the demise of Sir Hugh,* in the December of 1751, New Place was sold by his son-in-law and executor, Henry Talbot, the Lord Chancellor Talbot's brother, to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, vicar of Frodsham in Cheshire; by whom, on some quarrel with the magistrates, on the subject of the parochial assessments, it was razed to the ground, and its site abandoned to vacancy. On this completion of his outrages† against the memory of Shakspeare, which his unlucky possession of wealth enabled him to commit, Francis Gastrell departed from Stratford, hooted out of the town,

deed to his youngest son, Sir Hugh. But the deed which conveyed New Place to Sir Edward Walker, is still in existence; and has been published by R. B. Wheler, the historian of Stratford.

* Sir Hugh Clopton was knighted by George I. He was a barrister at law; and died in the December of 1751, at the advanced age of eighty.—*Malone.*

† Our days, also, have witnessed a similar profanation of the relics of genius; not, indeed, of genius equally hallowed with that of which we have been speaking, for Nature has not yet produced a second Shakspeare; but of genius which had conversed with the immortal Muses, which had once been the delight of the good and the terror of the bad. I allude to the violation of Pope's charming retreat, on the banks of the Thames, by a capricious and tasteless woman, who has endeavored to blot out every memorial of the great and moral poet from that spot, which his occupation had made classic, and dear to the hearts of his countrymen. In the mutability of all human things, and the inevitable shiftings of property, "From you to me, from me to Peter Walter," these lamentable desecrations, which mortify our pride and wound our sensibilities, will of necessity sometimes occur. The site of the Tusculan of Cicero may become the haunt of banditti, or be disgraced with the walls of a monastery. The residences of a Shakspeare and a Pope may be devastated and defiled by a Parson Gastrell and a Baroness Howe. We can only sigh over the ruin when its deformity strikes upon our eyes, and execrate the hands by which it has been savagely accomplished.

and pursued by the execrations of its inhabitants. The fate of New Place has been rather remarkable. After the demolition of the house by Gastrell, the ground, which it had occupied, was thrown into the contiguous garden, and was sold by the widow of the clerical barbarian. Having remained, during a certain period, as a portion of a garden, a house was again erected on it; and, in consequence also of some dispute about the parish assessments, that house, like its predecessor, was pulled down; and its site was finally abandoned to Nature, for the production of her fruits and her flowers: and thither may we imagine the little Elves and Fairies frequently to resort, to trace the footsteps of their beloved Poet, now obliterated from the vision of man; to throw a finer perfume on the violet; to unfold the first rose of the year, and to tinge its cheek with a richer blush; and, in their dances beneath the full-orbed moon, to chant their harmonies, too subtle for the gross ear of mortality, to the fondly-cherished memory of their darling, THE SWEET SWAN OF AVON.

Of the personal history of William Shakspeare, as far as it can be drawn, even in shadowy existence, from the obscurity which invests it, and of whatever stands in immediate connection with it, we have now exhibited all that we can collect; and we are not conscious of having omitted a single circumstance of any moment, or worthy of the attention of our readers. We might, indeed, with old Fuller, speak of our Poet's *wit-combats*, as Fuller calls them, at the Mermaid, with Ben Jonson: but then we have not one anecdote on record, of either of these intellectual gladiators, to produce; for not a sparkle of our Shakspeare's convivial wit has travelled down to our eyes; and it would be neither instructive nor pleasant to see him represented as a light skiff, skirmishing with a huge galleon, and either evading or pressing attack, as prudence suggested, or the alertness of his movements emboldened him to attempt. The lover of heraldry may, perhaps, censure us for neglecting to give the blazon of Shakspeare's arms, for which, as it appears, two patents were issued from the herald's office, one in 1569 or 1570, and one in 1599; and by him who will insist on the transcription of every word which has been imputed, on any authority, to the pen of Shakspeare, we may be blamed for passing over in silence two very indifferent epitaphs, which have been charged on him. We will now, therefore, give the arms which were accorded to him; and

we will, also, copy the two epitaphs in question. We may then, without any further impediment, proceed to the more agreeable portion of our labors,—the notice of our Author's works.

The armorial bearings of the Shakspeare family are, or rather were,—Or, on a bend sable, a tilting spear of the first, point upwards, headed argent. Crest, A falcon displayed, argent, supporting a spear in pale, or.

In a MS. volume of poems, by William Herrick and others, preserved in the Bodleian, is the following epitaph, attributed, certainly not on its internal evidence, to our Poet. Its subject was, probably, the member of a family with the surname of James, which once existed in Stratford.

When God was pleased, the world unwilling yet,
Elias James to nature paid his debt,
And here reposeth: as he lived he died;
The saying in him strongly verified,—
Such life, such death: then, the known truth to tell,
He lived a godly life, and died as well.

WM. SHAKSPEARE.

Among the monuments in Tonge Church, in the county of Salop, is one raised to the memory of Sir Thomas Stanley, Knt., who is thought by Malone to have died about the year 1600. With the prose inscription on this tomb, transcribed by Sir W. Dugdale, are the verses which I am about to copy, said by Dugdale to have been made by William Shakspeare, the late famous tragedian.

ON THE EAST END OF THE TOMB.

Ask who lies here, but do not weep:
He is not dead, he doth but sleep.
This stony register is for his bones:
His fame is more perpetual than these stones:
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,
Shall live when earthly monument is none.

ON THE WEST END.

Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name.
The memory of him for whom this stands,
Shall outlive marble and defacer's hands.
When all to time's consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven.

As the great works of Shakspeare have engaged the attention of an active and a learned century, since they were edited by Rowe, little that is new on the subject of them can be expected from a pen of the present day. It is necessary, however, that we should notice them, lest our readers should be compelled to seek in another page than ours for the common information which they might conceive themselves to be entitled to expect from us.

Fourteen of his plays were published separately, in quarto copies, during our Poet's life; and, seven years after his death, a complete edition of them was given to the public, in folio, by his theatric fellows, Heminge and Condell. Of those productions of his which were circulated by the press while he was yet living, and were all surreptitious, our great Author seems to have been as utterly regardless as he necessarily was of those which appeared when he was mouldering in his grave.* We have already observed on the extraordinary indifference of this illustrious man toward the offspring of his fancy; and we make it again the subject of our remark, solely for the purpose of illustrating the cause of those numerous and pernicious errors which deform all the early editions of his plays.

The copies of the plays published antecedently to his death, were transcribed either by memory from their recitation on the stage; or from the separate parts, written out for the study of the particular actors, and to be pieced together by the skill of the editor; or, lastly, if stolen or bribed access could be obtained to it, from the prompter's book itself. From any of these sources of acquisition the copy would necessarily be polluted with very flagrant

* In his essay on the chronological order of Shakspeare's plays, Malone concludes very properly from the title-page of the earliest edition of Hamlet, which he believed then to be extant, that this edition (published in 1604) had been preceded by another of a less correct and less perfect character. A copy of the elder edition, in question, has lately been discovered, and is, indeed, far more remote from perfection than its successor, which was collated by Malone. It obviously appears to have been printed from the rude draught of the drama, as it was sketched by the Poet from the first suggestions of his mind. But how this rude and imperfect draught could fall into the hands of its publisher, is a question not easily to be answered. Such, however, is the authority to be attached to all the early quartos. They were obtained by every indirect mean; and the first incorrect MS., blotted again and again by the pens of ignorant transcribers, and multiplied by the press, was suffered, by the apathy of its illustrious Author, to be circulated, without check, among the multitude. The variations of the copy of Hamlet immediately before us, which was published in 1603, from the perfect drama, as it subsequently issued from the press, are far too numerous to be noticed in this place, if indeed this place could properly be assigned to such a purpose.

errors; and from every edition through which it ran, it would naturally contract more pollution and a deeper stain. Such of the first copies as were fortunately transcribed from the prompter's book, would probably be in a state of greater relative correctness: but they are all, in different degrees, deformed with inaccuracies; and not one of them can claim the right to be followed as an authority.

In 1623, the first complete edition of our Author's dramatic works was published in folio by his comrades of the theatre, Heminge and Condell; and in this we might expect a text tolerably incorrupt, if not perfectly pure. The editors denounced the copies which had preceded their edition as "stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors, that exposed them: even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them." But, notwithstanding these professions, and their honest resentment against impostors and surreptitious copies, the labors of these sole possessors of Shakspeare's MSS. did not obtain the credit which they arrogated; and they are charged with printing from those very quartos on which they had heaped so much well-merited abuse. They printed, as there cannot be a doubt, from their prompter's book, (for by what temptation could they be enticed beyond it?) but then, from the same book were transcribed many, perhaps, of the surreptitious quartos; and it is not wonderful that transcripts of the same page should be precisely alike. These editors, however, of the first folio, have incurred the heavy displeasure of some of our modern critics, who are zealous on all occasions to depreciate their work. Wherever they differ from the first quartos, which, for the reason that I have assigned, they must in general very closely resemble, Malone is ready to decide against them, and to defer to the earlier edition. But it is against the editor of the second folio, published in 1632, that he points the full storm of his indignation. He charges this luckless wight, whoever he may be, with utter ignorance of the language of Shakspeare's time, and of the fabric of Shakspeare's verse; and he considers him and Pope as the grand corrupters of Shakspeare's text. —I am far from assuming to vindicate this editor from the commission of many flagrant errors: but he is frequently right, and was

unquestionably conversant, let Malone assert what he pleases, with his Author's language and metre. It was not, therefore, without cause, that Steevens held his labors in much estimation. Malone was an invaluable collector of facts: his industry was indefatigable: his researches were deep: his pursuit of truth was sincere and ardent: but he wanted the talents and the taste of a critic; and of all the editors, by whom Shakspeare has suffered, I must consider him as the most pernicious. Neither the indulged fancy of Pope, nor the fondness for innovation in Hanmer, nor the arrogant and headlong self-confidence of Warburton, has inflicted such cruel wounds on the text of Shakspeare, as the assuming dulness of Malone. Barbarism and broken rhythm dog him at the heels wherever he treads.

In praise of the third and the fourth folio editions of our Author's dramas, printed respectively in 1664 and 1685, nothing can be advanced. Each of these editions implicitly followed its immediate predecessor, and, adopting all its errors, increased them to a frightful accumulation with its own. With the text of Shakspeare in this disorder, the public of Britain remained satisfied during many years. At length, about the commencement of the last century, Britain began to open her eyes to the excellency of her illustrious son, THE GREAT POET OF NATURE, and to discover a solicitude for the integrity of his works. A new and a more perfect edition of them became the demand of the public; and, to answer it, an edition, under the superintendence of Rowe, made its appearance in 1709. Rowe, however, either forgetting or shrinking from the high and laborious duties which he had undertaken, selected, most unfortunately, for his model, the last and the worst of the folio editions; and, without collating either of the first two folios or any of the earlier quartos, he gave to the disappointed public a transcript much too exact of the impure text which lay opened before him. Some of its grosser errors, however, he corrected; and he prefixed to his edition a short memoir of the life of his Author, which, meagre and weakly written as it is, still constitutes the most authentic biography that we possess of our mighty Bard.

On the failure of this edition, after the pause of a few years, another was projected; and, that it might be more adequate to the claims of Shakspeare and of Britain, the conduct of it was placed,

in homage to his just celebrity, in the hands of Pope. Pope showed himself more conscious of the nature of his task, and more faithful in his execution of it, than his predecessor. He disclosed to the public the very faulty state of his Author's text, and suggested the proper means of restoring it: he collated many of the earlier editions, and he cleared the page of Shakspeare from many of its deformities: but his collations were not sufficiently extensive; and he indulged, perhaps, somewhat too much in conjectural emendation. This exposed him to the attacks of the petty and minute critics; and, the success of his work falling short of his expectations, he is said to have contracted that enmity to verbal criticism, which actuated him during the remaining days of his life. His edition was published in the year 1725. Before this was undertaken, Theobald, a man of no great abilities, and of little learning, had projected the restoration of Shakspeare; but his labors had been suspended, or their result had been withheld from the press, till the issue of Pope's attempt was ascertained by its accomplishment, and publication. The Shakspeare of Theobald's editing was not given to the world before the year 1733; when it obtained more of the public regard than its illustrious predecessor, in consequence of its being drawn from a somewhat wider field of collation, and of its less frequent and presumptuous admission of conjecture. Theobald, indeed, did not wholly abstain from conjecture; but the palm of conjectural criticism was placed much too high for the reach of his hand.

To Theobald, as an editor of Shakspeare, succeeded Sir Thomas Hanmer, who, in 1744, published a superb edition of the great Dramatist from the press of Oxford. But Hanmer, building his work on that of Pope, and indulging in the wildest and most wanton innovations, deprived his edition of all pretensions to authenticity, and, consequently, to merit.

The bow of Ulysses was next seized by a mighty hand—by the hand of Warburton; whose Shakspeare was published in 1747. It failed of success; for, conceiving that the editor intended to make his Author his showman to exhibit his erudition and intellectual power, the public quickly neglected his work; and it soon disappeared from circulation, though some of its proffered substitutions must be allowed to be happy, and some of its explanations to be just.

After an interval of eighteen years, Shakspeare obtained once more an editor of great name, and seemingly in every way accomplished to assert the rights of his Author. In 1765, Dr. Samuel Johnson presented the world with his long-promised edition of our Dramatist; and the public expectation, which had been highly raised, was again doomed to be disappointed. Johnson had a powerful intellect, and was perfectly conversant with human life; but he was not sufficiently versed in black-letter lore; and, deficient in poetic taste, he was unable to accompany our great Bard in the higher flights of his imagination. The public in general were not satisfied with his commentary or his text; but to his Preface they gave the most unlimited applause. The array and glitter of its words; the regular and pompous march of its periods, with its pervading affectation of deep thought and of sententious remark, seem to have fascinated the popular mind; and to have withdrawn from the common observation its occasional poverty of meaning; the inconsistency of its praise and censure; the falsity in some instances of its critical remarks; and its defects now and then even with respect to composition. It has, however, its merits, and Heaven forbid that I should not be just to them. It gives a right view of the difficulties to be encountered by the editor of Shakspeare: it speaks modestly of himself, and candidly of those who had preceded him in the path which he was treading: it assigns to Pope, Hanmer, and Warburton, those victims to the rage of the minute critics, their due proportion of praise: it is honorably just, in short, to all who come within the scope of its observations, with the exception of the editor's great Author alone. To him also the editor gives abundant praise; but against it he arrays such a frightful host of censure as to command the field; and to leave us to wonder at our admiration of an object so little worthy of it, though he has been followed by the admiration of more than two entire centuries. As an unfolder of intricate and perplexed passages, Johnson must be allowed to excel. His explanations are always perspicuous, and his proffered amendments of a corrupt text are sometimes successful. But the expectations of the world had been too highly raised to be satisfied with his performance; and it was only to the most exceptionable part of it, the mighty Preface, that they gave their unmingled applause. — In the year following the publication of Johnson's

edition, in 1766, George Steevens made his first appearance as a commentator on Shakspeare; and he showed himself to be deeply conversant with that antiquarian reading, of which his predecessor had been too ignorant. In 1768, an edition of Shakspeare was given to the public by Capell; a man fondly attached to his Author, but much too weak for the weighty task which he undertook. He had devoted a large portion of his life to the collection of his materials: he was an industrious collator, and all the merit which he possesses, must be derived from the extent and the fidelity of his collations. — In 1773 was published an edition of our Dramatist by the associated labors of Johnson and Steevens; and this edition, in which were united the native powers of the former, with the activity, the sagacity, and the antiquarian learning of the latter, still forms the standard edition for the publishers of our Poet.—In 1790, Malone entered the lists against them as a competitor for the editorial palm. After this publication, Malone seems to have devoted the remaining years of his life to the studies requisite for the illustration of his Author; and at his death he bequeathed the voluminous papers, which he had prepared, to his and my friend, James Boswell, the younger son of the biographer of Johnson; and by him these papers were published in twenty octavo volumes, just before the close of his own valuable life. That the fund of Shakspearian information has been enlarged by this publication, cannot reasonably be doubted; that the text of Shakspeare has been injured by it, may confidently be asserted. As my opinion of Malone, as an annotator on Shakspeare, has been already expressed, it would be superfluous to repeat it. His stores of antiquarian knowledge were at least equal to those of Steevens; but he was not equally endowed by nature with that popular commentator.

The last edition which I shall notice, is a recent one by Mr. Singer. This editor's antiquarian learning is accurate and extensive: his critical sagacity is considerable; and his judgment generally approves itself to be correct. He enters on the field with the strength of a giant, but with the diffidence and the humility of a child. We sometimes wish, indeed, that his humility had been less; for he is apt to defer to inferior men, and to be satisfied with following when he is privileged to lead. His explanations of his Author are frequently happy; and sometimes they illustrate a passage

which had been left in unregarded darkness by the commentators who had preceded him. The sole fault of these explanatory notes (if such, indeed, can be deemed a fault) is their redundancy, and their recurrence in cases where their aid seems to be unnecessary. Mr. Singer and I may occasionally differ in our opinions respecting the text which he has adopted; but, in these instances of our dissent, it is fully as probable that I may be wrong as he. I feel, in short, confident, on the whole, that Mr. Singer is now advancing, not to claim (for *to claim* is inconsistent with his modesty), but to obtain, a high place among the editors of Shakspeare; and to have his name enrolled with the names of those who have been the chief benefactors of the reader of our transcendent Poet.

## NEW FACTS

### REGARDING THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

So little is known of the personal history of Shakspeare, that the reader may be gratified to learn the results of researches lately made by J. Payne Collier, F. S. A., among the manuscripts preserved at Bridgewater House, and lately published by him in a letter addressed to Thomas Amyot, F. R. S. They relate principally to Shakspeare's pecuniary circumstances: a few passages of little moment, as respects our purpose, are omitted.

My dear Amyot,

In the "History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," I remarked that, "on looking back to the life of Shakspeare, the first observation that must be made is, that so few facts are extant regarding him;" and Steevens, the most acute, and perhaps the most learned, of his commentators, stated, long before, that "all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakspeare is—that he was born at Stratford upon Avon—married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems

and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried." The truth undoubtedly is, that there are scarcely any of his distinguished contemporaries, regarding the events of whose lives we are not better informed. I supplied a few novel particulars in the work from which I have already quoted, and I am now about to add others, with which I have since become acquainted, of a most authentic kind, and of considerable importance.

I should begin by stating that the most interesting of them are derived from the manuscripts of Lord Ellesmere, whose name is, of course, well known to every reader of our history, as keeper of the great seal to Queen Elizabeth, and lord chancellor to James I. They are preserved at Bridgewater House; and Lord Francis Egerton gave me instant and unrestrained access to them, with permission to make use of any literary or historical information I could discover. The Rev. H. J. Todd had been there before me, and had classed some of the documents and correspondence; but large bundles of papers, ranging in point of date between 1581, when Lord Ellesmere was made solicitor-general, and 1616, when he retired from the office of lord chancellor, remained unexplored, and it was evident that many of them had never been opened from the time when, perhaps, his own hands tied them together.

Among these, in a most unpromising heap, chiefly of legal documents, I met with most of the new facts respecting Shakspeare, which are the occasion of my present letter. I shall accompany the statement of them with other illustrative information, relying upon your love for literary antiquarianism to allow for any false importance which my zeal in the pursuit of such matters may attach to comparative trifles: to me it seems impossible to consider any point, even remotely connected with the history and character of our great Dramatist, a trifle.

To make the matter more intelligible, I must carry you back to the period when our drama was first represented in buildings constructed for the purpose.

The most ancient of these were "the Theatre" and "the Curtain" in Shoreditch, which I imagine were built about the year 1570. The Blackfriars playhouse (where, in the winter, Shakspeare's dramas were acted, the performances at the Globe, which was open to the sky, being necessarily confined to the spring, summer, and

autumn) was erected by James Burbage, the father of Richard Burbage, in 1576. As early as 1579, the city authorities endeavored to dislodge the players from this place of refuge, to which they had been driven by the refusal of the lord mayor, aldermen, and common council, to allow dramatic representations within the boundaries of their jurisdiction.

The Blackfriars was supposed to be a privileged precinct, to which the power of the lord mayor did not extend, the exemption being derived from times when the site was occupied by the dwelling and grounds of a religious fraternity. In 1579, the corporation endeavored to establish a right of executing process there, and of intruding a regular police. Certain inhabitants of the Blackfriars also presented a petition to the privy council at the same date, which, perhaps, led that body to require the opinion of the two chief justices of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, Sir Christopher Wray and Sir James Dyer, upon the disputed question. Their decision is among the papers of Lord Ellesmere, and, without quoting it, for it affords no information, it may be stated that it was in favor of the claim of the city magistrates. Notwithstanding this powerful support, it is quite clear that no step was taken founded upon the opinion of these great lawyers, and that James Burbage and his associates continued their performances at the Blackfriars theatre. They were no doubt backed by the powerful interest of the Earl of Leicester, who had obtained for them the patent of the 7th of May, 1574; and the following is a copy of the order issued in their behalf by the privy council, with which I have only recently been made acquainted:—

"At the Court 23rd of December 1579.

"It is ordered that the Playeres of the Erle of Leycestre be not restrained, nor in any wise molested in the exercise of their qualitye at the Blackfryars or elswhere throughout the realme of England, so that they be enabled the better to performe before her Maiestie for her solace and recreation this Xtenmas."

It is not likely that Shakspeare joined James Burbage's company until seven or eight years subsequent to 1579: he came to London for that purpose in 1586 or 1587, according to the most probable conjecture, and did not begin to write for the stage, even by the alteration of older plays, until 1590 or 1591. The earliest date at

which his name has hitherto been mentioned in connection with the Blackfriars theatre, is 1596, in a petition to the privy council, which I first printed in the "History of Dramatic Poetry," i., 298; but the MSS. at Bridgewater House now enable me to furnish, not only the name of Shakspeare, but the names of the whole company of sharers seven years earlier, and only two or three years after our great Dramatist made his first appearance in the metropolis. Shakspeare, in November, 1589, had made such way in his profession, as to establish himself a sharer with fifteen others, eleven of whose names precede his in the list, and only four follow it. They stand thus, and the enumeration is on other accounts remarkable:—

James Burbage.
Richard Burbage.
John Lanehan.
Thomas Greene.
Robert Wilson.
John Taylor.
Anthony Wadeson.
Thomas Pope.
George Peele.
Augustine Phillips.
Nicholas Towley.
William Shakespeare.
William Kempe.
William Johnson.
Baptist Goodall.
Robert Armyn.

This information seems to me to give a sufficient contradiction to the idle story of Shakspeare having commenced his career by holding horses at the playhouse door: had such been the fact, he would hardly have risen to the rank of a sharer in 1589, as it indisputably appears he was, on the authority of the subsequent document, which must have been transmitted to Lord Ellesmere with others of which I shall speak hereafter.

"These are to certifie your right Honble Lordshipe that her Maiesties poore Playeres, James Burbadge, Richard Burbadge, John Lanehan, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Anth. Wadeson, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillipps, Nicholas Towley, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Johnson, Baptiste Goodale, and Robert Armyn, being all of them sharers in the blacke Fryers playehouse, have never given cause of dis-

pleasure, in that they have brought into theire playes maters of state and Religion, vnfitt to bee handled by them or to bee presented before lewde spectators: neither hath anie complaynte in that kinde ever bene preferrde against them or anie of them. Wherefore they trust moste humblie in your Lordships' consideration of their former good behaviour, being at all tymes readie and willing to yeelde obedience to any command whatsoever your Lordships in your wisdome may thinke in such case meete," &c.

"Novr. 1589."

A brief reference to the circumstances of the time will show how this certificate became necessary. In consequence of the license taken by several companies of players in London to introduce upon the stage religion and politics, by dramas having reference to the Martin-Marprelate controversy, Lord Burghley wrote to the lord mayor, in the beginning of November, 1589, directing him to make inquiry what companies of players had offended; and on the 12th of November of the same year, the privy council addressed letters to the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord mayor, and the master of the revels, for the appointment of three persons to examine into and to remedy the abuse. Upon this occasion it was that the preceding certificate was sent to the privy council, to exonerate the Queen's Players at the Blackfriars from the charge. These facts are given in detail in the "History of Dramatic Poetry," i., 271, &c.; and I wish I could there have added the very curious document I have above quoted.

Thus we see that, in 1589, Shakspeare's name is placed twelfth in the list of the sixteen members of the company. In 1596, he had so far advanced that it was inserted fifth, when only eight of the association were named: in 1603, he was second in the new patent granted by King James on his accession. How much weight is due to these locations, and what inferences we may fairly draw from them, it is not easy to decide, but they certainly show that Shakspeare, from the first, was gradually making his way to greater prominence of station.

James Burbage was buried in February, 1596–7, leaving to his son Richard (who had then risen to the highest eminence as an actor) his property in the Blackfriars theatre. This seems to have been thought a good opportunity for again endeavoring to dislodge the players; but, although it is indisputable that some of the principal

inhabitants of the exempted precinct petitioned the privy council for the removal of what they represented as a nuisance, there is no direct evidence to show that the corporation of London interfered upon this occasion. The attempt again failed, on the counter-petition of the company, the general good conduct of which, as asserted in the preceding certificate, added to the partiality of the queen and court for theatrical amusements, having enabled it to withstand the representations of very powerful opponents. At this date, her "Majesty's Servants" not only exhibited at the Blackfriars, but at the Globe in Southwark, which had been open for about two years. From the residence of Richard Burbage in Shoreditch, and from the possession of shares in the Curtain theatre by one or more of the chief actors associated with him and Shakspeare, it seems probable that, before the erection of the Globe, in 1594, they had occasionally used the Curtain theatre as well as the Blackfriars, perhaps in conjunction with the Lord Admiral's Servants.

The enmity between the corporation of London and the actors at the Blackfriars, seems never to have abated, but to have been constantly kept alive by the exertions of the civic authorities to remove the players, and by the endeavors of the players, now and then, to retaliate: the proverbial wisdom of the citizens, and the immaculate fidelity of their wives, are constant themes in many of our old plays; and, when Leonard Haliday was lord mayor, in 1605, a formal complaint was sent to the privy council, that some of the aldermen had been brought upon the stage by the company performing within the privileged precinct. Upon this point I have met with the following singular memorandum, which is worth preserving, though it does not directly illustrate the personal history of Shakspeare, and though, as his dramas are remarkably free from attacks of the kind, it is very improbable that he had any concern in the transaction.

"Lenard Haliday Maior 1605.

Whereas Kempe, Armyn and others, Plaiers at the Blacke Fryers, have again not forborne to bring vpon their stage one or more of the worshipfull Aldermen of the City of London, to their great scandall and to the lessening of their authority, the Lords of the right honorable the Privy Counsell are besought to call the said Players before them and to enquire into the same, that order may be taken to remedy the abuse, either by putting down or removing the said Theatre."

Hence it is clear that this was not the first offence of the kind. Kempe and Armin were the low comedians of the company, and perhaps made what was then technically called "a Merriment," or "a Jig," of which the actors were usually the authors, at the expense of some members of the corporation: sometimes these comic sallies were dialogues, but usually monologues and songs.

Perhaps the impunity of the actors in this respect, which encouraged fresh insults, induced the city authorities, in 1608, again to endeavor to establish their right to the superintendence of the precinct of the Blackfriars. Certain it is, as appears by other documents I discovered at Bridgewater House, that the question was then revived; and, besides adducing the certificate of the two chief justices in 1579, the corporation procured the opinion of Sir Henry Montagu in its favor, and laid it before Lord Ellesmere, with a view to the final determination of the dispute. He endorsed it with his own hand, and the endorsement is material, as it furnishes the date—"23 July 1608. Sr. Henry Mountagu, for the Blackfrears." Sir Henry Montagu seems to have relied chiefly on the decision of the chief justices, Wray and Dyer; but Lord Ellesmere called for proofs of the exercise by the city of a jurisdiction within the privileged precinct. Whether he obtained them, does not appear —probably not, or they would have been found with the other documents, particularly as one of those remaining is thus headed: —"Prooffs by record that the Citie of London *hath not* any jurisdiction within the Blacke Fryars, but that it is a place exempted from it." This evidence had, of course, been supplied by the opposite party, the players, but it applies only to the reigns of Edward the First and his son: judging, however, from the result, the "proofs" were satisfactory, and the company was not disturbed.

The inquiry instituted at this date throws a strong and certain light upon the interesting question of the amount of Shakspeare's property about five years before he retired to his native town, to enjoy in tranquillity the fruits of his genius and industry during the busy period of his life, extending from 1586 or 1587, when he probably first came to London, to 1612 or 1613, when he quitted it.

Defeated in the attempt to expel "the King's Servants" (for this was the title the actors at the Blackfriars and Globe theatres acquired by the privy seal of 1603), by force of law, the corporation

seems to have endeavored to come to terms with them, with a view of buying them out; and among the papers of Lord Ellesmere is a minute and curious account, showing the precise interest of all the principal persons connected with the company in 1608, and among the rest of Shakspeare himself. It is evident that it was drawn up in order to ascertain what sum it would be necessary for the corporation to pay to the players for removal; and it must have been laid before the lord chancellor, with other documents connected with the inquiry. Hence we learn that Shakspeare's property in the Blackfriars theatre, including the wardrobe and properties, which were exclusively his, was estimated at more than 1400*l.*, which would be equal to between 6000*l.* and 7000*l.* of our present money. Burbage was even richer, as the owner of what is called "the fee" of the playhouse; and perhaps he, or his father, had bought the ground on which it stood, as well as the building. However, it will be better first to insert a literal copy of the account, and afterwards to offer some remarks upon it. The paper is entitled

"FOR AVOIDING OF THE PLAYHOUSE IN THE PRECINCT OF THE BLACKE FRIERS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Imp. | Richard Burbidge oweth the Fee, and is alsoe a sharer therein. His interest he rateth at the grosse summe of 1000li for the Fee, and for his foure shares the summe of 933li 6s. 8d. | 1933li. | 6s. 8d. |
| Item | Laz Fletcher owith three shares which he rateth at 700li, that is at 7 yeares purchase for each share or 33li. 6s. 8d. one yeare with an other | 700li. | |
| Item | W. Shakespeare asketh for the Wardrobe and properties of the same play house 500li and for his 4 shares, the same as his fellowes Burbidge and Fletcher viz 933li. 6s. 8d. | 1433li. | 6s. 8d. |
| Item | Heminges and Condell eche 2 shares | 933li. | 6s. 8d. |
| Item | Joseph Taylor 1 share and an halfe | 350li. | |
| Item | Lowing also one share and an halfe | 350li. | |
| Item | Foure more playeres with one halfe share to eche of them | 466li. | 13s. 4d. |
| | Sumꝛ totalis | 6166. | 13. 4 |

"Moreover, the hired men of the Companie demaund some recompense for their great losse, and the Widowes and Orphanes of Playeres, who are paide

by the Sharers at diuers rate's and proportions, so as in the whole it will coste the Lo. Mayor and the Citizens at the least 7000li."

This, you will own at once, is a very singular, as well as a very valuable document, considering how scanty has hitherto been all our information regarding the pecuniary circumstances of our great Poet. Till now, all has depended upon conjecture, both as to the value of theatrical property generally in the time of Shakspeare, and as to the particular sum he may be supposed to have realized as an author of plays and as an actor of them. Malone "suspected that the whole clear receipt of a theatre was divided into forty shares" (Shakspeare by Boswell, iii., 170), and proceeds to guess at the mode in which the money was distributed. Here we have positive proof, that, at the Blackfriars at least the profits were divided into twenty shares: of these

| | |
|---|---|
| Burbage had | 4 Shares. |
| Fletcher | 3 Shares. |
| Shakspeare | 4 Shares. |
| Hemmings | 2 Shares. |
| Condell | 2 Shares. |
| Taylor and Lowen | 3 Shares. |
| Four other Actors | 2 Shares. |

Burbage and Shakspeare, therefore, in the number of their shares, were upon equal terms: the former, as the owner of "the fee," was probably paid the rent of the theatre, which, I shall hereafter show, from a document of a subsequent date, was then 50*l.* per annum; and the latter, as the owner of the wardrobe and properties, no doubt obtained as large a sum for the use of them. Though they are only estimated at half the value of "the fee," yet wear and tear is to be taken into the account. We are to presume that the materials for this statement were derived from the actors, and that they made out their loss as large as it could well be shown to be, with a view to gaining full compensation; but if each share produced on an average, or (to use the terms of the document) "one year with another," 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, the twenty shares would net an annual sum of 666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, or somewhat less than 3,400*l.* of our present money. Shakspeare's annual income from the receipts at the Blackfriars theatre, without the amount paid him for the use of the wardrobe and properties, would therefore be 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* It is possible, however, that there might be a deduction for his proportion of the rent to Burbage, and of the salaries to the "hired men,"

who were always paid by the sharers. To this income would be to be added the sums he received for either new or altered plays. At about this date, it appears that from 12*l.* to 25*l.* were usually given for new dramatic productions. Much would of course depend upon the popularity of the author.

We have a right to conclude that the Globe was at least as profitable as the Blackfriars: it was a public theatre of larger dimensions, and the performances took place at a season when, probably, playhouses were more frequented: if not, why should they have been built so as to contain a more numerous audience? At the lowest computation, therefore, I should be inclined to put Shakspeare's yearly income at 300*l.*, or not far short of 1,500*l.* of our present money. We are to recollect that, in 1608, he had produced most of his greatest works; the plausible conjecture being, that he wrote only five or six plays between that year and his final retirement from London. In what way, and for what amount, he previously disposed of his interest in the Blackfriars and Globe theatres, it is useless to attempt to speculate.

By "Laz Fletcher," in the preceding account, we are doubtless to understand Laurence, or Larence, Fletcher, the first-named patentee in King James's grant of 1603. The document last quoted seems to have been prepared in the summer of 1608, and Fletcher was buried on the 12th of September of that year. That he was an actor, we know by the will of Augustine Phillips, but upon no other authority; and perhaps he owed his shares in the theatre to his influence in procuring the patent. Hemmings, or Hemminge, and Condell became leaders of the company after the death of Burbage in March, 1619. It is a feature in the character of Burbage, that he was a painter as well as an actor. This fact is confirmed by an epitaph upon him by his contemporary, Thomas Middleton, the dramatist, which I found in a MS. miscellany of poetry belonging to the late Mr. Heber: the collection appears to have been made about the year 1630, and the epitaph runs thus:—

"On the death of that great Mr. in his art and quality (painting and playing) R. Burbage.

"Astronomers and star-gazers this year
Write but of foure Eclipses—five appeare
Death interposing Burbage, and their staying
Hath made a visible Eclipse of playing.
THO. MIDDLETON."

This, it must be owned, is rather obscure; but "their staying" perhaps means that, in consequence of the death of so great an ornament of the stage, the theatre was for a time closed. Hemminge and Condell, as every body knows, were the editors of the first folio edition of Shakspeare in 1623. Taylor and Lowen were actors of eminence, and seem to have come into the management of the King's Servants, first in conjunction with Hemminge, and subsequently without his partnership.

I have stated that, at a date subsequent to 1608, the rent of the Blackfriars theatre was 50*l.* a year: this was the case in 1633, when the company of the King's Servants held it upon a lease from Cuthbert and William Burbage, doubtless the sons of Richard Burbage, who inherited the property from their father. In that year, the privy council "entertained the plan of removing the playhouse, and of making compensation to the parties" ("History of Dramatic Poetry," ii., 50); but, when I wrote this passage, I was not aware of the existence of the original report on the value of the property, made by the aldermen of the ward and two other magistrates, which is now in my possession, and of which I subjoin a copy in a note, because it may serve as some guide to the worth of the concern at the time of the death of Shakspeare, or when he quitted the metropolis for Stratford upon Avon.*

* Certificate from the Justices of the Peace of the County of Middlesex about the Blackfryers.

May it please your Lordshippe. According to the order of this honorable Board of the 9th of October last wee haue had diuers meetelngs at the Blacke-Fryers, and haueing first viewed the Playhouse there, we haue called vnto us the chiefe of the Players, and such as haue interest in the said Playhouse and the buildings thereunto belonging (which wee alsoe viewed) who pretendinge an exceeding greate losse, and allmost vndoing to many of them, and especially to diuers widowes and orphanes hauing interest therein, if they should be remoued from playing there, we required them to make a reasonable demaund of recompense for such interest as they or any of them had therein: Whereupon their first demaund being in a grosse sume 16000li wee required them to sett downe particularly in writing how, and from whense such a demaund could arise, and gave them time for it. At our next meeteing they accordingly presented vnto us a particular note thereof which amounted to 21,990li. But wee descending to an examination of their interest in their houses and buildings they there possess, and the indifferent valuation thereof, haue with their owne consent valued the same as followeth.

First for the Playhouse itselfe, whereof the Company hath taken a Lease for diuers yeares yet to come of Cuthbert Burbidge and William Burbidge (who haue the inheritance thereof) at the Rent of 50li per Ann, wee value the same after the same rate at 14 yeares purchase, as an indifferent recompence to the Burbidges, which cometh to 700li.

For 4 Tenements neare adioyning to the Playhouse, for the which they receiue 75li per

It seems by this document, that the company first put a gross sum of 16,000*l.* upon the Blackfriars theatre and its appurtenances —that, being called upon for particulars, they advanced their claim to 21,990*l.*; but that the magistrates, extraordinary as it may seem, subsequently reduced the whole demand to only 2,900*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* There is every reason to suppose that many circumstances, into which I need not now enter, had rendered the undertaking less profitable in 1633 than it had been in the time of Shakspeare, and down to the period when his plays ceased to be as popular as they had been made by Richard Burbage.

In connection with the question of the property of our great Dramatist, I may notice another document of some curiosity, which was pointed out to me among the fines preserved at the Chapter House, Westminster, subsequent to the publication of my book. It relates to the purchase, in 1603, of a messuage, with barn, granary, garden, and orchard, at Stratford upon Avon, for 60*l.* In May, 1602, as is stated in most of the recent memoirs of Shakspeare, he had bought 107 acres of land, which he attached to his house of New Place, and in the same month of the subsequent year (as is no where mentioned) he made this additional bargain with Hercules Underhill. A copy of the document, in its original form, is worth insertion in a note.*

Ann rent, and for a voide piece of ground there to turne coaches in, which they value at 6li per Ann, makeing togother 81li per Ann, the purchase thereof, at 14 yeares likewise, cometh to 1134li.

They demaund further in respect of the interest that some of them haue by lease in the said Playhouse, and in respect of the shares which others haue in the benefit thereof, and for the damage they all pretend they shall sustaine by their remoue, not knowing where to settle themselves againe (they being 16 in number) the sume of 2400li viz to each of them 150li. But wee conceive they may be brought to accept of the summe of 1066li 13s. 4d. which is to each of them 100 markes.

All which we humbly leave to your Lordshipps graue consideration. Your Lordshipps most humbly to be commanded

Hen: Spiller.

Will. Baker.
Humphrey Smith.
Lawr. Whitaker.
Willm. Childe.

20 Nov. 1633.

* Hec est finalis Concordia facta in Curia Dnæ. Reginæ apud Westm. a die Sci. Michis. in unum mensem Anno regnorum Elizabethæ Dei gratia Angliæ Franciæ & Hiberniæ Reginæ Fidei Defensor. &c. a conqu. quadragesimo quarto coram Edo. Anderson Thoma Walmysley Georgio Kingesmyll & Petro Warburton, Justic. & aliis Dnæ. Reginæ fidelibus

It is known that, in 1605, Shakspeare gave 440*l.* for the lease of a moiety of the great and small tithes of Stratford; so that the author of the anonymous tract called *Ratsey's Ghost* (printed without date, but not earlier than 1606) might well make his hero tell the poor itinerant player, in obvious reference to the success of Shakspeare, "When thou feelest thy purse well lined, *buy thee some place of lordship in the country*, that, growing weary of playing, thy money may there bring thee to high dignity and reputation, * * * for I have heard indeed of *some that have gone to London very meanly, and have come in time to be exceeding wealthy.*" Shakspeare came to London a penniless fugitive, and returned, "weary of playing" and of plays, to spend his last years in his birthplace, comparatively in "high dignity and reputation," and, if not "exceeding wealthy," with a very comfortable independence. In a previous part of the same paragraph, the author of *Ratsey's Ghost* clearly refers to Burbage as the original performer of Hamlet (a point now beyond dispute, to the rejection of the claim of Joseph Taylor, whose name has already been inserted), which brings me to another very interesting document preserved at Bridgewater House.

It is the copy of a letter signed H. S., and addressed, as we must conclude, to Lord Ellesmere, in order to induce him to exert himself on behalf of the players at Blackfriars when assailed by the corporation of London. It has no date; but the internal evidence

tunc ibi presentibus. Inter Willm. Shakespeare generosum Quer. et Herculem Underhill generosum Deforc. de uno messuagio duobus Horreis duobus gardinis & duobus pomarijs cum pertin. in Stretford super Avon: Unde Placitum conventionis sum. fuit inter eos in eadem Curia Scilt. qd predictus Hercules recogn. predicta ten. cum pertin. esse jus ipsius Willi. ut ill. quæ idem Willis. het. de dono predicti Herculis. Et ill. remisit & quietclam de se & hered. suis predicto Willo. & hered. suis in perpetuum. Et predicta idem Hercules concessit pro se & hered. suis qd ipsi warant. predicto Willo. & hered. suis predicta ten cum pertin. contra predictum Herculem & hered. suos in perpetuum. Et pro hac recogn. remissione quietclam Warant. fine & concordia idem Willis. dedit predicto Herculi sexaginta libras sterlingorum

Ware.

Secundum formam Statuti.

Prima proclam. facta fuit vicesimo nono die Novembris t'mio. Sci. Michis. Anno quadragesimo quinto Reginæ infrascr. Secunda proclam. facta fuit primo die Februar. t'mio. Sci. Hillar. Anno quadragesimo quinto Reginæ infrascr. Tertia proclam. facta fuit decimo octavo die Maij t'mio. Paschæ, Anno regnorum Jacobi Dei gra. Angl. Scotiæ Franc. & Hibn. Regis, fidei Defensor. &c. Angl. Franc. & Hibn. primo, & Scotiæ tricesimo sexto. Quarta proclam. facta fuit vicesimo quinto die Junij, t'mio. Sctæ. Trinitatis, Anno primo Regis supradicti.

it contains shows that, in all probability, it refers to the attempt at dislodgment made in the year 1608, and it was in the same bundle as the paper giving a detail of the particular claims of Burbage, Fletcher, Shakspeare, and the rest.

I do not recollect any instances of letters of a precisely similar kind of so old a date, but they no doubt exist: it contains a personal introduction of Richard Burbage and William Shakspeare, by their names and professions, to the individual to whom it was addressed, in order that they might state to him their case, and interest him in behalf of the persecuted players. The initials H. S., at the end, I take to be those of Henry Southampton, who was the noble patron of Shakspeare, and who, in this very letter, calls the Poet his "especial friend." It is natural to suppose that the young nobleman who had presented Shakspeare (if such be the fact, and there is no sufficient reason to deny it) with 1,000*l.* as a free gift not many years before, would take the strongest interest in his welfare. If you feel at all as I did when I first discovered the letter, you will not thank me for this "fearful commenting" before I insert it. It has no direction, and the copy was apparently made on half a sheet of paper; but there can be little doubt that the original was placed in the hands of Lord Ellesmere by Burbage or by Shakspeare, when they waited upon the lord chancellor in company.

"My verie honored Lord. The manie good offices I haue received at your Lordships hands, which ought to make me backward in asking further favors, onely imbouldens me to require more in the same kinde. Your Lordship will be warned howe hereafter you graunt anie sute, seeing it draweth on more and greater demaunds. This which now presseth is to request your Lordship, in all you can, to be good to the poore players of the Black Fryers, who call them selues by authoritie the Seruaunts of his Majestie, and aske for the protection of their most graceous Maister and Sovereigne in this the tyme of their troble. They are threatened by the Lord Maior and Aldermen of London, never friendly to their calling, with the distruction of their meanes of livelihood, by the pulling downe of theire plaiehouse, which is a private Theatre, and hath neuer giuen ocasion of anger by anie disorders. These bearers are two of the chiefe of the companie; one of them by name Richard Burbidge, who humblie sueth for your Lordships kinde helpe, for that he is a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth the action to the word and the word to the action most admirably. By the exercise of his qualitye industry and good behaviour, ne hath be come possessed of the Blacke Fryers playhouse, which hath bene imployed for playes sithence it was builded by his Father now nere 50 yeres

agone. The other is a man no whitt lesse deserving favor, and my especiall friende, till of late an actor of good account in the cumpanie, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English playes, which as your Lordship knoweth were most singularly liked of Quene Elizabeth, when the cumpanie was called vppon to performe before her Ma^tie at Court at Christmas and Shrovetide. His most gracious Ma^tie King James alsoe, since his coming to the crowne, hath extended his royall favour to the companie in divers waies and at sundrie tymes. This other hath to name William Shakespeare, and they are both of one countie, and indeede almost of one towne: both are right famous in their qualityes though it longeth not to your Lo. gravitie and wisedome to resort unto the places where they are wont to delight the publique eare. Their trust and suite nowe is not to bee molested in their waye of life whereby they maintaine them selves and their wives and families (being both maried and of good reputation) as well as the widowes and orphanes of some of their dead fellows.

"Your Lo. most bounden at com.

"H. S.

"Copia vera."

You will not fail to observe that Lord Southampton (if, as there is little question in my mind, the letters H. S. are to be taken as his initials), speaking of the performances of Burbage, makes use of a celebrated expression from *Hamlet* (Act iii., sc. 2), where the prince is giving directions to the players—"Suit the action to the word, and the word to the action"—which contains in one short sentence the whole art and mystery of dramatic personation. It was applicable to Burbage upon all accounts, but especially as the first representative of Hamlet: that he was so, we know, not only from the positive assertion of the epitaph upon Burbage ("History of Dramatic Poetry," i., 430), but from the author of *Ratsey's Ghost*, a tract I have already quoted:—"Get thee to London (said Ratsey to the country actor), for, *if one man were dead*, they will have much need of such as thou art: there would be none in my opinion fitter than thyself to play his parts. My conceit is such of thee, that I durst all the money in my purse on thy head *to play Hamlet with him* for a wager."* This was written about 1606,

* It is doubtful, from the epitaph on Burbage, inserted in the "History of Dramatic Poetry," i., 430, whether the words "cruel Moor" apply to Othello, or Aaron in *Titus Andronicus*; but the following eulogy upon Burbage, at the end of a ballad founded upon Shakspeare's play, and entitled *The Tragedie of Othello the Moore*, settles the point, and is otherwise very interesting in reference to the obligations of Shakspeare to Burbage. It is com-

and Hamlet was produced about 1603. Lord Southampton a little overshot the mark when he said, in 1608, that the Blackfriars playhouse had been built fifty years: certain "rooms" in the precinct were first converted into a theatre in 1576, so that it had not been built more than two-and-thirty years.

With respect to Shakspeare, the preceding letter presents several points worthy of note, which cannot fail to have struck you. One is that upon which I have remarked before, viz. that Lord Southampton calls our great Poet his "especial friend;" for any nobleman might well be vain of familiarity with such a man, and ought to consider it a privilege to be able to lay him under an obligation.

Next he says that Shakspeare had been "*'till of late an actor of good account* in the company," which may serve to settle the question what was his rank among his fellows in that capacity: had Shakspeare deserved any thing like the praise merited by Burbage, Lord Southampton would have chosen other terms by which to characterize his performances; and we may reckon it a fortunate circumstance that his moderate success as an actor perhaps led him to apply himself with more assiduity to dramatic composition. The celebrity of Burbage is recorded, but the fame of Shakspeare is imperishable. The language of Lord Southampton certainly decides that our great Poet had recently quitted the stage, and we may conclude, therefore, contrary to the received opinion, that he

tained in a MS. volume of ballads, and productions of a similar nature, collected, as I apprehend, in the time of the Protectorate.

"Dicke Burbidge, that most famous man,
That Actor without peare,
With this same part his course began,
And kept it many a yeare.
Shakespeare was fortunate, I trow,
That such an actor had:
If we had but his equall now
For one I should be glad."

This, I apprehend, was written by Thomas Jordan, himself an actor, who, no doubt, had often seen Burbage. If the line, "With this same part his course began," is to be taken literally, *Othello* was a much earlier play than Malone supposed it when he fixed it in 1604. I wish I could insert the whole of the ballad, as well as some others connected with Shakspeare's productions—one of them on the same story as *The Tempest*, and perhaps preceding it in point of date; but it would lead me too far from my present purpose, and I shall reserve them.

remained a performer for some time after his name appeared in the list at the end of Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, as acted in 1603.

I pass over, as unimportant, with our present convictions, Lord Southampton's then valuable testimony to the excellence of some of Shakspeare's productions, and to the satisfaction Queen Elizabeth had derived from the representation of them; but his letter establishes that the Burbages were originally from Warwickshire, if not from Stratford upon Avon, although, if Richard Burbage were born in Holywell street, Shoreditch, as has been conjectured, it could hardly be said that he and Shakspeare were "almost of one town." A John Burbage, perhaps the father of James, and the grandfather of Richard, was bailiff of Stratford upon Avon in 1555. No registration of the birth of Richard Burbage is to be found in the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch; but Malone and Chalmers (Shakspeare, by Boswell, iii., 183 and 467) concluded, nevertheless, that he was born in Holywell street, about the year 1570. This may be the fact, but there is nothing to show that James Burbage came to London before 1570, nor that his son Richard was not born in Warwickshire. I should infer, from the expression of Lord Southampton, that Richard Burbage was born in Warwickshire, near Stratford upon Avon: if not, how could they both be "of one county?" This circumstance, supposing Thomas Greene, another member of the company, and an author,* had not been Shakspeare's countryman, or had never existed, would be sufficient to explain why he joined the Lord Chamberlain's (afterwards the King's) Servants when he first visited London in 1586 or 1587.

All this you will allow to be matter of great interest to every lover of Shakspeare. When first I obtained permission to look through the Bridgewater MSS. in detail, I conjectured that it would be nearly impossible to turn over so many state-papers, and such a bulk of correspondence, private and official, without meeting with something illustrative of the subject to which I have devoted so many years; but I certainly never anticipated being so fortunate as to obtain particulars so new, curious, and important, regarding

* His popularity as an author seems to have been nearly on a par with his celebrity as an actor.

a Poet who, above all others, ancient or modern, native or foreign, has been the object of admiration. When I took up the copy of Lord Southampton's letter, and glanced over it hastily, I could scarcely believe my eyes, to see such names as Shakspeare and Burbage in connection in a manuscript of the time. There was a remarkable coincidence also in the discovery, for it happened on the anniversary of Shakspeare's birth and death. I will not attempt to describe my joy and surprise, and I can only liken it to the unexpected gratification I experienced two or three years ago, when I turned out, from some ancient depositories of the Duke of Devonshire, the original designs of Inigo Jones, not only for the scenery, but for the dresses and characters of the different masks by Ben Jonson, Campion, Townshend, &c., presented at court in the reigns of our first James and Charles. The sketches were sometimes accompanied by explanations in the hand-writing of the great artist, a few of which incidentally illustrate Shakspeare, who, however, was never employed for any of these royal entertainments: annexed to one of the drawings was the following written description, from whence we learn how the actor of the part of Falstaff was usually habited in the time of Shakspeare.

"Like a Sr. Jon Falstaff: in a roabe of russet, quite low, with a great belley, like a swolen man, long moustacheos, the sheows [shoes] shorte, and out of them great toes like naked feete: buskins to sheaw a great swolen leg. A cupp coming fourth like a beake—a great head and balde, and a little cap *alla Venetiana*, greay—a rodd and a scroule of parchment."

The character here described was that of the representative of Good-fellowship, and it was probably not meant that it should bear more than a general resemblance to Falstaff: we may conclude, besides his corpulency, that he wore russet, moustaches, buskins, and that his large bald head was sometimes covered with a small grey Venetian cap. In the plate before *Kirkman's Drolls*, 1672, he is represented with a large cup in his hand.

But I am not yet come to an end of my recent acquisitions respecting Shakspeare, from the unexplored archives at Bridgewater House. In an original entry book of patents, and warrants for patents, kept by William Tuthill, "the riding clerk," containing lists of all that had passed the great seal while it was in the hands

of Lord Ellesmere in 1609, I read the following item, which, taken by itself, does not appear of much importance :—

"A Warrant for Robert Daborne and others, the Queene's Servants, to bring up and practise Children in Plaies by the name of the Children of the Queen's Revells, for the pleasure of her Majestie, 4° Janij Anno Septimo Jacobi."

I remembered that Philip Rosseter, the lutanist, had obtained a patent of the very same date, and for the very same purpose (vide "History of Dramatic Poetry," i, 372), and it struck me as extraordinary that there should be two concurrent grants. I knew also, whatever might be Daborne's circumstances in 1609, that he was in great want in 1613 or 1614, when he was imploring Henslowe not to forsake him "in his extremity" (Mal: Shakspeare, by Boswell, iii., 336), so that he could not then have been in possession of funds to enable him to enter into such a speculation. I subsequently found, however, that he had, or was to have had, partners in the undertaking, one of them being William Shakspeare, another Nathaniel Field, the celebrated actor and dramatist, and a third Edward Kirkham, whose name had been in a previous warrant for the instruction of the Children of the Queen's Revels, a copy of which is inserted in the "History of Dramatic Poetry," i., 353.

It has hitherto been thought, by every body acquainted with the subject, that Shakspeare confined his efforts, both as author and actor, to the two theatres occupied by the King's Servants, the Blackfriars and the Globe. I still believe that such was the fact, for reasons I shall assign presently, notwithstanding the evidence to the contrary, afforded by the following document, which came earliest to my hands. It purports to be a draft either for a patent or a privy seal, and runs thus :—

"Right trusty and welbeloved &c. James &c. To all Mayors, Sherriffs, Justices of the peace &c. Whereas the Queene our dearest wife hath for her pleasure and recreation appointed her Servaunts Robert Daiborne &c. to provide and bring upp a convenient nomber of Children who shall be called the children of her Maiesties Revells, knowe ye that we haue appointed and authorized and by these presents doe appoint and authorize the said Robert Daiborne, William Shakespeare, Nathaniel Field and Edward Kirkham from time to time to provide and bring upp a convenient nomber of Children, and them to instruct and exercise in the quality of playing Tragedies, Comedies &c. by the name of the Children of the Revells to the Queene, within the

Black fryers in our Citie of London or els where within our realme of England. Wherefore we will and commaund you and everie of you to permitt her said Servaunts to keepe a convenient nomber of Children by the name of the Children of the revells to the Queene, and them to exercise in the qualitie of playing according to her royall pleasure. Provided alwaies that no playes &c shall be by them presented, but such playes &c as have received the approbation and allowance of our Maister of the Revells for the tyme being. And these our lres. shall be your sufficient warrant in this behalfe. In witnesse whereof &c. 4° die Janij 1609."

After reading this document, several suggestions instantly present themselves. First, that the entry in the official book of Lord Ellesmere, kept by William Tuthill, only mentions the name of Daborne, omitting Shakspeare, Field, and Kirkham; but this might possibly be accounted for by the circumstance that, in the first part of the draft, Daborne only is spoken of, his associates being named afterwards: this of itself seems a singular irregularity, for the usual course would be first to enumerate all the parties, and then, for the sake of brevity, inserting the first, to imply the rest by the "&c." However, this would be a trifle, if it did not appear, on the face of the draft, that it was never carried into effect, as far as regards Shakspeare, though it might pass the seal in favor of the rest, as it certainly did in favor of "Daborne and others," who are mentioned in the clerk's entry. That entry was not made until the official instrument was prepared and ready for delivery; and at the end of the list of a certain number of them, the name of the person receiving them and carrying them from the office is constantly subscribed. Should we ever recover this document, of course we should see who were Daborne's partners, designated in the entry by the words "and others;" but there can be little doubt that Shakspeare was not one of them. At the bottom of the draft, the word "stayed" has been written, which proves that there was at least some hesitation in passing the warrant.

Then it may be asked, how it happens that the name of Shakspeare is found in the draft. This answer may be given, and perhaps it is the true one:—that the destruction of the Blackfriars theatre was, about this date, or a very little earlier, contemplated, and that Shakspeare projected the transference of his interest, or part of it, to a different dramatic concern; because, although the Blackfriars is specifically mentioned, the words "or elsewhere

within our realm of England" are added, so that the Children of the Queen's Revels might in fact perform in any English theatre.* When, however, it turned out that the corporation of London could not succeed in their design of expelling the King's Servants from the privileged precinct of the Blackfriars, Shakspeare might resolve, as long as he remained in London, to continue his old connection, as we know that he did, to the last. This is the most plausible conjecture I can form, and it is somewhat supported by the circumstance that, in the privy seal to Rosseter, it was expressly stipulated that the children were to perform at the Whitefriars theatre, which had been erected about the same time as the Blackfriars theatre.

The Whitefriars theatre was likewise in a liberty out of the jurisdiction of the lord mayor. We have no information at all precise when it was built; but I apprehend that it arose out of the persecution of the players by the corporation in 1575. In 1613, Sir George Buc, master of the revels, received a fee of 20*l.* for his permission to rebuild it; and I have in my possession an original survey of some part of the precinct, made in March, 1616, which contains the following paragraph regarding the theatre in the Whitefriars:—

"The Theater is situate near vnto the Bishopps House, and was in former times a hall or refectorie belonging to the dissolved Monastery. It hath beene vsed as a place for the presentation of playes and enterludes for more then 30 yeares, last by the Children of her Majestie. It hath little or no furniture for a playhouse, saving an old tottered curten, some decayed benches, and a few worne out properties and peeces of Arras for hangings to the stage and tire house. The raine hath made its way in and if it bee not repaired, it must soone be plucked downe, or it will fall."

This document was not in my hands when I printed my book, or I should, of course, have inserted it. One of the last plays per-

* Neither were these theatrical "children" necessarily always young. In the State Paper Office is a letter from Ignatius Jurdain, mayor of Exeter (endorsed "June, 1618"), to Sir Thomas Lake, "Principal Secretary to his Majesty," complaining that John Daniel (of whom I shall have something more to say by and by) had come to that city, and, showing his patent, had claimed a right to perform there. The mayor refused his permission, on the ground that the patent was only for "Children of the Revels," whereas, in the whole company, there were only five youths, and the rest men of thirty, forty, and fifty years old. He had, however, presented them with four angels, with which they seemed content; but, as he afterwards heard that they threatened to write to the privy council, complaining of obstruction, he had determined to be beforehand with them. He annexes to his letter a copy of the patent of the 17th of July, 13 Jac. I.

formed in the Whitefriars theatre was, doubtless, Nathaniel Field's *Woman is a Weathercock*, printed in 1612, but written before 1611. Field was one of the partners of Daborne mentioned in the draft of the warrant found at Bridgewater House. I explain the apparently concurrent grants to Daborne and Rosseter, dated 4th of January, 1609, by supposing that they were in fact one and the same, and that, Shakspeare having seceded, because the King's Servants were not disturbed, Daborne took Rosseter in his place. Daborne was the author of several plays, two of which only were printed; and in the preface to one of them—*A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612—he says, "my own descent is not obscure, but generous;" and it is likely that he obtained the grant in question by some influence at court: his name, as manager or joint manager of a company, is only found among Lord Ellesmere's papers.

But for the entry in the book by William Tuthill, I should have concluded, from the word "stayed" at the bottom of the draft, and from other circumstances, that the intention to grant a patent or privy seal for the purpose stated, had never been carried into execution. At the foot of the same paper is the subsequent enumeration of theatres at that time open in the metropolis and its neighborhood.

"Bl. Fr. and Globe
Wh. Fr. and Parish Garden
Curten and Fortune
Hope and Swanne
} All in or neare London."

This list seems to show that the number of existing playhouses was taken into consideration, perhaps by the lord chancellor, and that he was deterred from at once complying with the wishes of Daborne and his associates, by the consideration that no more places of dramatic entertainment were required "in and near London." This remark may be partly answered, by recollecting that it was not proposed to open any new theatre, but merely to give an opportunity to the Children of the Queen's Revels to perform at the Blackfriars, in the same way as we know that the Children of the King's Revels did perform there in the beginning of the reign of James I. The juxtaposition of the names of the eight different theatres, as above, leads to the conclusion that the same set of comedians occupied two; and they could, therefore, hardly be said

to be open all at the same time. We are sure that such was the case with the King's Servants at the Blackfriars and at the Globe; and we may, with sufficient safety, presume the same of the rest. The most doubtful in this respect are the two last—the Hope and the Swan—which were both in Southwark, very near each other, and probably both in the hands of Philip Henslowe, the old pawnbroking manager, to whose diary we owe so many particulars regarding old plays, players, and playhouses.

Another observation upon the draft of the warrant to Daborne, Shakspeare, Field, and Kirkham, can hardly have failed to impress you; I allude to the reservation of the authority of "our Master of the Revels for the time being," in inspecting and approving the plays to be represented. "Our Master of the Revels" would, of course, be the king's officer, Edmund Tylney; but it seems strange that his allowance for the performances of the Children of the Queen's Revels should have been required, when it has been clearly shown ("History of Dramatic Poetry," i., 353) that, in 1603, Samuel Daniel, the poet, who perhaps ranks next to Shakspeare, Spenser, and Jonson, had been expressly appointed to supervise the productions intended to be brought out by the Children of the Queen's Revels, under King James's patent to Kirkham, Hawkins, Kendall, and Payne, in 1603. This was certainly an infringement upon the long-established authority of the king's master of the revels; and possibly, in 1609, it was intended to restore his power.

At Bridgewater House are preserved two original letters from Samuel Daniel to Lord Ellesmere, both of them very interesting, but one of them especially so, inasmuch as one paragraph in it refers expressly to Shakspeare, though not by name. They are both without dates, but circumstances enable us, I think, to fix them pretty exactly. Lord Ellesmere seems to have been Daniel's patron, and, if I mistake not, was the means of procuring for him the appointment of master of the queen's revels and inspector of the plays to be represented by the juvenile performers. It seems that Daniel had competitors for this office, one of whom was certainly Michael Drayton, the poet; and the other, in all probability, from the particular expressions used, Shakspeare. The whole of the letter well deserves quotation, and I therefore insert it. It is addressed

"To the right honorable S^r. Thomas Egerton, knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seale of England.

"I will not indeavour, Right honorable, to thanke you in wordes for this new great and unlookt for favor shown vnto me, whereby I am bound to you for ever, and hope one day with true harte and simple skill to prove that I ame not vnmindfull. Most earnestly doe I wish I could praise as your Honor has knowne to deserue, for then should I, like my maister Spenser, whose memorie your Honor cherisheth, leave behinde me some worthie worke, to be treasured by posterity. What my pore Muse could performe in haste is here set downe, and though it be farre below what other poets and better pens have written, it cometh from a gratefull harte and therefore may be accepted. I shall now be able to live free from those cares and troubles that hetherto have bene my continuall and wearisome companions. But a little time is past since I was called vpon to thanke your Honor for my brothers advancement, and now I thanke you for myne owne; which double kindnes will alwaies receive double gratefulnes at both our handes. I cannot but knowe that I am lesse deserving then some that sued by other of the nobility vnto her Ma^tie for this roome: if M. Draiton, my good friend, had bene chosen, I should not have murmured, for sure I ame he wold have filled it most excellentlie: but it seemeth to myne humble iudgement that one who is the authour of playes now daylie presented on the public stages of London, and the possessor of no small gaines, and moreover him selfe an Actor in the Kings Companie of Comedians, could not with reason pretend to be M^r. of the Queenes Ma^ties Revells, for as much as he wold sometimes be asked to approve and allow of his owne writings. Therefore, he, and more of like quality, cannot justlie be disappointed because through your Honors gracious interposition the chance was haply myne. I owe this and all else to your honor, and if ever I have time and abilitie to finish anie noble vndertaking, as God graunt one daye I shall, the worke will rather be your Honors then myne. God maketh a poet, but his creation would be in vaine if patrons did not make him to live. Your Honor hath ever showne your self the friend of desert, and pity it were if this shold be the first exception to the rule. It shall not be, while my pore witt and strength doe remaine to me, though the verses which I now send be indeede no proofe of myne abilitie. I onely intreat your Honor to accept the same, the rather as an earnest of my good will then as an example of my good deede. In all things I am your Honors

"Moste bounden in dutie and obseruaunce,

"SAMUEL DANYEL."

The passage in this letter that I conceive applies to Shakspeare, is that where, after mentioning Drayton as a candidate for the place of master of the queen's revels, Daniel speaks of another person who had endeavored to procure it, who was the author of

plays in a course of daily performance, who had realized wealth by the profession, and who was himself an actor in the King's Company. This description could apply to no other member of that association but Shakspeare. Ben Jonson, whose *Sejanus* was acted by the King's Servants in 1603,* had quitted the stage before that date, and it is besides known that he was then far from rich: in February, 1602-3, he was "living upon one Townshend," according to a piece of evidence adduced in the "History of Dramatic Poetry," i., 334. What "other of the nobility" had supported Shakspeare's claim to the new office (for we never before nor afterwards hear of the master of the queen's revels) does not appear, but most likely it was the Earl of Southampton. Daniel was appointed on the 30th of January, 1603, so that the preceding letter must have been written very shortly afterwards.

With the letter, Daniel sent a poem to Lord Ellesmere; and in 1603 was printed an epistle "To Sir Thomas Egerton, knight," which followed "A Panegyric congratulatory" to James I. on his ascending the throne. The first may have been the production alluded to, which the author says was composed "in haste."

You will observe that Daniel adverts to his "brother's advancement" by the instrumentality of Lord Ellesmere; and the principal

* It is worth adding in a note, that, among other MSS. at Bridgewater House, is preserved an original copy of Ben Jonson's "Expostulation with Inigo Jones," in the hand-writing of the author, and corresponding very exactly (some words only excepted) with the copy printed by Mr. Gifford [Ben Jonson's Works, viii., 116], although that critic contended that only "some part" of it proceeded from Jonson's pen. Mr. Gifford was naturally anxious to deny its authenticity, because he had denied that Ben Jonson meant Inigo Jones, by Lantern Leatherhead in *Bartholomew Fair*. Hence, in fact, "*Lantern Leery*," or Lantern *Leathery*, became the nick-name of Jones, and Ben Jonson applies it to him in this very *Expostulation*, coupling it with a mention of Adam Overdo in *Bartholomew Fair*. When Mr. Gifford had made up his mind upon a point, no evidence, however clear, could unconvince him. Two or three verbal variations may be pointed out. Ben Jonson's original copy reads—

> "You'd be an Assinigo by your ears?
> Why much good do't you; be what *beast* you will
> You'll be, as Langley said, 'an Inigo still.'"

The printed copy has *part* for *beast*. Again,

> "No velvet *sheath* you wear will alter kind,
> A wooden dagger is a dagger of wood," &c.

The printed copy has *suit* for *sheath*. Farther on,

> 'The eloquence of masques! what need of prose,
> Or verse or *sense* t' express immortal you."

The printed copy reads *prose* for *sense*. The rest are less important differences.

object of the second letter of the same poet, preserved at Bridgewater House, is to thank the lord keeper for this "preferment." What was the nature of it we are not informed, but it was probably procuring for him a patent for a company of theatrical children: there is no doubt that this letter was shortly anterior in point of date to that above quoted. Daniel also mentions his incomplete poem, "The Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster," which he intended to bring down to the reign of Henry VII., but never carried farther than the marriage of Edward IV. The letter contains nothing regarding Shakspeare; but, at the same time, it is so interesting, on account of the distinguished writer, the subject, and the person to whom it was addressed, that I shall not hesitate to insert a copy of it. Communications of the kind, by poets of eminence of that day, are the rarest, and to me the most precious, relics.

"Right honorable. Amongst all the great workes of your worthynes it will not be the least that you have donne for me in the preferment of my brother, with whome yet now sometimes I may eat whilst I write, and so go on with the worke I have in hand, which God knowes had long since bene ended, and your Honor had had that which in my harte I have prepared for you, could I have but sustayned my self and made truce within, and peace with the world. But such hath bene my misery, that whilst I should have written the actions of men, I have bene constrayned to live with children; and contrary to myne owne spirit put out of that scene which nature had made my parte. For could I but live to bring this labor of mine to the Union of Henry VII., I should have the end of all my ambition in this life, and the utmost of my desyres: for therein, if wordes can worke any thing vppon the affections of men, I will labor to give the best hand I can to the perpetuall closing up of those woundes, and the ever keeping them so, that our land may lothe to looke over those blessed boundes (which the providence of God hath set vs) vnto the horror and confusion of farther and former claymes. And though I know the greatnes of the worke requires a greater spirit then myne, yet we see that in theas frames of motions, little wheeles move the greater, and so by degrees turne about the whole, and God knowes what so pore a Muse as myne may worke vppon the affections of men. But howsoever I shall herein show my zeale to my country and to do that which my soule tells me is fit. And to this end do I now purpose to retyre me to my pore home, and not againe to see you till I have payd your Honor my vowes; and will onely pray that England which so much needes you may long injoy the treasure of your councell, and that it be not driven to complayne with that good Roman *videmus quibus extinctis jurisperitis, quam in paucis nunc spes, quam in paucioribus facultas, quam in multis audacia.*

And for this comfort I have received from your goodnes I must and ever will remayne your Honors in all I ame

"SAMUEL DANYEL."

Having, perhaps, gone a little out of my way in the insertion of the letters of the master of the queen's revels, an office Shakspeare endeavored to procure in 1603, I must now revert briefly to the draft of the warrant of 1609, according to which, had it been carried into effect, Shakspeare would have been at the head of a company of juvenile performers. When that draft was sent to Lord Ellesmere, some inquiry seems to have been made as to the nature and names of the "Tragedies, Comedies, &c.," which the children were to act; for in the margin of the paper are written the titles of thirteen plays, five of which are perhaps known, and eight certainly unknown. They are these—

| | |
|---|---|
| Proud Povertie | Grisell |
| Widows Mite | Engl. tragedie |
| Antonio | False Friends |
| Kinsmen | Hate and love |
| Triumph of Truth | Taming of S. |
| Touchstone | K. Edw. 2. |

Mirror of Life.

*Proud Poverty* is no where mentioned; and the same may be said of *Widow's Mite*, *Triumph of Truth*, *Touchstone*, *Mirror of Life*, *English Tragedy*, *False Friends*, and *Hate and Love:* Anthony Munday, indeed, wrote a play called *The Widow's Charm;* Thomas Middleton, a pageant called *The Triumphs of Truth;* and Kirton, a tract called *The Mirror of Man's Life;* but they could have had no other connection with the names of plays in the margin of the draft than some similarity of title. *Antonio* may have been Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, printed in 1602, or the old play of *Antonio and Vallia*, introduced into Henslowe's Diary. *Kinsmen* was possibly *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, attributed to Shakspeare and Fletcher, which was not printed until 1634. *Grisell* was doubtless some dramatic version of Boccaccio's Story of Griselda, and perhaps the comedy of *Patient Grisell*, printed anonymously in 1603, but, from Henslowe's Diary, ascertained to have been written by Haughton, Chettle, and Dekker. *Taming of S.* instantly brings to mind Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew;* or it

might be the older comedy, *The Taming of a Shrew*, to which Shakspeare was indebted, and which was printed in 1594. *K. Edw.* 2. was most likely Marlow's tragedy of *Edward the Second*.

Of course it is impossible even to guess at the authors of the other dramatic productions, the titles of which are here inserted for the first time: perhaps more than one proceeded from the pen of Shakspeare, contributed by him in the outset of the new company, with whom he once designed to be connected.

I shall offer no other apology for the length of this letter, than by saying that, if I had consulted my own inclination, I should have made it at least four times as long, by adding a great deal of other new matter relating to Shakspeare, his works, and his fellow dramatists and actors. I wish a few other people had half your knowledge of, and half your liking for, such details; but perhaps, after all, you may only have a temporary escape.

I must not conclude without expressing my personal thankfulness, and the obligations of literature, not in this instance merely, to Lord Francis Egerton: he has laid open the manuscript stores of his noble family with a liberality worthy of his rank and race; and, if the example were followed by others possessed of similar relics, literary and historical information of great novelty and of high value might in many cases be obtained.

I remain,

My dear Amyot,

Yours most sincerely,

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

London, *May* 20, 1835.

# SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE OFFICE OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.

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*Vicesimo quinto die Martii, Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotiæ quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini* 1616.

In the name of God, Amen. I, William Shakspeare, of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory, (God be praised!) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say:—

*First*, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Savior, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith, one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant, all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, and her heirs forever.

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hun-

dred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors and assigns, she living the said term after my decease: provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve pence.

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, —— Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate (except my broad silver and gilt bowl), that I now have at the date of this my will.

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid, ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe, my sword; to Thomas Russel, esq., five pounds; and to Francis Collins, of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent., thirteen pounds six shillings and eight pence; to be paid within one year after my decease.

*Item*, I give and bequeath to Hamlet [*Hamnet*] Sadler twenty-six shillings eight pence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent., twenty-six shillings eight pence, to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker, twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent., twenty-six shillings eight pence; and to Mr. John Nash, twenty-six shillings eight pence; and to my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, twenty-six shillings eight pence apiece, to buy them rings.

*Item*, I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley Street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford upon Avon, Old Stratford Bishopton, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being, in the Blackfriars in London, near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever: to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and

seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare forever

*Item*, I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture.

*Item*, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent., and my daughter Susanna his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russell, esq., and Francis Collins, gent., to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written.

By me WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

*Witness to the publishing hereof,*

FRA. COLLYNS,
JULIUS SHAW,
JOHN ROBINSON,
HAMNET SADLER,
ROBERT WHATCOTT.

*Probatum fuit testamentum suprascriptum apud London, coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore, &c. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini* 1616; *juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. cui, &c. de bene, &c. jurat. reservata potestate, &c. Susannæ Hall, alt. ex. &c. eam cum venerit, &c. petitur, &c.*

THE

# PREFACE OF THE PLAYERS.

PREFIXED TO THE FIRST FOLIO EDITION, PUBLISHED IN 1623.

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*To the great Variety of Readers,*

From the most able, to him that can but spell: there you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publique, and you wil stand for your priviledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cockpit, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes have had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had lived to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath

bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you, doe not envie his Friends, the office of their care and paine, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived thē: Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarse received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRIE CONDELL.

# TEMPEST.

## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

"The Tempest and the Midsummer Night's Dream (says Warburton) are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination, peculiar to Shakspeare, which soars above the bounds of nature, without forsaking sense, or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits."

No one has hitherto discovered the novel on which this play is founded; yet Collins the poet told Thomas Warton that the plot was taken from the romance of "Aurelio and Isabella," which was frequently printed during the sixteenth century, sometimes in three or four languages in the same volume. In the calamitous mental indisposition which visited poor Collins, his memory failed him; and he most probably substituted the name of one novel for another: the fable of Aurelio and Isabella has no relation to the Tempest. Mr. Malone thought that no such tale or romance ever existed; yet a friend of the late Mr. James Boswell told him that he had some years ago actually perused an Italian novel which answered Collins's description; but his memory, unfortunately, did not enable him to recover it.

My friend, Mr. Douce, in his valuable "Illustrations of Shakspeare," published in 1807, had suggested that the outline of a considerable part of this play was borrowed from the account of Sir George Somers's voyage and shipwreck on the Bermudas in 1609; and had pointed out some passages which confirmed his suggestion. At the same time, it appears that Mr. Malone was engaged in investigating the relations of this voyage; and he subsequently printed the results of his researches in a pamphlet, which he distributed among his friends; wherein he shows, that not only the title, but many passages in the play, were suggested to Shakspeare by the account of the tremendous *Tempest*, which, in July, 1609, dispersed the fleet carrying supplies from England to the infant colony of Virginia, and wrecked the vessel in which Sir George Somers and the other principal commanders had sailed, on one of the Bermuda Islands.

Sir George Somers, Sir Thomas Gates, and Captain Newport, with nine ships and five hundred people, sailed from England in May, 1609, on board the Sea-Venture, which was called *the Admiral's Ship;* and on the 25th of July she was parted from the rest by a *terrible tempest*, which lasted forty-eight hours, and scattered the whole fleet, wherein some of them lost their masts, and others were much distressed. Seven of the vessels, however, reached Virginia; and, after landing about three hundred and fifty persons, again set sail for England. Two of them were wrecked, in their way home, on the point of Ushant: the others returned safely to England, ship after ship, in 1610, bringing the news of the supposed loss of the Admiral's ship and her crew. During a great part of the year 1610, the fate of Somers and Gates was not known in England; but

the latter, having been sent home by Lord Delaware, arrived in August or September. The Council of Virginia published a narrative of the disasters which had befallen the fleet, and of their miraculous escape. Previously, however, to its appearance, one Jourdan, who probably returned from Virginia in the same ship with Sir Thomas Gates, published a pamphlet entitled "A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called *The Isle of Divels;* by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport, with divers others;" in which he relates the circumstances of the storm. "They were bound for Virginia, and at that time in 30° N. latitude. The whole crew, amounting to one hundred and fifty persons, weary with pumping, had given all for lost, and began to drink their strong waters, *and to take leave of each other*, intending to commit themselves to the mercy of the sea. Sir George Somers, who had sat three days and nights on the poop, with no food and little rest, at length descried land, and encouraged them (*many from weariness having fallen asleep*) to continue at the pumps. They complied, and fortunately the ship was driven and *jammed between two rocks*, fast lodged and locked for further budging." One hundred and fifty persons got on shore; and by means of their boat and skiff (for this was half a mile from land) they saved such part of their goods and provisions as the water had not spoiled, all the tackling and much of the iron of their ship, which was of great service to them in fitting out another vessel to carry them to Virginia.

"But our delivery," says Jourdan, "was not more strange in falling so opportunely and happily upon the land, as [than] our feeding and provision was, beyond our hopes, and all men's expectations, most admirable; for the Islands of the Bermudas, as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were *never inhabited* by any Christian or heathen people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and *enchanted place*, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shunne the Divell himself: and no man was ever heard to make for this place; but as, against their wils, they have, by stormes and dangerousnesse of the rocks lying seven leagues into the sea, suffered shipwracke. Yet did we finde there *the ayre so temperate* and the *country so aboundantly fruitfull* of all fit necessaries for the sustentation and preservation of man's life, that, most in a manner of all our provision of bread, beere, and victuall being quite spoiled in lying long drowned in salt water, notwithstanding we were there for the space of nine months, we were not only well refreshed, comforted, and with good satiety contented, but out of the aboundance thereof provided us some reasonable quantity and proportion of provision to carry us for Virginia, and to maintain ourselves and that company we found there;—wherefore my opinion sincerely of this island is, that whereas it hath beene, and is still accounted the most dangerous, unfortunate, and forlorne place of the world, it is in truth the richest, healthfullest, and [most] pleasing land (the quantity and bignesse thereof considered), and merely naturall, as ever man set foote upon."

The publication set forth by the Council of Virginia, entitled, "A true Declaration of the Estate of the Colony of Virginia, &c. 1610," relates the same facts and events in better language, and Shakspeare probably derived his first thought of working these adventures up into a dramatic form from an allusion to the drama in this piece.

"These Islands of the Bermudas," says this narrative, "have ever been accounted as an *inchaunted* pile of rocks, and a *desert inhabitation for divells;* but all the *fairies* of the rocks were but flocks of birdes, and all the divells that haunted the woods were but heards of swine.—What is there in all this *Tragicall Comœdie* that should discourage us?"

The covert allusions to several circumstances in the various narrations of this voyage have been illustrated with great ingenuity by Mr. Malone; and many of them will no doubt have already struck the reader; but we must content ourselves with a reference to his more detailed account.

The plot of this play is very simple, independent of the magic; and Mr. Malone has pointed out two sources from whence he thinks Shakspeare derived suggestions for it. The one is a play by Robert Green, entitled "The Comical History of Alphonsus King of Arragon:" the other is the Sixth Metrical Tale of George Turberville,* formed on the fourth novel of the fourth day of the Decamerone of Boccaccio, to which he is probably indebted for the hint of the marriage of Claribel. The magic of the piece is unquestionably the creation of the great Bard himself, suggested, no doubt, by the popular notions respecting the Bermudas. Mr. Malone confesses that the hints furnished by Green are so slight as not to detract from the merit of Shakspeare, and I have therefore not thought it necessary to follow him in his analysis. The late Dr. Vincent, the highly-respected Dean of Westminster, pointed out a passage in Magellan's Voyage to the South Pole, which is to be found in "Eden's History of Travaile," printed in 1577, that may have furnished the first idea of Caliban; and as it is curious in itself, I shall venture to transcribe it. "Departyng from hence," says Eden, "they sayled to the 49 degre and a halfe under the pole antartike; where being wyntered, they were inforced to remayne there for the space of two monethes, all which tyme they saw no man: except that one day by chance they espyed a man of the stature of a gyant, who came to the haven *dauncing and singing*, and shortly after seemed to cast dust over his head. The captayne sent one of his men to the shore with the shippe boate, who made the lyke signe of peace. The which thyng the giant seeing, was out of feare, and came with the captayne's servant, to his presence, into a little island. When he sawe the captayne with certayne of his company about him, he was greatly amazed; and made signes, *holding up his hande to heaven*, signifying thereby *that our men came from thence*. This giant was so byg that the head of one of our men of a meane stature came but to his waste. He was of good corporation and well made in all partes of his bodie, with a large visage painted with divers colours, but for the most parte yelow. Uppon his cheekes were paynted two hartes, and red circles about his eyes. The heare of his head was coloured whyte, and his apparell was the skynne of a beast sowed together. This beast (as seemed unto us) had a large head, and great eares lyke unto a mule, with the body of a cammell and tayle of a horse. The feet of the gyant were folded in the sayde skynne, after the manner of shooes. He had in his hande a bygge and shorte bowe; the sleyng whereof was made of a sinewe of that beaste. He had also a bundle of long arrowes made of reedes, feathered after the manner of ours, typte with sharpe stones, in the stead of iron heades. The captayne caused him to eate and drinke, and gave him many thinges, and among other a great looking glasse, in the which as soon as he sawe his owne likeness, was sodaynly afrayde, and started backe with suche violence, that he overthrewe two that stood nearest about him. When the captayne had thus gyven him certayne haukes belles, with also a lookyng glasse, a combe, and a payre of beades of glasse, he sent him to lande with foure of his owne men well armed. Shortly after, they sawe another gyant of somewhat greater stature with his bowe and arrowes in his hande. As he drew nearer unto our men hee laide his hande on his head, and pointed up towards heaven, and our men did the lyke. The captayne sent his

* Tragical Tales, translated by Turberville, in time of his troubles, out of sundrie Italians, &c. 8vo. 1567.

shippe boate to bring him to a little islande, beyng in the haven. This giant was very tractable and pleasaunt. He *soong and daunsed*, and in his daunsing left the print of his feete on the ground. After other xv dayes were past, there came foure other giauntes without any weapons, but had hid their bowes and arrowes in certaine bushes. The captayne retayned two of these, which were youngest and best made. He tooke them by a deceite, in this manner; that giving them knyves, sheares, looking-glasses, belles, beades of chrystall, and such other trifles, he so fylled their handes, that they could holde no more; then caused two paire of shackels of iron to be putt on their legges, making signes that he would also give them those chaynes, which they liked very well because they were made of bright and shining metall. And whereas they could not carry them bycause theyr hands were full, the other giants would have carryed them, but the captayne would not suffer them. When they felt the shackels fast about theyr legges, they began to doubt; but the captayne did put them in comfort and bade them stand stille. In fine, when they sawe how they were deceived, they roared lyke bulles, and cryed upon theyr *great devill Setebos*, to help them. They say that when any of them dye, there appeare x or xi devils *leaping and daunsing* about the bodie of the dead, and seeme to have theyr bodies paynted with divers colours, and that among other there is one seene bigger than the residue, who maketh great mirth with rejoysing. This great devyll they call *Setebos*, and call the lesse Cheleule. One of these giantes which they tooke, declared by signes that he had seen devylles with two hornes above theyr heades, with *long heare downe to theyr feete*, and that they caste forth fyre at theyr throates both *before* and *behind*. The captayne named these people *Patagoni*. The moste parte of them weare the skynnes of such beastes whereof I have spoken before. They lyve of raw fleshe, and a certaine sweete roote which they call capar."

Caliban, as was long since observed by Dr. Farmer, is merely the metathesis of Cannibal. Of the Cannibals a long account is given by Eden, *ubi supra*.

"The Tempest," says the judicious Schlegel, "has little action and progressive movement; the union of Ferdinand and Miranda is fixed at their first meeting, and Prospero merely throws apparent obstacles in their way; the shipwrecked band go leisurely about the island; the attempts of Sebastian and Antonio on the life of the King of Naples, and of Caliban and his drunken companions against Prospero, are nothing but a feint, as we foresee that they will be completely frustrated by the magical skill of the latter: nothing remains therefore but the punishment of the guilty, by dreadful sights which harrow up their consciences, the discovery, and final reconciliation. Yet this want is so admirably concealed by the most varied display of the fascinations of poetry and the exhilaration of mirth; the details of the execution are so very attractive, that it requires no small degree of attention to perceive that the denouement is, in some measure, already contained in the exposition. The history of the love of Ferdinand and Miranda, developed in a few short scenes, is enchantingly beautiful; an affecting union of chivalrous magnanimity on the one part, and, on the other, of the virgin openness of a heart which, brought up far from the world on an uninhabited island, has never learned to disguise its innocent movements. The wisdom of the princely hermit Prospero has a magical and mysterious air; the impression of the black falsehood of the two usurpers is mitigated by the honest gossiping of the old and faithful Gonzalo; Trinculo and Stephano, two good-for-nothing drunkards, find a worthy associate in Caliban; and Ariel hovers sweetly over the whole as the personified genius of the wonderful fable.

"Caliban has become a bye-word, as the strange creation of a poetical imagination. A mixture of the gnome and the savage, half demon, half brute; in his behavior we perceive at once the traces of his native disposition, and the influence of Prospero's education. The latter could only unfold his understanding, without, in the slightest degree, taming his rooted malignity: it is as if the use of reason and human speech should be communicated to a stupid ape. Caliban is malicious, cowardly, false, and base in his inclinations; and yet he is essentially different from the vulgar knaves of a civilized world, as they are occasionally portrayed by Shakspeare. He is rude, but not vulgar; he never falls into the prosaical and low familiarity of his drunken associates, for he is a poetical being in his way; he always speaks too in verse.* He has picked up every thing dissonant and thorny in language, out of which he has composed his vocabulary, and of the whole variety of nature, the hateful, repulsive, and pettily-deformed have alone been impressed on his imagination. The magical world of spirits, which the staff of Prospero has assembled on the island, casts merely a faint reflection into his mind, as a ray of light which falls into a dark cave, incapable of communicating to it either heat or illumination, merely serves to put in motion the poisonous vapors. The whole delineation of this monster is inconceivably consistent and profound, and, notwithstanding its hatefulness, by no means hurtful to our feelings, as the honor of human nature is left untouched.

"In the zephyr-like Ariel the image of air is not to be mistaken; his name even bears an allusion to it: on the other hand, Caliban signifies the heavy element of earth. Yet they are neither of them allegorical personifications, but beings individually determined. In general we find, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, in the Tempest, in the magical part of Macbeth, and wherever Shakspeare avails himself of the popular belief in the invisible presence of spirits, and the possibility of coming in contact with them, a profound view of the inward life of Nature and her mysterious springs; which, it is true, ought never to be altogether unknown to the genuine poet, as poetry is altogether incompatible with mechanical physics, but which few have possessed in an equal degree with Dante and himself."†

It seems probable that this play was written in 1611; at all events between the years 1609 and 1614. It appears from the MSS. of Vertue, that the Tempest was acted, by John Heminge and the rest of the King's Company, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in the beginning of the year 1613.

* Schlegel is not quite correct in asserting that Caliban "*always speaks in verse.*" Mr. Steevens, it is true, endeavored to give a *metrical form* to some of his speeches, which were evidently intended for prose, and they are, therefore, in the present edition, so printed. Shakspeare, throughout his plays, frequently introduces short prose speeches in the midst of blank verse.

† Lectures on Dramatic Literature, by Aug. Will. Schlegel, translated by John Black, 1815. Vol. ii. p. 178

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.[1]

ALONZO, *King of* Naples.
SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*
PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of* Milan.
ANTONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of* Milan.
FERDINAND, *Son to the King of* Naples.
GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor of* Naples.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
TRINCULO, *a Jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler*
*Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.*

MIRANDA, *Daughter to* Prospero.

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } *Spirits.*

*Other Spirits attending on* Prospero.

SCENE. *The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an uninhabited Island.*

[1] From the Folio Edition of 1623.

# TEMPEST.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea.*

*A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.*

*Enter a* Ship-master *and a* Boatswain.

*Master.* BOATSWAIN,—

*Boats.* Here, master: what cheer?

*Mast.* Good: speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,[1] or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Mariners.

*Boats.* Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

*Enter* ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

*Alon.* Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.[2]

*Boats.* I pray now, keep below.

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain?

*Boats.* Do you not hear him? You mar our labor! keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

*Gon.* Nay, good, be patient.

*Boats.* When the sea is. Hence! What care these

[1] Readily, nimbly. [2] Behave like men.

roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

*Gon.* Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boats.* None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,[1] we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! if he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* Boatswain.

*Boats.* Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main course.[2] [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

*Re-enter* SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

*Seb.* A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

*Boats.* Work you, then.

*Ant.* Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

*Gon.* I'll warrant him from drowning; though the

[1] The *present instant.*

[2] In Smith's Sea Grammar, 1627, 4to., under the article How to handle a Ship in a Storme:—"Let us lie as *Trie with our main course*; that is, to hale the tacke aboord, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helm tied close aboord."

ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses;[1] off to sea again, lay her off.

*Enter* Mariners, *wet.*

*Mar.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.* I am out of patience.

*Ant.* We are merely[2] cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chapped rascal;—'Would, thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

*Gon.* He'll be hanged yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut[3] him.
[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!—We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split.

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long[4] heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

[1] The *courses* are the main-sail and fore-sail. *To lay a ship a-hold*, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land and get her out to sea.

[2] Absolutely, entirely.

[3] To *englut*, to *swallow*.

[4] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*ling*, heath, *broom*, furze, &c.

## SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of* Prospero.

*Enter* PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

*Mira.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perished.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The freighting[1] souls within her.
*Pro.* Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.
*Mira.* O, wo the day!
*Pro.* No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
*Mira.* More to know
Did never meddle[2] with my thoughts.
*Pro.* 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched

[1] The first folio reads *fraughting*. [2] To *mix*, or to *interfere* with.

The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.
*Mira.* You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopped
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—
*Pro.* The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Can'st thou remember
A time before we came into this cell?
I do not think thou can'st; for then thou wast not
Out[1] three years old.
*Mira.* Certainly, sir, I can.
*Pro.* By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
*Mira.* 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?
*Pro.* Thou had'st, and more, Miranda: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How cam'st thou here, thou may'st.
*Mira.* But that I do not.
*Pro.* Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
*Mira.* Sir, are not you my father?

[1] *Entirely, quite.*

*Pro.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess;—no worse issued.
*Mira.* O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
*Pro.* Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
*Mira.* O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[1] that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.
*Pro.* My brother, and thy uncle, called Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
*Mira.* Sir, most heedfully.
*Pro.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash[2] for overtopping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or changed them,
Or else new formed them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And sucked my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.

[1] Grief, sorrow.

[2] To check the pace or progress of any one. *Trashes* are clogs strapped round the neck of a dog to prevent his overspeed. There was another word of the same kind used in falconry.

*Mira.* O good sir, I do.
*Pro.* I pray thee mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent,[1] did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,[2]—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost hear?
*Mira.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
*Pro.* To have no screen between this part he played
And him he played it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbowed, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.
*Mira.* O the heavens!
*Pro.* Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

[1] Alluding to the observation that a father above the common rate of men has generally a son below it.
[2] "Who having made his memory such a sinner to truth as to credit his own lie by telling of it."

*Mira.* I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
*Pro.* Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu[1] o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honors, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.
*Mira.* Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,[2]
That wrings mine eyes to't.
*Pro.* Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
*Mira.* Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
*Pro.* Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it; there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roared to us; to sigh

[1] In *consideration* of the premises. [2] *Cause* or *subject.*

To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
*Mira.* Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
*Pro.* O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have decked[1] the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groaned; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach,[2] to bear up
Against what should ensue.
*Mira.* How came we ashore?
*Pro.* By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
*Mira.* 'Would I might
But ever see that man!
*Pro.* Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
*Mira.* Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
*Pro.* Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience

[1] *Sprinkled.* [2] A *temper* or *frame of mind* to bear.

I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.—
[MIRANDA *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds: to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.[1]

*Pro.* Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point,[2] the tempest that I bade thee?

*Ari.* To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,[3]
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seemed to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

*Pro.* My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that his coil[4] this (?)
Would not infect his reason?

*Ari.* Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and played

[1] The *powers of his nature* as a spirit.
[2] To the minutest article.
[3] The *beak* was a strong pointed body at the head of ancient galleys The *waist* is the part between the quarter-deck and the forecastle.
[4] *Bustle, tumult.*

Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-starting,(then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leaped; cried, *Hell is empty,*
*And all the devils are here.*

*Pro.* Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pro.* But are they, Ariel, safe?

*Ari.* Not a hair perished;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

*Pro.* Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

*Ari.* Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes,[1] there she's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Whom, with a charm joined to their suffered labor,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,[2]
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked,
And his great person perish.

*Pro.* Ariel, thy charge

[1] The epithet here applied to the Bermudas will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which renders access to them so difficult. It was then the current opinion that Bermudas was inhabited by *monsters* and *devils*. Setebos, the god of Caliban's dam, was an American devil, worshipped by the giants of Patagonia.

[2] Waves, or the sea. *Flot*, Fr.

Exactly is performed; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?
*Ari.* Past the mid season.
*Pro.* At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
*Ari.* Is there more toil? since thou must give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.
*Pro.* How now! moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?
*Ari.* My liberty.
*Pro.* Before the time be out? no more.
*Ari.* I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
*Pro.* Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
*Ari.* No.
*Pro.* Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;—
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is baked with frost.
*Ari.* I do not, sir.
*Pro.* Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
*Ari.* No, sir.
*Pro.* Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell me.
*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.[1]
*Pro.* O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,

[1] The old English name of *Algiers*.

Which thou forget'st. This damned witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.

*Pro.* This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests,[1] she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprisoned, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honored with
A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes; Caliban her son.

*Pro.* Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arrived, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

*Pro.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.

[1] *Behests, commands.*

*Ari.* Pardon, master.
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sprighting gently.
*Pro.* Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.
*Ari.* That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?
*Pro.* Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea; be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: go hence, with diligence.
[*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
*Mira.* The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
*Pro.* Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
*Mira.* 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
*Pro.* But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss[1] him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
*Cal.* [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.
*Pro.* Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee:
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?[2]

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *like a Water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint[3] Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

[1] We cannot *do without* him.
[2] A common expression of impatience.
[3] Brisk, spruce, dexterous, from the French *cointe*.

*Pro.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

*Enter* CALIBAN.

*Cal.* As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

*Pro.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins[1]
Shall, for that vast[2] of night that they may work
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And showed thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

*Pro.* Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,

[1] *Urchins* were fairies of a particular class. Hedgehogs were also called *urchins*; and it is probable that the sprites were so named, because they were of a mischievous kind, the *urchin* being anciently deemed a very noxious animal.

[2] That *vast* of night is that *space* of night. So, in Hamlet:

"In the dead *waste* and middle of the night."

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.
*Cal.* O ho, O ho!—'would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
*Pro.* Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other; when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.
*Cal.* You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid[1] you,
For learning me your language!
*Pro.* Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches:[2] make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din!
*Cal.* No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,[3]
And make a vassal of him.
*Pro.* So, slave, hence!
[*Exit* CALIBAN.

[1] Destroy.
[2] The word *aches* is evidently a dissyllable here.
[3] "The giants, when they found themselves fettered, roared like bulls, and cried upon *Setebos* to help them."—*Eden's Hist. of Travayle*, 1577. p. 434.

*Re-enter* ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing.* FERDINAND *following him.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

*Come unto these yellow sands,*
*And then take hands:*
*Curt'sied when you have, and kissed,*
*(The wild waves whist,*[1]*)*
*Foot it featly, here and there,*
*And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.*
*Hark, hark!*
*Bur.* Bowgh, wowgh. [*Dispersedly.*
*The watch-dogs bark:*
*Bur.* Bowgh, wowgh. [*Dispersedly.*
*Hark, hark! I hear*
*The strain of strutting chanticlere*
*Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.*

*Fer.* Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

*Full fathom five thy father lies;*
*Of his bones are coral made;*
*Those are pearls that were his eyes:*
*Nothing of him that doth fade,*
*But doth suffer a sea-change*
*Into something rich and strange.*
*Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:*
[*Burden,* ding-dong.
*Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.*

[1] Still, silent.

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drowned father.—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:[1]—I hear it now above me.
*Pro.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.
*Mira.* What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.
*Pro.* No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stained
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.
*Mira.* I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
*Pro.* It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine Spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
*Fer.* Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?
*Mira.* No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
*Fer.* My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
*Pro.* How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples; he does hear me;

[1] i. e. *owns.*

And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrecked.
*Mira.* Alack, for mercy!
*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.
*Pro.* The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control[1] thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight [*Aside.*
They have changed eyes;—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong:[2] a word.
*Mira.* Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sighed for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!
*Fer.* O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
*Pro.* Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
*Fer.* No, as I am a man.
*Mira.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
*Pro.* Follow me.—[*To* FERD.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, withered roots, and husks

[1] To *control* here signifies to *confute.*
[2] That is, *spoken a falsehood.*

Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.
*Fer.* No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*
*Mira.* O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.[1]
*Pro.* What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possessed with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
*Mira.* Beseech you, father!
*Pro.* Hence; hang not on my garments.
*Mira.* Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
*Pro.* Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
*Mira.* My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
*Pro.* Come on; obey: [*To* FERD.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again;
And have no vigor in them.
*Fer.* So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day

[1] *Fearful* was sometimes used in the sense of *formidable, terrible, dreadful*, like the French *epouvantable*. Shakspeare almost always uses it in this sense.

Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
*Pro.* It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*To* FERD. *and* MIRA.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To* ARIEL.
*Mira.* Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
*Pro.* Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
*Ari.* To the syllable.
*Pro.* Come, follow: speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Another Part of the Island.*

*Enter* ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

*Gon.* 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint[1] of wo
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant,[2] and the merchant,
Have just our theme of wo: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

[1] *Cause* or *subject.*
[2] It was usual to call a *merchant-vessel* a *merchant*, as we now say a *merchant-man.*

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Ant.* The visitor[1] will not give him o'er so.

*Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir,——

*Seb.* One:——Tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertained, that's offered, Comes to the entertainer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolor comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purposed.

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,—

*Ant.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

*Alon.* I pr'ythee, spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have: But yet—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockerel.

*Seb.* Done: The wager?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match.

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ant.* So you've payed.

*Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

*Seb.* Yet,—

*Adr.* Yet.

*Ant.* He could not miss it.

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.[2]

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

[1] In allusion to the office of one who visits the sick to give advice and consolation.

[2] Temperance is here used for *temperature*, or *temperateness*.

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True; save means to live.

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush[1] and lusty the grass looks! how green!

*Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of green in't.

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

*Gon.* But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

*Seb.* As many vouched rarities are.

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dyed than stained with salt water.

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

*Adr.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

*Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.

*Ant.* Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

*Seb.* What if he had said widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

*Adr.* Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage?

[1] *Luxuriant.*

*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

*Seb.* He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.* And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Gon.* Ay?

*Ant.* Why, in good time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marraige of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

*Ant.* O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fished for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

*Fran.* Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

*Alon.* No, no, he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banished from your eye,
Who has cause to wet the grief on't.
*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.
*Seb.* You were kneeled to, and importuned otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weighed,[1] between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, forever; Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.
*Alon.* So is the dearest[2] of the loss.
*Gon.* My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
*Seb.* Very well.
*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly.
*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
*Seb.* Foul weather?
*Ant.* Very foul.
*Gon.* Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,—
*Ant.* He'd sow it with nettle-seed.
*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.
*Gon.* And were the king of it, what would I do?
*Seb.* 'Scape getting drunk, for want of wine.
*Gon.* I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,

[1] i. e. deliberated, was in suspense.
[2] The reader is referred to Horne Tooke for the best commentary on the apparently opposite uses of this word by the ancient writers.

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—

*Seb.* And yet he would be king on't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

*Gon.* All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,[1]
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison,[2] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying among his subjects?

*Ant.* None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.

*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

*Seb.* 'Save his majesty!

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!

*Gon.* And, do you mark me, sir?—

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laughed at.

*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given?

*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you

[1] An *engine* was a term applied to any kind of *machine* in Shakspeare's age.

[2] *Foison* is only another word for *plenty* or *abundance* of provision, but chiefly of the fruits of the earth. In a subsequent scene we have—

"Earth's increase, and foison plenty."

would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.[1]

*Enter* ARIEL, *invisible, playing solemn music.*

*Seb.* We would so, and then go bat-fowling.

*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

*Gon.* No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but* ALON. SEB. *and* ANT.

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclined to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

*Ant.* We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

[ALONZO *sleeps. Exit* ARIEL.

*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

*Ant.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Seb.* Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropped, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more;—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.* What, art thou waking?

[1] Warburton remarks that "all this dialogue is a fine satire on the Utopian Treatise of Government, and the impracticable, inconsistent schemes therein recommended."

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?
*Seb.* I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.[1]
*Seb.* Well; I am standing water.
*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.
*Seb.* Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
*Ant.* O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it![2] Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.
*Seb.* Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
*Ant.* Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,

[1] Antonio apparently means to say, "You must be more serious than you usually are, if you would pay attention to my proposals; which attention, if you bestow it, will in the end make you *thrice what you are.*"

[2] Sebastian introduces the simile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who says he will teach his stagnant waters to flow. "It has already learned to ebb," says Sebastian. To which Antonio replies—"O, if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages the design which I hint at; how, in stripping it of words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation."—*Edinburgh Magazine, Nov.* 1786.

When he is earthed,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned,
As he that sleeps here, swims.
*Seb.* I have no hope
That he's undrowned.
*Ant.* O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high in hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drowned?
*Seb.* He's gone.
*Ant.* Then tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
*Seb.* Claribel.
*Ant.* She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note,[1] unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable: she, from whom
We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast again;
And, by that destiny, to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.[2]
*Seb.* What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
*Ant.* A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*
*Measure us back to Naples?*—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death

[1] The commentators have treated this as a remarkable instance of Shakspeare's ignorance of geography; but though the real distance between Naples and Tunis is not so immeasurable, the intercourse in early times between the Neapolitans and the Tunisians was not so frequent as to make it popularly considered less than a formidable voyage.

[2] What is past is the prologue to events which are to come; that depends on what you and I are to perform.

That now hath seized them; why they were no worse
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough[1] of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
*Seb.* Methinks, I do.
*Ant.* And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
*Seb.* I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
*Ant.* True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
*Seb.* But, for your conscience—
*Ant.* Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, e'er they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed forever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion,[2] as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke

[1] A *chough* is a bird of the jackdaw kind.
[2] *Suggestion* is frequently used in the sense of *temptation*, or *seduction*, by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. The sense here is, that they will adopt and bear witness to any tale that may be dictated to them.

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.
*Ant.* Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
*Seb.* O, but one word.
[*They converse apart.*

*Music. Re-enter* ARIEL, *invisible.*

*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,
For else his projects die,[1] to keep them living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

*While you here do snoring lie,*
*Open-eyed conspiracy*
*His time doth take:*
*If of life you keep a care,*
*Shake off slumber, and beware:*
*Awake! awake!*

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.
*Gon.* Now, good angels, preserve the king.
[*They wake.*
*Alon.* Why, how now! ho! awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
*Gon.* What's the matter?
*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
*Alon.* I heard nothing.
*Ant.* O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake; sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

[1] The old copies read "For else his *project* dies." By the transposition of a letter, this passage, which has much puzzled the editors, is rendered more intelligible.—"—to keep them living," relates to *projects*, and not to *Alonzo and Gonzalo*, as Steevens and Johnson erroneously supposed.

*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo?
*Gon.* Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes opened,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Best stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
*Alon.* Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
*Gon.* Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
*Alon.* Lead away.
*Ari.* Prospero my lord shall know what I have done: [*Aside.*
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Island.*

*Enter* CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark,
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometimes like apes, that moe[1] and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks[2] at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

[1] To *moe* is to *make mouths.*
[2] *Pricks* is the ancient word for *prickles.*

*Enter* TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing: I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard[1] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man;[2] any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;[3] there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter* STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea;*
*Here shall I die ashore;*—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

[1] A black jack of leather to hold beer, &c.
[2] i. e. *make a man's fortune.*
[3] A *gaberdine* was a coarse outer garment.

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,*
*The gunner, and his mate,*
*Loved Mall, Megg, and Marian, and Margery,*
*But none of us cared for Kate:*
*For she had a tongue with a tang,*
*Would cry to a sailor,* Go, hang:
*She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch,*
*Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:*
*Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune, too: But here's my comfort.
[*Drinks.*

*Cal.* Do not torment me: O!

*Ste.* What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me: O!

*Ste.* This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Ste.* He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he hath never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much[1] for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt

[1] Any sum, ever so much; an ironical expression implying that he would get as much as he could for him.

Anon, I know it by thy trembling:
Now Prosper works upon thee.

*Ste.* Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

*Trin.* I should know that voice: It should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

*Ste.* Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague; Come,——Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano,—

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.[1]

*Trin.* Stephano!—If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Ste.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'st thou to be the siege[2] of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's[3] gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

[1] Shakspeare gives his characters appropriate language, "They belch forth proverbs in their drink," "Good liquor will *make a cat speak*," and "He who eats with the devil had need of a *long spoon*." The last is again used in the Comedy of Errors, Act iv. Sc. 2.

[2] *Siege* for *stool*, and in the dirtiest sense of the word.

[3] The best account of the *moon-calf* may be found in Drayton's poem with that title.

*Ste.* Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

*Cal.* I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Ste.* Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

*Trin.* Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano, hast any more of this?

*Ste.* The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropped from heaven?[1]

*Ste.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

*Ste.* Come, swear to that: kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

*Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

[1] The Indians of the island of S. Salvador asked by signs whether Columbus and his companions were *not come down from heaven.*

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on, then; down, and swear.

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.* —but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

*Cal.* I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries:
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

*Cal.* I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells[1] from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

*Ste.* I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. *Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.*
[*Sings drunkenly.*

*Trin.* A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fish;*
*Nor fetch in firing*
*At requiring,*
*Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;*
*'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,*
*Has a new master—Get a new man.*

[1] A smaller species of sea-gulls.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! hey-day, freedom!

*Ste.* O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

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# ACT III.

## SCENE I.—*Before* Prospero's *Cell.*

*Enter* FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful; and[1] their labor
Delight in them sets off:[2] some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors;
Most busiless, when I do it.

*Enter* MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *at a distance.*

*Mira.* Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoined to pile!

[1] Pope changed *and* to *but* here, without authority: we must read *and* in the sense of *and yet.*

[2] *Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem.—Hor.* Sat. ii. l. 2. So in Macbeth:

"The labor we delight in physics pain."

Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.
*Fer.* O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
*Mira.* If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.
*Fer.* No, precious creature;
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
*Mira.* It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
*Pro.* Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.
*Mira.* You look wearily.
*Fer.* No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?
*Mira.* Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your hest[1] to say so!
*Fer.* Admired Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,[2]
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,

[1] *Behests, commands.* [2] *Owned.*

So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
*Mira.* I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
*Fer.* I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.———Hear my soul speak;—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.
*Mira.* Do you love me?
*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else[1] i' the world,
Do love, prize, honor you.
*Mira.* I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.[2]

[1] *What* else, for *whatsoever* else.

[2] Steevens observes justly, that this is one of those touches of nature which distinguish Shakspeare from all other writers. There is a kindred thought in Romeo and Juliet:

> "Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!
> Your tributary drops belong to wo,
> Which you mistaking offer up to joy."

*Pro.* Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!
*Fer.* Wherefore weep you?
*Mira.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow[1]
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
*Fer.* My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.
*Mira.* My husband then?
*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
*Mira.* And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.
*Fer.* A thousand! thousand!
[*Exeunt* FER. *and* MIR.
*Pro.* So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Island.*

*Enter* STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO; CALIBAN *following with a bottle.*

*Ste.* Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

[1] i. e. your *companion.*

*Trin.* Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

*Ste.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

*Ste.* My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

*Ste.* We'll not run, monsieur monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

*Ste.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: Why, thou debōshed[1] fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

*Trin.* Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

*Ste.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree——The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made thee?

[1] *Debōshed.* This is the old orthography of *debauched;* following the sound of the French original. In altering the spelling we have departed from the proper pronunciation of the word.

*Ste.* Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

*Enter* ARIEL, *invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of this island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou!
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

*Ste.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum then, and no more.—[*To* CALIBAN.] Proceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle:
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not—

*Ste.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

*Ste.* How, now, shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest, thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a pied[1] ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes[2] are.

*Ste.* Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

[1] Alluding to Trinculo's party-colored dress: he was a licensed fool or jester.

[2] *Living springs.*

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say, he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?——A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

*Cal.* Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

*Ste.* Stand further.—Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand [1] with thy knife. Remember,
First, to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord; she will be come thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter

[1] *Wezand*, i. e. throat or windpipe.

and I will be king and queen: (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* Ay, on mine honor.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure; Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch You taught me but while-ere?

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em:*
*Thought is free.*

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

*Ste.* What is this same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.[1]

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins!

*Ste.* He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—Mercy upon us!

*Cal.* Art thou afeard?[2]

*Ste.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,

[1] The picture of No-body was a common sign. There is also a wood cut prefixed to an old play of No-body and Some-body, which represents this notable person.

[2] *To affray* or *make afraid.*

That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroyed.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

*Trin.* The sound is going away: let's follow it, and, after, do our work.

*Ste.* Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I could see this taborer:[1] he lays it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Island.*

*Enter* ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

*Gon.* By'r lakin,[2] I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache; here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attached with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drowned,

[1] "You shall heare in the ayre the sound of *tabors and other instruments*, to put the trauellers in feare, &c. by evill spirites that make these soundes, and also do call diuerse of the trauellers by their names, &c."—*Travels of Marcus Paulus, by John Frampton*, 4to. 1579. To some of these circumstances Milton also alludes:

"——calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire;
And aery tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

[2] *By'r lakin* is a contraction of *By our ladykin*, the diminutive of *our lady*.

Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.
*Ant.* I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
[*Aside to* SEBASTIAN.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.
*Seb.* The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.
*Ant.* Let it be to-night:
For, now they are oppressed with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.
*Seb.* I say, to-night: no more.

*Solemn and strange music; and* PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.*

*Alon.* What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
*Gon.* Marvellous sweet music!
*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
*Seb.* A living drollery:[1] Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne;[2] one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
*Ant.* I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

[1] Shows, called *Drolleries*, were in Shakspeare's time performed by puppets only. From these our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c., took their name. "A living drollery" is therefore a drollery not by wooden but by living personages.

[2] "I myself have heard straunge things of this kind of tree; namely in regard of the bird Phœnix, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date-tree (called in Greek φοινιξ); for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe as the tree sprung againe." —*Holland's Translation of Pliny*, B. xiii. C. 4.

*Gon.* If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders,
(For, certes,[1] these are people of the island,)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
*Pro.* Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*
*Alon.* I cannot too much muse,[2]
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
*Pro.* Praise in departing.[3]
[*Aside.*
*Fran.* They vanished strangely.
*Seb.* No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?
*Alon.* Not I.
*Gon.* Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out on five for one,[4] will bring us
Good warrant of.

[1] Certainly. [2] Wonder.

[3] "*Praise in departing,*" is a proverbial phrase signifying, Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation.

[4] "Each putter-out on five for one," i. e. each *traveller:* it appears to have been the custom to place out a sum of money upon going abroad, to be returned with enormous interest if the party returned safe—a kind of insurance of a gambling nature.

*Alon.* I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter* ARIEL *like a Harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, by quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

*Ari.* You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad:
[*Seeing* ALON. SEB. *&c. draw their swords.*
And even with such like valor, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle[1] that's in my plume; my fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But, remember,
(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonzo,
They have bereft, and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls

[1] Bailey, in his Dictionary, says that *dowle* is a feather, or rather the single particles of the down. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, interprets young *dowle* by *lanugo*.

2. Requit for Requi ..

Upon your heads) is nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear[1] life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and carry out the table.*

*Pro.* [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Performed, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,[2]
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drowned)
And his and my loved darling.

[*Exit* PROSPERO *from above.*

*Gon.* I' the name o' something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

*Alon.* O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.[3]
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

*Seb.* But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

*Ant.* I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt* SEB. *and* ANT.

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,

[1] A *pure*, *blameless* life.
[2] With good *life*, i. e. with the full bent and energy of mind.
[3] The deep pipe told it me in a rough, bass sound.

Now 'gins to bite the spirits: I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy[1]
May now provoke them to.
*Adr.* Follow, I pray you.
[*Exeunt.*

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# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—*Before* Prospero's *Cell.*

*Enter* PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

*Pro.* If I have too austerely punished you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.
*Fer.* I do believe it,
Against an oracle.
*Pro.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be ministered,
No sweet aspersion[2] shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathely,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,

[1] Shakspeare uses *ecstasy* for any temporary alienation of mind, a fit, or madness.

[2] *Aspersion* is here used in its primitive sense of *sprinkling*.

As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
*Fer.* As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion [1]
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, (or Phœbus' steeds are foundered,
Or night kept chained below.)
*Pro.* Fairly spoke;
Sit then, and talk with her; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* What would my potent master? here I am.
*Pro.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity [2] of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
*Ari.* Presently?
*Pro.* Ay, with a twink.
*Ari.* Before you can say, *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *So, so;*
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, master? no.
*Pro.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.
*Ari.* Well I conceive. [*Exit.*
*Pro.* Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

[1] *Temptation* or wicked prompting.
[2] "Some *vanity* of mine art" is some *illusion*.

*Fer.* I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.
*Pro.* Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,[1]
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

*A Masque. Enter* IRIS.

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatched with stover,[2] them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,[3]
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn;[4] thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*Enter* CERES.

*Cer.* Hail, many-colored messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers:
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky[5] acres, and my unshrubbed down.

[1] That is, bring *more than are sufficient.* "*Corollary*, the addition or vantage above measure, an *overplus* or *surplusage*."—*Blount.*
[2] *Stover* is fodder for cattle, as hay, straw, and the like: *estovers* is the old law term: it is from *estouvier*, old French.
[3] The old editions read *Pioned and Twilled brims.*
[4] *Forsaken by his lass.*
[5] *Bosky acres* are woody acres, fields intersected by luxuriant hedge-rows and copses.

Rich scarf to my proud earth: Why hath thy queen
Summoned me hither, to this short-grassed green?
*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blessed lovers.
*Cer.* Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandaled company
I have forsworn.
*Iris.* Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is returned again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.
*Cer.* Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

*Enter* JUNO.

*Juno.* How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honored in their issue.

SONG.

Jun. *Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,*
*Long continuance, and increasing,*
*Hourly joys be still upon you!*
*Juno sings her blessings on you*
Cer. *Earth's increase, and foison*[1] *plenty;*
*Barns and garners never empty;*

[1] *Foison* is *abundance*, particularly of harvest corn.

*Vines, with clustering bunches growing;*
*Plants, with goodly burden bowing;*
*Spring come to you, at the farthest,*
*In the very end of harvest!*
*Scarcity and want shall shun you;*
*Ceres' blessing so is on you.*

*Fer.* This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly:[1] May I be bold
To think these spirits?
*Pro.* Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.
*Fer.* Let me live here ever;
So rare a wondered father,[2] and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*

*Pro.* Sweet now, silence:
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.
*Iris.* You nymphs, called Naiads, of the wandering brooks,
With your sedged crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp[3] channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sun-burned sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

[1] For *charmingly harmonious.*
[2] "So rare a wondered father," is a father able to produce such wonders.
[3] *Crisp* channels; i. e. curled, from the curl raised by a breeze on the surface of the water. So in 1 K. Hen. IV. Act. i. Sc. 3.
"—Hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank."

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof* PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

*Pro.* [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits.*] Well done;—
avoid;—no more.

*Fer.* This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

*Mira.* Never till this day,
Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

*Pro.* You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,[1]
Leave not a rack[2] behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vexed;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturbed with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

*Fer. Mira.* We wish you peace.
[*Exeunt.*

*Pro.* Come with a thought:—I thank you:—Ariel,
come.

[1] *Faded*, i. e. *vanished.*
[2] A *vapor*, an *exhalation.* See Mr. Horne Tooke's admirable observation on this passage in the Diversions of Purley, Vol. ii. p. 388, 4to ed.

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?
*Pro.* Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
*Ari.* Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I feared,
Lest I might anger thee.
*Pro.* Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valor, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their ears,
Advanced their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charmed their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing followed, through
Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.
*Pro.* This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale[1] to catch these thieves.
*Ari.* I go, I go. [*Exit.*
*Pro.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

*Re-enter* ARIEL *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

[1] *Stale*, in the art of fowling, signified a *bait* or *lure* to decoy birds.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO; *all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

*Ste.* Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack[1] with us.

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

*Ste.* So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good my lord, give me thy favor still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak softly;
All's hushed as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

*Ste.* There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labor.

*Cal.* Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here,
This is the mouth of the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own forever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye, thy foot-licker.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

*Trin.* O king Stephano! O peer![2] O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

*Trin.* O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery:[3]—O king Stephano!

[1] Played the *Knave.*

[2] This is a humorous allusion to the old ballad "King Stephen was a worthy peer."

[3] A shop for the sale of old clothes.

*Ste.* Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To dote thus on such luggage? Let it alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

*Trin.* Do, do: We steal by line and level, and't like your grace.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate: there's another garment for't.

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime[1] upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

*Ste.* Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

*Trin.* And this.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

*A noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of hounds, and hunt them about;* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

*Pro.* Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

*Ari.* *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*

*Pro.* *Fury! Fury!* there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!

[CAL. STE. *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*

[1] *Bird-lime.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.
*Ari.* Hark, they roar.
*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of* Prospero.

*Enter* PROSPERO *in his magic robes, and* ARIEL.

*Pro.* Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?
*Ari.* On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
*Pro.* I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?
*Ari.* Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners
In the lime grove which weather-fends[1] your cell:
They cannot budge, till you release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly
Him you termed, sir, *the good old lord, Gonzalo;*

[1] *Defends it from the weather.*

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
*Pro.* Dost thou think so, spirit?
*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.
*Pro.* And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury,
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*
*Pro.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimmed
The noon-tide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers; oped and let them forth,

By my so potent art: But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

*Re-enter* ARIEL: *after him,* ALONZO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *They all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boiled within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopped.——
Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, ever sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonzo, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinched for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertained ambition,
Expelled remorse and nature; who with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have killed your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,

That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; [*Exit* ARIEL.
I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

Ari. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;*
*In a cowslip's bell I lie:*
*There I couch when owls do cry.*
*On the bat's back I do fly,*
*After summer, merrily:*
*Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,*
*Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

*Pro.* Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.
*Ari.* I drink the air before me and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.
*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
*Pro.* Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.
*Alon.* Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,

I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?
*Pro.* First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honor cannot
Be measured, or confined.
*Gon.* Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.
*Pro.* You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to* SEB. *and* ANT.
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I'll tell no tales.
*Seb.* The devil speaks in him. [*Aside.*
*Pro.* No:—
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
*Alon.* If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since[1]
Were wrecked upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.
*Pro.* I am wo[2] for't, sir.
*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.
*Pro.* I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

[1] The unity of time is rigidly observed in this piece.
[2] *Sorry.*

*Alon.* You the like loss?
*Pro.* As great to me, as late; and portable[1]
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.
*Alon.* A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
*Pro.* In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrecked, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

*Mira.* Sweet lord, you play me false.
*Fer.* No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
*Mira.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

[1] *Tolerable.*

*Alon.* If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
*Seb.* A most high miracle!
*Fer.* Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have cursed them without cause.
[*Kneels to* ALON.
*Alon.* Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
*Mira.* O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
*Pro.* 'Tis new to thee.
*Alon.* What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath severed us,
And brought us thus together?
*Fer.* Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.
*Alon.* I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
*Pro.* There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances
With heaviness that's gone.
*Gon.* I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalked forth the way
Which brought us hither!

*Alon.* I say, Amen, Gonzalo.
*Gon.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.[1]
*Alon.* Give me your hands:
[*To* FER. *and* MIRA.
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!
*Gon.* Be't so! Amen!

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
*Boats.* The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigged, as when
We first put out to sea.
*Ari.* Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. [*Aside.*
*Pro.* My tricksy spirit!
*Alon.* These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hither?
*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapped under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,

[1] When no man was *in his senses* or had *self-possession.*

And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

*Ari.* Was't well done? } [*Aside.*
*Pro.* Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free. }

*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct[1] of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

*Pro.* Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at picked leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happened accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit;
[*Aside*
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

*Trin.* If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

*Cal.* O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

[1] *Conductor.*

*Seb.* Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?
*Ant.* Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
*Pro.* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true:—This misshapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:[1]
These three have robbed me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.
*Cal.* I shall be pinched to death.
*Alon.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
*Seb.* He is drunk now: Where had he wine?
*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?[2]—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?
*Trin.* I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.
*Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano?
*Ste.* O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
*Pro.* You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?
*Ste.* I should have been a sore one then.
*Alon.* This is as strange a thing as e'er I looked on.
[*Pointing to* CALIBAN.
*Pro.* He is as disproportioned in his manners,
As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

[1] That is, work the same effects as the moon, without her delegated authority.
[2] The phrase being *gilded* was a trite one for being *drunk*.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!
*Pro.* Go to; away!
*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
*Seb.* Or stole it, rather.
[*Exeunt* CAL. STE. *and* TRIN.
*Pro.* Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solémnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
*Alon.* I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
*Pro.* I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[*Aside.*] Please you, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

## EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.[1]
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

[1] By your *applause*. *Noise* was supposed to dissolve a spell.

It is observed of *The Tempest*, that its plan is regular: this the author of *The Revisal* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story not intended or regarded by our author. But whatever might be Shakspeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin, the operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested. JOHNSON.

# TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THIS is one of Shakspeare's earliest if not his first play. It was not printed until 1623; but it is mentioned by Meres in his Wit's Treasury, printed in 1598. It bears strong internal marks of an early composition. Pope has observed, that "the style of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected than the greater part of Shakspeare's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote." Malone is inclined to consider this to be in consequence of that very circumstance, and that it is natural and unaffected, because it was a youthful performance. "Though many young poets of ordinary talents are led by false taste to adopt inflated and figurative language, why should we suppose that such should have been the course pursued by this master genius? The figurative style of Othello, Lear, and Macbeth, written when he was an established and long-practised dramatist, may be ascribed to the additional knowledge of men and things which he had acquired during a period of fifteen years; in consequence of which his mind teemed with images and illustrations, and thoughts crowded so fast upon him, that the construction, in these and some other plays of a still later period, is much more difficult and involved than in the productions of his youth."

Hanmer thought Shakspeare had no other hand in this play, than the enlivening it with some speeches and lines, which, he thinks, are easily distinguished from the rest. Upton peremptorily asserts, "that if any proof can be drawn from manner and style, this play must be sent packing, and seek for its parent elsewhere." "How otherwise," says he, "do painters distinguish copies from originals? and have not authors their peculiar style and manner, from which a true critic can form as unerring judgment as a painter?" To this Johnson replies very satisfactorily: "I am afraid this illustration of a critic's science will not prove what is desired. A painter knows a copy from an original, by rules somewhat resembling those by which critics know a translation, which, if it be literal, and literal it must be to resemble the copy of a picture, will be easily distinguished. Copies are known from originals, even when a painter copies his own picture; so, if an author should literally translate his work, he would lose the manner of an original. Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are easily known; but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the best judges, often mistaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally distinguishable with those of the painter. The peculiar manner of each arises from the desire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his subsequent work by recurrence to his former ideas: this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whose work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye, and the hand; the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet some painters

have differed as much from themselves as from any other; and I have been told, that there is little resemblance between the first works of Raphael and the last. The same variation may be expected in writers; and, if it be true, as it seems, that they are less subject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater."

"But by the internal marks of composition we may discover the author with probability, though seldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakspeare. It is not indeed one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineation of life, but it abounds in γνωμαι beyond most of his plays, and few have more lines or passages which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very successful, and suspect that it has escaped corruption, only because, being seldom played, it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription."

Pope has set what he calls a mark of reprobation upon the low and trifling conceits which are to be found in this play. It is true that the familiar scenes abound with quibbles and conceits; but the poet must not be condemned for adopting a mode of writing admired by his contemporaries; they were not considered low and trifling in Shakspeare's age, but, on the contrary, were very generally admired and allowed for pure and genuine wit. Yet some of these scenes have much farcical drollery and invention: that of Launce with his dog in the fourth act is an instance, and surely "Speed's mode of proving his master to be in love is neither deficient in wit or sense."

"The tender scenes in this play, though not so highly wrought as in some others, have often much sweetness of sentiment and expression." Schlegel says, "It is as if the world was obliged to accommodate itself to a transient youthful caprice, called love." Julia may be considered a light sketch of the lovely characters of Viola and Imogen. Her answer to Lucetta's advice against following her lover in disguise has been pointed out as a beautiful and highly-poetical passage.

"That it should ever have been a question whether this comedy were the genuine and entire composition of Shakspeare appears to me very extraordinary," says Malone. "Hanmer and Upton never seem to have considered whether it were his first or one of his latest pieces. Is no allowance to be made for the first flights of a young poet? nothing for the imitation of a preceding celebrated dramatist,* which in some of the lower dialogues of this comedy (and these only) may, I think, be traced? But even these, as well as the other parts of the play, are perfectly Shakspearean (I do not say as finished and beautiful as any of his other pieces); and the same judgment must, I conceive, be pronounced concerning the Comedy of Errors and Love's Labor's Lost, by every person who is intimately acquainted with his manner of writing and thinking."

Sir William Blackstone observes, "that one of the great faults of the Two Gentlemen of Verona is the hastening too abruptly, and without preparation, to the *dénouement*, which shows that it was one of Shakspeare's very early performances." Dr. Johnson, in his concluding observations, has remarked upon the geographical errors. They cannot be defended by attributing them to his youthful inexperience, for one of his latest productions is also liable to the same objection. To which Malone replies: "The truth, I believe, is, that as he neglected to observe the rules of the drama with respect to the unities, though before he began to write they had been enforced by Sidney in a treatise which doubtless he had read;

* Malone points at Lilly, whose comedies were performed with great success and admiration previous to Shakspeare's commencement of his dramatic career.

so he seems to have thought that the whole terraqueous globe was at his command; and as he brought in a child at the beginning of a play, who in the fourth act appears as a woman, so he seems to have set geography at defiance, and to have considered countries as inland or maritime, just as it suited his fancy or convenience."

Some of the incidents in this play may be supposed to have been taken from The Arcadia, book 1. ch. vi., where Pyrocles consents to head the Helots. The Arcadia was entered on the Stationers' books in 1588. The love adventure of Julia resembles that of Viola in Twelfth Night, and is indeed common to many of the ancient novels.

Mrs. Lennox informs us, that the story of Proteus and Julia might be taken from a similar one in "The Diana" of Montemayor. This pastoral romance was translated from the Spanish in Shakspeare's time, by Bartholomew Young, and published in 1598. It does not appear that it was previously published, though it was translated two or three years before by one Thomas Wilson. Perhaps some parts of it may have been made public, or Shakspeare may have found the tale elsewhere. It has before been observed that Meres mentions the Two Gentlemen of Verona in his book, published in 1598. Malone conjectures that this play was the first that Shakspeare wrote, and places the date of its composition in the year 1591.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of MILAN, *Father to* Silvia.
VALENTINE, PROTEUS, } *Gentlemen of Verona.*
ANTONIO, *Father to* Proteus.
THURIO, *a foolish Rival to* Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, *Agent for* Silvia *in her escape.*
SPEED, *a clownish Servant to* Valentine.
LAUNCE, *Servant to* Proteus.
PANTHINO, *Servant to* Antonio.
Host, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*
Outlaws.

JULIA, *a Lady of Verona, beloved by* Proteus.
SILVIA, *the Duke's Daughter, beloved by* Valentine.
LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to* Julia.

*Servants, Musicians.*

SCENE. *Sometimes in* VERONA; *sometimes in* MILAN; *and on the frontiers of* MANTUA.

# TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *An open Place in Verona*

*Enter* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

*Val.* CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honored love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

*Pro.* Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

*Val.* And on a love-book pray for my success.

*Pro.* Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

*Val.* That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander crossed the Hellespont.[1]

*Pro.* That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

[1] The allusion is to Marlow's poem of Hero and Leander.

*Val.* 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.
*Pro.* Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.[1]
*Val.* No, I will not, for it boots thee not.
*Pro.* What?
*Val.* To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labor won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.
*Pro.* So by your circumstance, you call me fool
*Val.* So, by your circumstance,[2] I fear, you'll prove.
*Pro.* 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.
*Val.* Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.
*Pro.* Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
*Val.* And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipped.
*Pro.* And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
*Val.* Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.

[1] A proverbial expression, now disused, signifying, "Don't make a laughing-stock of me."

[2] *Circumstance* here means *conduct;* in the preceding line, circumstantial deduction.

To[1] Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

*Pro.* All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

*Val.* As much to you at home! and so, farewell!

[*Exit* VALENTINE.

*Pro.* He after honor hunts, I after love.
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

*Enter* SPEED.

*Speed.* Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master?

*Pro.* But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

*Speed.* Twenty to one, then, he is shipped already;
And I have played the sheep,[2] in losing him.

*Pro.* Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

*Speed.* You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

*Pro.* I do.

*Speed.* Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

*Pro.* A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

*Speed.* This proves me still a sheep.

*Pro.* True; and thy master a shepherd.

*Speed.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

*Pro.* It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

*Speed.* The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

[1] The construction of this passage is, "Let me hear from thee by letters to Milan."

[2] In Warwickshire, and some other counties, a *sheep* is pronounced a *ship*.

*Pro.* The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

*Speed.* Such another proof will make me cry baa.

*Pro.* But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

*Speed.* Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton;[1] and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labor.

*Pro.* Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

*Speed.* If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

*Pro.* Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

*Speed.* Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

*Pro.* You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

*Speed.* From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

*Pro.* But what said she? did she nod?[2]

[SPEED *nods.*

*Speed.* I.

*Pro.* Nod, I! why, that's noddy.

*Speed.* You mistook, sir. I say she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.

*Pro.* And that set together is—noddy.

*Speed.* Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

*Pro.* No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

*Speed.* Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

*Pro.* Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

[1] A term for a courtezan.

[2] These words were supplied by Theobald to introduce what follows.

*Pro.* Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

*Speed.* And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

*Pro.* Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

*Speed.* Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

*Pro.* Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

*Speed.* Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

*Pro.* Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

*Speed.* Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

*Pro.* What, said she nothing?

*Speed.* No, not so much as—*take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned[1] me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

*Pro.* Go, go, begone, to save your ship from wreck;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore:—
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *The same. Garden of* Julia's *House*

*Enter* JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

*Jul.* But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

[1] *Testens*, or (as we now commonly call them) *testers*, from a head that was upon them, were coined in 1542. Sir H. Spelman says they were a French coin of the value of 18d.; and he does not know but that they might have gone for as much in England. They were afterwards reduced to 12d., 9d., and, finally, to *sixpence*.

*Luc.* Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.
*Jul.* Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle[1] encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?
*Luc.* Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow, simple skill.
*Jul.* What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
*Luc.* As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
*Jul.* What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
*Luc.* Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.
*Jul.* What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
*Luc.* Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
*Jul.* How now! what means this passion at his name?
*Luc.* Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure[2] thus on lovely gentlemen.
*Jul.* Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
*Luc.* Then thus,——of many good I think him best.
*Jul.* Your reason?
*Luc.* I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
*Jul.* And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?
*Luc.* Ay, if you thought your love not cast away
*Jul.* Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me
*Luc.* Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
*Jul.* His little speaking shows his love but small.
*Luc.* Fire, that's closest kept, burns most of all.
*Jul.* They do not love that do not show their love.
*Luc.* O, they love least, that let men know their love.
*Jul.* I would, I knew his mind.
*Luc.* Peruse this paper, madam.
*Jul.* *To Julia.*—Say, from whom?

[1] *Talk.*
[2] To *censure*, in Shakspeare's time, generally signified to give one's judgment or opinion.

*Luc.* That the contents will show.
*Jul.* Say, say; who gave it thee?
*Luc.* Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
*Jul.* Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, see it be returned;
Or else return no more into my sight.
*Luc.* To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
*Jul.* Will you be gone?
*Luc.* That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
*Jul.* And yet, I would I had o'erlooked the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask permission for my folly past:—
What ho! Lucetta!

*Re-enter* LUCETTA.

*Luc.* What would your ladyship?
*Jul.* Is it near dinner time?
*Luc.* I would it were:

That you might kill your stomach[1] on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
*Jul.* What is't you took up
So gingerly?
*Luc.* Nothing.
*Jul.* Why didst thou stoop then?
*Luc.* To take a paper up that I let fall.
*Jul.* And is that paper nothing?
*Luc.* Nothing concerning me.
*Jul.* Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
*Luc.* Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
*Jul.* Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
*Luc.* That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
*Jul.* As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*
*Luc.* It is too heavy for so light a tune.
*Jul.* Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.
*Luc.* Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
*Jul.* And why not you?
*Luc.* I cannot reach so high.
*Jul.* Let's see your song:—How now, minion?
*Luc.* Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
*Jul.* You do not?
*Luc.* No, madam; it is too sharp.
*Jul.* You, minion, are too saucy.
*Luc.* Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:[2]
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
*Jul.* The mean is drowned with your unruly base.
*Luc.* Indeed, I bid the base[3] for Proteus.
*Jul.* This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

[1] Passion or obstinacy.

[2] *Descant* signified formerly what we now call *variations.* The *mean* is the tenor in music.

[3] To *bid the base* means, to run fast, challenging another to pursue at the rustic game called Base, or Prisonbase. The allusion is somewhat obscure, but it appears to mean here, "to challenge to an encounter."

Here is a coil[1] with protestation! [*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
*Luc.* She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
To be so angered with another letter. [*Exit.*
*Jul.* Nay, would I were as angered with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
And here is writ—*kind Julia*;—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus*;—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly healed;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a rugged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
*Poor, forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,*
*To the sweet Julia*;—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith[2] so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

*Re-enter* LUCETTA.

*Luc.* Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
*Jul.* Well, let us go.
*Luc.* What, shall these papers lie like telltales here?

[1] Bustle, stir. [2] Since.

*Jul.* If you respect them, best to take them up.
*Luc.* Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
*Jul.* I see you have a month's mind to them.
*Luc.* Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
*Jul.* Come, come, will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *The same. A Room in* Antonio's *House.*

*Enter* ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

*Ant.* Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
*Pant.* 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
*Ant.* Why, what of him?
*Pant.* He wondered, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;
And did request me, to impórtune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment[1] to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
*Ant.* Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have considered well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutored in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

[1] *Reproach* or *imputation.*

*Pant.* I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
*Ant.* I know it well.
*Pant.* 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
*Ant.* I like thy counsel: well hast thou advised:
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest expedition
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.
*Pant.* To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
*Ant.* Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time,—now will we break with him.[1]

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart:
Here is her oath for love, her honor's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!
*Ant.* How now? what letter are you reading there?
*Pro.* May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Delivered by a friend that came from him.
*Ant.* Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
*Pro.* There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved

[1] i. e. break the matter to him.

And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
*Ant.* And how stand you affected to his wish?
*Pro.* As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
*Ant.* My will is something sorted with his wish;
Muse[1] not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition[2] thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
*Pro.* My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
*Ant.* Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employed
To hasten on his expedition.
[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* PANT.
*Pro.* Thus have I shunned the fire, for fear of burning;
And drenched me in the sea, where I am drowned:
I feared to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

*Re-enter* PANTHINO.

*Pant.* Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you go.

[1] i. e. *wonder* not.
[2] *Exhibition* is allowance of money; it is still used in the universities for a stipend.

*Pro.* Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I. Milan. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

*Enter* VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

*Speed.* Sir, your glove.
*Val.* Not mine; my gloves are on.
*Speed.* Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.[1]
*Val.* Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!
*Speed.* Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!
*Val.* How now, sirrah?
*Speed.* She is not within hearing, sir.
*Val.* Why, sir, who bade you call her?
*Speed.* Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
*Val.* Well, you'll still be too forward.
*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
*Val.* Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?
*Speed.* She that your worship loves?
*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love?
*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A, B, C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her

[1] *On* and *one* were anciently pronounced alike, and frequently written so.

grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;[1] to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hollowmas.[2] You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

*Val.* Are all these things perceived in me?

*Speed.* They are all perceived without you.

*Val.* Without me? They cannot.

*Speed.* Without you! nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

*Val.* But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

*Speed.* She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

*Val.* Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

*Speed.* Why, sir, I know her not.

*Val.* Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

*Speed.* Is she not hard-favored, sir?

*Val.* Not so fair, boy, as well favored.

*Speed.* Sir, I know that well enough.

*Val.* What dost thou know?

*Speed.* That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favored.

*Val.* I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favor infinite.

*Speed.* That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

[1] To *take diet* is to be under a *regimen* for a disease.

[2] The feast of All-hallows, or All Saints, at which time the poor in Staffordshire go from parish to parish *a souling*, as they call it; i. e. *begging and puling*, for soul cakes, and singing what they call the souler's song.

*Val.* How painted? and how out of count?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

*Val.* How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

*Speed.* You never saw her since she was deformed.

*Val.* How long hath she been deformed?

*Speed.* Ever since you loved her.

*Val.* I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

*Speed.* If you love her, you cannot see her.

*Val.* Why?

*Speed.* Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered![1]

*Val.* What should I see then?

*Speed.* Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

*Val.* Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

*Speed.* True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

*Val.* In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

*Speed.* I would you were set,[2] so, your affection would cease.

*Val.* Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

*Speed.* And have you?

*Val.* I have.

*Speed.* Are they not lamely writ?

*Val.* No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—
Peace, here she comes.

[1] Going ungartered is enumerated by Rosalind as one of the undoubted marks of love, in As You Like It, iii. 2.

[2] *Set*, for seated, in opposition to *stand* in the preceding line.

*Enter* SILVIA.

*Speed.* O excellent motion![1] O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

*Val.* Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

*Speed.* O, 'give you good even! here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*

*Sil.* Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

*Speed.* He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

*Val.* As you enjoined me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret, nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly[2] done.

*Val.* Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

*Sil.* Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

*Val.* No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—

*Sil.* A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

*Speed.* And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aside.*

*Val.* What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

*Sil.* Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

*Val.* Madam, they are for you.

[1] *Motion* signified, in Shakspeare's time, a *puppet-show.* Speed means to say, "What a fine puppet-show shall we have now! Here is the principal *puppet* to whom my master will be the interpreter." The show-man was then frequently called the interpreter.

[2] i. e. like a scholar.

*Sil.* Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

*Val.* Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

*Sil.* And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

*Val.* If it please me, madam! what then?

*Sil.* Why, if it please you, take it for your labor;
And so, good-morrow, servant. [*Exit* SILVIA.

*Speed.* O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

*Val.* How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

*Speed.* Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the reason.

*Val.* To do what?

*Speed.* To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

*Val.* To whom?

*Speed.* To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

*Val.* What figure?

*Speed.* By a letter, I should say.

*Val.* Why, she hath not writ to me?

*Speed.* What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Speed.* No believing you indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

*Val.* She gave me none, except an angry word.

*Speed.* Why, she hath given you a letter.

*Val.* That's the letter I writ to her friend.

*Speed.* And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

*Val.* I would, it were no worse.

*Speed.* I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

*For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,*
*Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;*
*Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,*
*Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.*
All this I speak in print;[1] for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

*Val.* I have dined.

*Speed.* Ay, but hearken, sir: though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *House.*

*Enter* PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

*Pro.* Have patience, gentle Julia.

*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy.

*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.

*Jul.* If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a ring.*

*Pro.* Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

*Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming: answer not:
The tide is now: nay, not the tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should;
[*Exit* JULIA.
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word!

[1] With exactness.

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

*Enter* PANTHINO.

*Pant.* Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

*Pro.* Go; I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

*Enter* LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

*Laun.* Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault; I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting. Why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father:—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither; yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother; and this my father: A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog;—oh, the dog is me, and I am myself: Ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my

mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood[1] woman;—well, I kiss her;—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

*Enter* PANTHINO.

*Pan.* Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

*Laun.* It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

*Pan.* What's the unkindest tide?

*Laun.* Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

*Pan.* Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

*Laun.* For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

*Pan.* Where should I lose my tongue?

*Laun.* In thy tale.

*Pan.* In thy tail?

*Laun.* Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service: And the tide!—Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

*Pan.* Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

*Laun.* Sir, call me what thou darest.

*Pan.* Wilt thou go?

*Laun.* Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Distracted.

## SCENE IV. Milan. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

*Enter* VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

*Sil.* Servant—
*Val.* Mistress?
*Speed.* Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.
*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.
*Speed.* Not of you.
*Val.* Of my mistress then.
*Speed.* 'Twere good you knocked him.
*Sil.* Servant, you are sad.
*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.
*Thu.* Seem you that you are not?
*Val.* Haply I do.
*Thu.* So do counterfeits.
*Val.* So do you.
*Thu.* What seem I, that I am not?
*Val.* Wise.
*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?
*Val.* Your folly.
*Thu.* And how quote[1] you my folly?
*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.
*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.
*Val.* Well, then, I'll double your folly.
*Thu.* How?
*Sil.* What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change color?
*Val.* Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.
*Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.
*Val.* You have said, sir.
*Thu.* Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.
*Val.* I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.
*Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

[1] To *quote* is to mark, to observe.

*Val.* 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

*Sil.* Who is that, servant?

*Val.* Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

*Val.* I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

*Enter* DUKE.

*Duke.* Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

*Val.* My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

*Duke.* Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

*Duke.* Hath he not a son?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honor and regard of such a father.

*Duke.* You know him well?

*Val.* I knew him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth

Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature,[1] and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

*Duke.* Beshrew[2] me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

*Val.* Should I have wished a thing, it had been he.

*Duke.* Welcome him then according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it:
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit* DUKE.

*Val.* This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes locked in her crystal looks.

*Sil.* Belike, that now she hath enfranchised them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

*Val.* Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

*Sil.* Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

*Val.* Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

*Thu.* They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

*Val.* To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Sil.* Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

*Val.* Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favor.

*Sil.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wished to hear from.

[1] *Feature* in the Poet's age was often used for form or person in general.

[2] Equivalent to *ill betide* me.

*Val.* Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
*Sil.* Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
*Pro.* Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
*Val.* Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
*Pro.* My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
*Sil.* And duty never yet did want his meed;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
*Pro.* I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.
*Sil.* That you are welcome?
*Pro.* No; that you are worthless.

*Enter* Servant.

*Ser.* Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
*Sil.* I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit* Servant.
Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
*Pro.* We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.
*Val.* Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
*Pro.* Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
*Val.* And how do yours?
*Pro.* I left them all in health.
*Val.* How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
*Pro.* My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
*Val.* Ay, Proteus, but that life is altered now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punished me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no wo[1] to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love:
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

*Pro.* Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?

*Val.* Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

*Pro.* No; but she's an earthly paragon.

*Val.* Call her divine.

*Pro.* I will not flatter her.

*Val.* O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

*Pro.* When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

*Val.* Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,[2]
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

*Pro.* Except my mistress.

*Val.* Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.

*Pro.* Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honor,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favor growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

*Pro.* Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

*Val.* Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

*Pro.* Then let her alone.

[1] *No wo*, no misery that can be compared to the punishment inflicted by love.

[2] A *principality is an angel of the first order.*

*Val.* Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
*Pro.* But she loves you?
*Val.* Ay, and we are betrothed;
Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords: and all the means
Plotted; and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
*Pro.* Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.
*Val.* Will you make haste?
*Pro.* I will.— [*Exit* VAL.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thawed;
Which, like a waxen image, 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady, too, too much;

And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,[1]
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

## SCENE V. *The same. A Street.*

*Enter* SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

*Speed.* Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

*Laun.* Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

*Speed.* Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

*Laun.* Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

*Speed.* But shall she marry him?

*Laun.* No.

*Speed.* How then? shall he marry her?

*Laun.* No, neither.

*Speed.* What, are they broken?

*Laun.* No, they are both as whole as a fish.

*Speed.* Why then, how stands the matter with them?

*Laun.* Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

*Speed.* What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

[1] i. e. on further knowledge, on better consideration.

*Laun.* What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

*Speed.* What thou say'st?

*Laun.* Ay, and what I do too: look thee I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

*Speed.* It stands under thee, indeed.

*Laun.* Why, stand under and understand is all one.

*Speed.* But tell me true, will't be a match?

*Laun.* Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

*Speed.* The conclusion is then, that it will.

*Laun.* Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

*Speed.* 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

*Laun.* I never knew him otherwise.

*Speed.* Than how?

*Laun.* A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

*Speed.* Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

*Laun.* Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

*Speed.* I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

*Laun.* Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

*Speed.* Why?

*Laun.* Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale[1] with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

*Speed.* At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Ales* were merry meetings instituted in country places.

## SCENE VI. *The same. An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet suggesting[1] love, if thou hast sinned,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken:
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferred
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still most precious in itself:
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia, as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine:—

[1] To *suggest*, in the language of our ancestors, was to *tempt*.

This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:[1]
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended[2] flight;
Who,—all enraged, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

## SCENE VII. Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *House.*

*Enter* JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

*Jul.* Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
And, e'en in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charactered and engraved,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honor, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
*Luc.* Alas! the way is wearisome and long.
*Jul.* A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.
*Luc.* Better forbear, till Proteus make return.
*Jul.* O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

[1] i. e. myself, who am his *competitor*, being admitted to his counsel *Competitor* here means confederate.
[2] *Proposed* or *intended* flight.

*Luc.* I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
*Jul.* The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns;
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enameled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
*Luc.* But in what habit will you go along?
*Jul.* Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.
*Luc.* Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.
*Jul.* No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots;
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
*Luc.* What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?
*Jul.* That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.
*Luc.* You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.
*Jul.* Out, out, Lucetta; that will be ill favored.
*Luc.* A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.
*Jul.* Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:

But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.
*Luc.* If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.
*Jul.* Nay, that I will not.
*Luc.* Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeased, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.
*Jul.* That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
*Luc.* All these are servants to deceitful men.
*Jul.* Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.
*Luc.* Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!
*Jul.* Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing[1] journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

[1] A journey which she shall pass in longing.

# ACT III.

## SCENE I. Milan. *An Anteroom in the* Duke's *Palace.*

*Enter* DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.
[*Exit* THURIO.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

*Pro.* My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favors
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

*Duke.* Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim[1] might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,

[1] i. e. *guess.*

(A rashness that I ever yet have shunned,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,[1]
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be conveyed away.

*Pro.* Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.[2]

*Duke.* Upon mine honor, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

*Pro.* Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit.*

*Enter* VALENTINE.

*Duke.* Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

*Val.* Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

*Duke.* Be they of much import?

*Val.* The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

*Duke.* Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

*Val.* I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honorable; besides, the gentleman

[1] Tempted. [2] i. e. *design.*

Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
*Duke.* No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And where[1] I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherished by her childlike duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.
*Val.* What would your grace have me to do in this?
*Duke.* There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court:
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed:)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.
*Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.
*Duke.* But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
*Val.* A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away:*

[1] For *whereas*, often used by old writers.

Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

*Duke.* But she I mean, is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

*Val.* Why then I would resort to her by night.

*Duke.* Ay, but the doors be locked, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

*Val.* What lets,[1] but one may enter at her window?

*Duke.* Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

*Val.* Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

*Duke.* Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

*Val.* When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

*Duke.* This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

*Val.* By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

*Duke.* But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

*Val.* It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

*Duke.* A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord.

*Duke.* Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

*Val.* Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

*Duke.* How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What's here?—*To Silvia!*

[1] i. e. hinders.

And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

*My thoughts do harbor with my Silvia nightly;*
*And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:*
*O, could their master come and go as lightly,*
*Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.*
*My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;*
*While I, their king, that thither them impórtune,*
*Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blessed them,*
*Because myself do want my servants' fortune:*
*I curse myself, for they are sent by me,*
*That they should harbor where their lord should be.*
What's here?
*Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee!*

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaëton (for thou art Merops' son,)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favors
Which, all too much, I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
[*Exit* DUKE.

*Val.* And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banished from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banished from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!

What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection:
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;[1]
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter* PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

*Pro.* Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

*Laun.* So-ho! so-ho!

*Pro.* What seest thou?

*Laun.* Him we go to find! there's not a hair[2] on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

*Pro.* Valentine?

*Val.* No.

*Pro.* Who then? his spirit?

*Val.* Neither.

*Pro.* What then?

*Val.* Nothing.

*Laun.* Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

*Pro.* Whom would'st thou strike?

*Laun.* Nothing.

*Pro.* Villain, forbear.

*Laun.* Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you—

*Pro.* Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

*Val.* My ears are stopped, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possessed them.

[1] i. e. *by flying*, or *in flying*; a Gallicism.

[2] Launce is still quibbling: he is running down the *hare* he started when he first entered.

*Pro.* Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.
*Val.* Is Silvia dead?
*Pro.* No, Valentine.
*Val.* No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?
*Pro.* No, Valentine.
*Val.* No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?
*Laun.* Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanished.
*Pro.* That thou art banished, O, that's the news—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.
*Val.* O, I have fed upon this wo already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
*Pro.* Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom,
(Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force,)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tendered;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for wo:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.
*Val.* No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st,
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolor.
*Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou can'st not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be delivered
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.[1]
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

*Val.* I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

*Pro.* Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

*Val.* O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

*Laun.* I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself: and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips:[2] yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare[3] Christian. Here is the cate-log [*pulling out a paper*] of her condition. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry.* Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk;* look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

[1] Women anciently had a pocket in the forepart of their stays, in which they carried not only love-letters and love-tokens, but even their money.

[2] *Gossips* not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in.

[3] *Bare* has two senses, *mere* and *naked.*

*Enter* SPEED.

*Speed.* How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

*Laun.* With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

*Speed.* Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news then in your paper?

*Laun.* The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

*Speed.* Why, man, how black?

*Laun.* Why, as black as ink.

*Speed.* Let me read them.

*Laun.* Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

*Speed.* Thou liest, I can.

*Laun.* I will try thee: Tell me this; Who begot thee?

*Speed.* Marry, the son of my grandfather.

*Laun.* O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

*Speed.* Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

*Laun.* There: and saint Nicholas[1] be thy speed!

*Speed.* Imprimis, *She can milk.*

*Laun.* Ay, that she can.

*Speed.* Item, *She brews good ale.*

*Laun.* And therefore comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

*Speed.* Item, *She can sew.*

*Laun.* That's as much as to say, can she so?

*Speed.* Item, *She can knit.*

*Laun.* What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.[2]

*Speed.* Item, *She can wash and scour.*

*Laun.* A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

*Speed.* Item, *She can spin.*

*Laun.* Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

[1] *St. Nicholas* presided over scholars, who were therefore called St. Nicholas's clerks: highwaymen are called Nicholas's clerks in Henry IV. Part I.

[2] *Stocking.*

*Laun.* That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

*Speed. Here follow her vices.*

*Laun.* Close at the heels of her virtues.

*Speed.* Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.*

*Laun.* Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

*Laun.* That makes amends for her sour breath.

*Speed.* Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

*Laun.* It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

*Speed.* Item, *She is slow in words.*

*Laun.* O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

*Speed.* Item, *She is proud.*

*Laun.* Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath no teeth.*

*Laun.* I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

*Speed.* Item, *She is curst.*

*Laun.* Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

*Speed.* Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

*Laun.* If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

*Speed.* Item, *She is too liberal.*[1]

*Laun.* Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

*Laun.* Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

[1] *Licentious, free.*

*Speed.* Item, *She hath more hair than wit*—

*Laun.* More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt,[1] and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

*Speed.* *And more faults than hairs*—

*Laun.* That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

*Speed.* *And more wealth than faults.*

*Laun.* Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

*Speed.* What then?

*Laun.* Why, then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

*Speed.* For me?

*Laun.* For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

*Speed.* And must I go to him?

*Laun.* Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

*Speed.* Why did'st not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

*Laun.* Now will he be swinged for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

## SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

*Enter* DUKE *and* THURIO; PROTEUS *behind.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banished from her sight.

*Thu.* Since his exile she has despised me most,

[1] The ancient English *saltcellar* was a large piece of plate, generally much ornamented, with a cover to keep the salt clean.

Forsworn my company, and railed at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
*Duke.* This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched[1] in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—
How now, Sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
*Pro.* Gone, my good lord.
*Duke.* My daughter takes his going grievously.
*Pro.* A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
*Duke.* So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
*Pro.* Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
*Duke.* Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.
*Pro.* I do, my lord.
*Duke.* And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
*Pro.* She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
*Duke.* Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?
*Pro.* The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
*Duke.* Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.
*Pro.* Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance,[2] be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
*Duke.* Then you must undertake to slander him.
*Pro.* And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:

[1] i. e. *cut, carved;* from the Fr. *trancher.*
[2] i. e. with the addition of such incidental particulars as may induce belief.

'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially against his very[1] friend.
*Duke.* Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
*Pro.* You have prevailed, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.
*Thu.* Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:[2]
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
*Duke.* And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.
*Pro.* As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.
*Duke.* Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
*Pro.* Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,

[1] *Very*, that is, *true*; from the Lat. *verus*.
[2] A bottom is the housewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body.

That may discover such integrity;[1]
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With some sweet consort: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump;[2] the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.[3]

*Duke.* This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

*Thu.* And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skilled in music:
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

*Duke.* About it, gentlemen.

*Pro.* We'll wait upon your grace till after supper:
And afterward determine our proceedings.

*Duke.* Even now about it; I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *A Forest, near* Mantua.

*Enter certain* Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

[1] Sincerity.
[2] The ancient term for a *mournful elegy.*
[3] To *inherit* is sometimes used by Shakspeare for *to obtain possession of*

*Enter* VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
*Speed.* Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
*Val.* My friends,—
1 *Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.
2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.
3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.
*Val.* Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am, crossed with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2 *Out.* Whither travel you?
*Val.* To Verona.
1 *Out.* Whence came you?
*Val.* From Milan.
3 *Out.* Have you long sojourned there?
*Val.* Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1 *Out.* What, were you banished thence?
*Val.* I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence?
*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I killed a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so;
But were you banished for so small a fault?
*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?
*Val.* My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,[1]
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.
1 *Out.* We'll have him; sirs, a word.
*Speed.* Master, be one of them;
It is an honorable kind of thievery.
*Val.* Peace, villain!
2 *Out.* Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
*Val.* Nothing but my fortune.
3 *Out.* Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungoverned youth
Thrust from the company of awful[2] men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood,[3] I stabbed unto the heart.
1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives,)
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality[4] much want;—
2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banished man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consórt?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all;
We'll do thee homage, and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.
1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offered.

[1] Friar Tuck, one of the associates of Robin Hood.
[2] *Awful* men, men full of awe and respect for the laws of society and the duties of life.
[3] Anger or resentment.
[4] i. e. Condition, occupation.

*Val.* I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.
3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile, base practices.
Come, go with us; we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the color of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.—
But here comes Thurio; now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

*Enter* THURIO *and* Musicians.

*Thu.* How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before us?
*Pro.* Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
*Thu.* Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.
*Pro.* Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
*Thu.* Who? Silvia?
*Pro.* Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

*Thu.* I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

*Enter* Host, *at a distance; and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

*Host.* Now, my young guest! methinks you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

*Jul.* Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

*Host.* Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

*Jul.* But shall I hear him speak?

*Host.* Ay, that you shall.

*Jul.* That will be music. [*Music plays.*

*Host.* Hark! hark!

*Jul.* Is he among these?

*Host.* Ay: but peace; let's hear 'em.

SONG.

*Who is Sylvia? What is she?*
*That all our swains commend her?*
*Holy, fair, and wise is she;*
*The heavens such grace did lend her,*
*That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind, as she is fair?*
*For beauty lives with kindness:*
*Love doth to her eyes repair,*
*To help him of his blindness;*
*And, being helped, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,*
*That Silvia is excelling;*
*She excels each mortal thing,*
*Upon the dull earth dwelling.*
*To her let us garlands bring.*

*Host.* How now? are you sadder than you were before?
How do you, man? the music likes you not.

*Jul.* You mistake; the musician likes me not.

*Host.* Why, my pretty youth?

*Jul.* He plays false, father.

*Host.* How? out of tune on the strings?

*Jul.* Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

*Host.* You have a quick ear.

*Jul.* Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

*Host.* I perceive, you delight not in music.

*Jul.* Not a whit, when it jars so.

*Host.* Hark, what fine change is in the music!

*Jul.* Ay; that change is the spite.

*Host.* You would have them always play but one thing?

*Jul.* I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

*Host.* I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.[1]

*Jul.* Where is Launce?

*Host.* Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

*Jul.* Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

*Pro.* Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

*Thu.* Where meet we?

*Pro.* At Saint Gregory's well.

*Thu.* Farewell. [*Exeunt* THU. *and* Musicians.

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

*Pro.* Madam, good even to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?

*Pro.* One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

*Sil.* Sir Proteus, as I take it.

*Pro.* Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

[1] i. e. Out of all reckoning or count; reckonings were kept upon nicked or notched sticks or tallies.

*Sil.* What is your will?
*Pro.* That I may compass yours.
*Sil.* You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows;
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
*Pro.* I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
*Jul.* 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried. [*Aside.*
*Sil.* Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betrothed: And art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importúnacy?
*Pro.* I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.
*Sil.* And so suppose am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.
*Pro.* Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
*Sil.* Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.
*Jul.* He heard not that. [*Aside.*
*Pro.* Madam, if your heart be so obdúrate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber,
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.
*Jul.* If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*
*Sil.* I am very loath to be your idol, sir;

But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.
*Pro.* As wretches have o'ernight,
That wait for execution in the morn.
[*Exeunt* PROTEUS; *and* SILVIA *from above.*
*Jul.* Host, will you go?
*Host.* By my halidom, I was fast asleep.
*Jul.* Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?
*Host.* Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.
*Jul.* Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watched, and the most heaviest.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *The same.*

*Enter* EGLAMOUR.

*Egl.* This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

*Sil.* Who calls?
*Egl.* Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
*Sil.* Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.
*Egl.* As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
*Sil.* O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)
Valiant, wise, remorseful,[1] well accomplished.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good-will

[1] i. e. *pitiful.*

I bear unto the banished Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorred.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honor I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

*Egl.* Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

*Sil.* This evening coming.

*Egl.* Where shall I meet you?

*Sil.* At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

*Egl.* I will not fail your ladyship:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.

*Sil.* Good-morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV. *The same.*

*Enter* LAUNCE, *with his Dog.*

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep[1] himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't: sure as I live, he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while; but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I

[1] i. e. *restrain.*

remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

*Enter* PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

*Pro.* Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

*Jul.* In what you please;—I will do what I can.

*Pro.* I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant! [*To* LAUNCE.
Where have you been these two days loitering?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

*Pro.* And what says she to my little jewel?

*Laun.* Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

*Pro.* But she received my dog?

*Laun.* No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

*Pro.* What, didst thou offer her this from me?

*Laun.* Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

*Pro.* Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that still an end[1] turns me to shame.
[*Exit* LAUNCE.
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lout;
But, chiefly for thy face and thy behavior:

[1] *Still an end*, and *most an end*, are vulgar expressions, and mean *perpetually, generally.*

Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She loved me well, delivered it to me.

*Jul.* It seems you loved her not, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

*Pro.* Not so; I think she lives.

*Jul.* Alas!

*Pro.* Why dost thou cry, alas?

*Jul.* I cannot choose but pity her.

*Pro.* Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

*Jul.* Because, methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary:
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

*Pro.* Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit* PROTEUS.

*Jul.* How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertained
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good-will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger!)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refused;
To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true, confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet I will woo for him: but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

*Enter* SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.
*Sil.* What would you with her, if that I be she?
*Jul.* If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
*Sil.* From whom?
*Jul.* From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
*Sil.* O!—he sends you for a picture?
*Jul.* Ay, madam.
*Sil.* Ursula, bring my picture there.
[*Picture brought*
Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
*Jul.* Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Delivered you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.
*Sil.* I pray thee let me look on that again.
*Jul.* It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
*Sil.* There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuffed with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.
*Jul.* Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
*Sil.* The more shame for him that he sends it me,
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger hath profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
*Jul.* She thanks you.
*Sil.* What say'st thou?
*Jul.* I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

*Sil.* Dost thou know her?
*Jul.* Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.
*Sil.* Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.
*Jul.* I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.
*Sil.* Is she not passing fair?
*Jul.* She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinched the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.
*Sil.* How tall was she?
*Jul.* About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were played,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimmed in madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a good,[1]
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!
*Sil.* She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit* SILVIA.

[1] i. e. *in good earnest*, tout de bon.

*Jul.* And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flattered her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colored periwig.
Her eyes are gray as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective[1] in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipped, kissed, loved, and adored;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue[2] in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else by Jove I vow,
I should have scratched out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

[1] *Regardful.* V. Merchant of Venice, Act V. Sc. I.
[2] The word *statue* was formerly used to express a *portrait*, and sometimes a *statue* was called a *picture*.

# ACT V.

## SCENE I. *The same. An Abbey.*

*Enter* EGLAMOUR.

*Egl.* The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

*Enter* SILVIA.

See where she comes; Lady, a happy evening!
*Sil.* Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour!
Out at the postern by the abbey wall;
I fear I am attended by some spies.
*Egl.* Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off:
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

*Enter* THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

*Thu.* Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
*Pro.* O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
*Thu.* What, that my leg is too long?
*Pro.* No; that it is too little.
*Thu.* I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
*Pro.* But love will not be spurred to what it loathes.
*Thu.* What says she to my face?
*Pro.* She says it is a fair one.
*Thu.* Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.
*Pro.* But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

*Jul.* 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*

*Thu.* How likes she my discourse?

*Pro.* Ill, when you talk of war.

*Thu.* But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

*Jul.* But better indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*

*Thu.* What says she to my valor?

*Pro.* O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

*Jul.* She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*

*Thu.* What says she to my birth?

*Pro.* That you are well derived.

*Jul.* True, from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*

*Thu.* Considers she my possessions?

*Pro.* O, ay; and pities them.

*Thu.* Wherefore?

*Jul.* That such an ass should owe[1] them. [*Aside.*

*Pro.* That they are out by lease.[2]

*Jul.* Here comes the duke.

*Enter* DUKE.

*Duke.* How now, Sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

*Thu.* Not I.

*Pro.* Nor I.

*Duke.* Saw you my daughter?

*Pro.* Neither.

*Duke.* Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wandered through the forest;
Him he knew well, and guessed that it was she:
But, being masked, he was not sure of it:

[1] i. e. possess them, *own them.*

[2] By Thurio's *possessions* he himself understands his lands. But Proteus chooses to take the word likewise in a figurative sense, as signifying his *mental endowments*, and when he says they are *out by lease*, he means, that they are no longer enjoyed by their master (who is a fool), but are leased out to another.

Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even: and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

*Thu.* Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be revenged on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*

*Pro.* And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*

*Jul.* And I will follow more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III. *Frontiers of* Mantua. *The Forest.*

*Enter* SILVIA *and* Outlaws.

*Out.* Come, come;
Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

*Sil.* A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learned me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled:
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honorable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

*Sil.* O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter* VALENTINE.

*Val.* How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing, peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record[1] my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?
[*Steps aside*

*Enter* PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

*Pro.* Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honor and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.

*Val.* How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*

*Sil.* O miserable, unhappy that I am!

*Pro.* Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

[1] To *record* anciently signified to *sing*.

*Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
*Jul.* And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*
*Sil.* Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false, perjured Proteus:
Therefore begone, solicit me no more.
*Pro.* What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,[1]
When women cannot love where they're beloved.
*Sil.* When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first, best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
*Pro.* In love,
Who respects friend?
*Sil.* All men but Proteus.
*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.
*Sil.* O heaven!
*Pro.* I'll force thee yield to my desire.
*Val.* Ruffian, let go that rude, uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion.
*Pro.* Valentine!
*Val.* Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,

[1] *Approved is confirmed by proof.*

(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

*Pro.* My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

*Val.* Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleased;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeased:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

*Jul.* O me, unhappy! [*Faints.*

*Pro.* Look to the boy.

*Val.* Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is the matter? Look up; speak.

*Jul.* O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

*Pro.* Where is that ring, boy?

*Jul.* Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

*Pro.* How! let me see: why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

*Jul.* O, cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook; this is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*

*Pro.* But, how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart, I gave this unto Julia.

*Jul.* And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

*Pro.* How! Julia!

*Jul.* Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertained them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root![1]
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.
*Pro.* Than men their minds? 'tis true: O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins;
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?
*Val.* Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close?
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
*Pro.* Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish forever.
*Jul.* And I mine.

*Enter* Outlaws, *with* DUKE *and* THURIO.

*Out.* A prize, a prize, a prize!
*Val.* Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.
*Duke.* Sir Valentine!
*Thu.* Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
*Val.* Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine: if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands;
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
*Thu.* Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;

[1] i. e. of her heart: the allusion to archery is continued, and to *cleaving the pin* in shooting at the butts.

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honor of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state in thy unrivalled merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.
*Val.* I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
*Duke.* I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.
*Val.* These banished men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recalled from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
*Duke.* Thou hast prevailed; I pardon them, and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include[1] all jars
With triumphs,[2] mirth, and rare solemnity.
*Val.* And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?
*Duke.* I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.
*Val.* I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

[1] *Include* is here used for *conclude*.
[2] *Triumphs* are pageants.

*Duke.* What mean you by that saying?
*Val.* Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt.*

## Two Gentlemen of Verona.

In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just; but the author conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country; he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed, and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakspeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus*; and it will be found more credible, that Shakspeare might sometimes sink below *his* highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest.

JOHNSON.

Johnson's general remarks on this play are just, except that part in which he arraigns the conduct of the poet, for making Proteus say he had only seen the picture of Silvia, when it appears that he had had a personal interview with her. This, however, is not a blunder of Shakspeare's, but a mistake of Johnson's, who considers the passage alluded to in a more literal sense than the author intended it. Sir Proteus, it is true, had seen Silvia for a few moments; but though he could form from thence some idea of her person, he was still unacquainted with her temper, manners, and the qualities of her mind. He therefore considers himself as having seen her picture only.—The thought is just, and elegantly expressed.—So, in The Scornful Lady, the elder Loveless says to her,

> I was mad once, when I loved *pictures*;
> For what are shape and colors else, but *pictures*?

M. MASON.

# MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

A FEW of the incidents of this comedy might have been taken from an old translation of *Il Pecorone di Giovanni Fiorentino*. The same story is to be met with in "The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers, 1632." A somewhat similar one occurs in the *Piacevoli Notti di Straparola*. *Notte* iv. *Favola* iv.

The adventures of Falstaff seem to have been taken from the story of the lovers of Pisa in "Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie," *bl. l. no date*, but entered on the Stationers' books in 1590. The fishwife's tale, in "Westward for Smelts," a book from which Shakspeare borrowed part of the fable of Cymbeline, probably led him to lay the scene at Windsor.

Mr. Malone thinks that the following line in the earliest edition of this comedy, 'Sail like my pinnace to those golden shores,' shows that it was written after Sir Walter Raleigh's return from Guiana in 1596.

The first edition of the Merry Wives of Windsor was printed in 1602, and it was probably written in 1601, after the two parts of King Henry IV., being, as it is said, composed at the desire of Queen Elizabeth,* in order to exhibit Falstaff in love, when all the pleasantry which he could afford in any other situation was exhausted.

It may not be thought so clear that it was written after King Henry V.

* This story seems to have been first mentioned by Dennis in the Dedication to his alteration of this play, under the title of "The Comical Gallant." "This comedy," says he, "was written at Queen Elizabeth's command, and by her direction; and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in *fourteen days*; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation." The information probably came originally from Dryden, who, from his intimacy with Sir W. Davenant, had opportunities of learning many particulars concerning Shakspeare.

Nym and Bardolph are both hanged in that play, yet appear in the Merry Wives of Windsor. Falstaff is disgraced in King Henry IV. Part ii., and dies in King Henry V. Yet in the Merry Wives of Windsor he talks as if he was still in favor at court—"If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed," &c.; and Page discountenances Fenton's addresses to his daughter, *because he kept company with the wild Prince and with Poins.* These circumstances seem to favor the supposition that this play was written between the first and second parts of King Henry IV. But that it was not written then may be collected from the tradition above mentioned. The truth probably is, that, though it ought to be *read* (as Dr. Johnson observed) between the second part of Henry IV. and Henry V., it was *written* after King Henry V., and after Shakspeare had killed Falstaff. In obedience to the royal commands, having revived him, he found it necessary at the same time to revive all those persons with whom he was wont to be exhibited—Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and the Page; and disposed of them as he found it convenient, without a strict regard to their situations or catastrophes in former plays.

Mr. Malone thinks that the Merry Wives of Windsor was revised and enlarged by the author after its first production. The old edition, *in* 1602, like that of Romeo and Juliet, he says, is apparently a rough draught, and not a mutilated or imperfect copy.* The precise time when the alterations and additions were made, has not been ascertained; some passages in the enlarged copy may assist conjecture on the subject, but nothing decisive can be concluded from such evidence.

This comedy was not printed in its present form till 1623, when it was published with the rest of Shakspeare's plays in folio. The imperfect copy of 1602 was again printed in 1619.

The bustle and variety of the incidents, the rich assemblage of characters, and the skilful conduct of the plot of this delightful comedy, are unrivalled in any drama, ancient or modern.

Falstaff, the inimitable Falstaff, here again "lards the lean earth"—"a butt and a wit, a humorist and a man of humor, a touchstone and a laugh-

* Mr. Boaden thinks that the chasms which occur in the story of the drama in this old copy afford evidence that it was imperfectly taken down during the representation.

ing-stock, a jester and a jest—the most perfect comic character that ever was exhibited." The jealous Ford, the uxorious Page, and their two joyous wives, are admirably drawn—Sir Hugh Evans and Doctor Caius no less so—and the duel scene between them irresistibly comic. The swaggering jolly Boniface, mine host of the Garter, and last, though not least, master Slender and his cousin Shallow, are such a group as were never yet equalled by the pen or pencil of genius.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON.
SHALLOW, *a country Justice.*
SLENDER, *Cousin to* Shallow.
MR. FORD, MR. PAGE, } *two Gentlemen dwelling at* Windsor.
WILLIAM PAGE, *a Boy, Son to* Mr. Page.
SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh Parson.*
DR. CAIUS, *a French Physician.*
*Host of the Garter Inn.*
BARDOLPH, PISTOL, NYM, } *Followers of* Falstaff.
ROBIN, *Page to* Falstaff.
SIMPLE, *Servant to* Slender.
RUGBY, *Servant to* Dr. Caius.

MRS. FORD.
MRS. PAGE.
MRS. ANNE PAGE, *her Daughter, in love with* Fenton.
MRS. QUICKLY, *Servant to* Dr. Caius.

*Servants to* Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE. Windsor, *and the Parts adjacent.*

# MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. Windsor. *Before* Page's *House.*

*Enter* JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* SIR[1] HUGH EVANS.

*Shal.* Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

*Slen.* In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

*Shal.* Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum.*[2]

*Slen.* Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero;* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

*Shal.* Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

*Slen.* All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

*Shal.* It is an old coat.

*Eva.* The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

[1] *Sir* was a title formerly applied to priests and curates generally. *Dominus*, being the academical title of a Bachelor (bas chevalier) of Arts, was usually rendered by *Sir* in English; and, as most clerical persons had taken that degree, it became usual to style them *Sir.*

[2] A corruption of *Custos Rotulorum.*

*Shal.* The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.[1]

*Slen.* I may quarter, coz?

*Shal.* You may, by marrying.

*Eva.* It is marring indeed, if he quarter it

*Shal.* Not a whit.

*Eva.* Yes, pe'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

*Shal.* The Council[2] shall hear it; it is a riot.

*Eva.* It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments[3] in that.

*Shal.* Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

*Eva.* It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

*Slen.* Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

*Eva.* It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles

[1] It seems that the latter part of this speech should be given to Sir Hugh. Shallow has just before said the coat is an old one; and now, that it is "the luce, the fresh fish." No, replies the parson, it cannot be old and fresh too—"the salt fish is an old coat." Shakspeare is supposed to allude to the arms of Sir Thomas Lucy, who is said to have prosecuted him for a misdemeanor in his youth, and whom he now ridiculed under the character of Justice Shallow.

[2] The Court of Star-chamber is meant.

[3] Advisement.

and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

*Shal.* Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pounds?

*Eva.* Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

*Shal.* I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

*Eva.* Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

*Shal.* Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

*Eva.* Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

*Enter* PAGE.

*Page.* Who's there?

*Eva.* Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

*Page.* I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Master Page, I am glad to see you: Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I love you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

*Page.* Sir, I thank you.

*Shal.* Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

*Page.* I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

*Slen.* How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsale.[1]

*Page.* It could not be judged, sir.

[1] The Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire, famous for their fine turf, and therefore excellent for coursing.

*Slen.* You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

*Shal.* That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

*Page.* A cur, sir.

*Shal.* Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: Can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here?

*Page.* Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

*Eva.* It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

*Shal.* He hath wronged me, master Page.

*Page.* Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

*Shal.* If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so, master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wronged.

*Page.* Here comes Sir John.

*Enter* SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

*Fal.* Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

*Fal.* But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

*Shal.* Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

*Fal.* I will answer it straight;—I have done all this:—That is now answered.

*Shal.* The Council shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

*Eva.* *Pauca verba*, Sir John, good worts.

*Fal.* Good worts![1] good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

*Slen.* Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching[2] rascals, Bar-

[1] Worts was the ancient term for all the cabbage kind.

[2] A common name for cheats and sharpers in the time of Elizabeth. "By a metaphor taken from those that rob warrens and *conie grounds*."—*Minshew's Dict.*

dolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

*Bar.* You Banbury cheese![1]

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, Mephostophilus?[2]

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;*[3] slice! that's my humor.

*Slen.* Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, cousin?

*Eva.* Peace, I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

*Page.* We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

*Eva.* Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

*Fal.* Pistol, ——

*Pist.* He hears with ears.

*Eva.* The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear?* Why, it is affectations.

*Fal.* Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

*Slen.* Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards,[4] that cost me two shilling and twopence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

*Fal.* Is this true, Pistol?

*Eva.* No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

*Pist.* Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and master mine,

[1] Said in allusion to the thin carcass of Slender. So, in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601—"Put off your clothes, and you are like a *Banbury Cheese*, nothing but paring."

[2] The name of a spirit, or familiar, in the old story book of Faustus. It was a cant phrase, probably, for an ugly fellow.

[3] Few words.

[4] Mill-sixpences were used as counters; and King Edward's shillings used in the game of shuffle-board.

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:[1]
Word of denial in thy labras[2] here;
Word of denial; froth and scum, thou liest!

*Slen.* By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

*Nym.* Be avised, sir, and pass good humors: I will say, *marry, trap*, with you, if you run the nut-hook's[3] humor on me; that is the very note of it.

*Slen.* By this hat, then, he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

*Fal.* What say you, Scarlet and John?

*Bard.* Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

*Eva.* It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

*Bard.* And being fap,[4] sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careires.[5]

*Slen.* Ay, you spake in Latin then, too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

*Eva.* So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

*Fal.* You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

*Enter* MISTRESS ANNE PAGE, *with wine*; MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE *following*.

*Page.* Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* ANNE PAGE.

*Slen.* O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

*Page.* How now, mistress Ford?

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*kissing her.*

*Page.* Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—

[1] *Latten*, from the Fr. *Laiton*, Brass; *Bilbo*, from *Bilboa* in Spain, where fine sword-blades were made. Pistol therefore calls Slender a *weak blade of base metal*, as one of brass would be.

[2] *Lips.*

[3] The meaning apparently is, "if you try to bring me to justice."

[4] *Fap* was evidently a cant term for *foolish.*

[5] A military phrase for running the charge in a tournament or attack.

Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but* SHAL., SLENDER, *and* EVANS.

*Slen.* I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets[1] here:—

*Enter* SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

*Sim. Book of Riddles!* why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?[2]

*Shal.* Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry this, coz: There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here;—Do you understand me?

*Slen.* Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

*Shal.* Nay, but understand me.

*Slen.* So I do, sir.

*Eva.* Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

*Slen.* Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

*Eva.* But this is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

*Shal.* Ay, there's the point, sir.

*Eva.* Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

*Slen.* Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

*Eva.* But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel[3] of

[1] A popular book of Shakspeare's time, "*Songes and Sonnettes*, written by the Earle of Surrey and others," and published in 1557.

[2] This is an intended blunder.

[3] I. e. *part*, a law term.

the mouth;—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

*Shal.* Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

*Slen.* I hope, sir,—I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

*Eva.* Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

*Shal.* That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

*Slen.* I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

*Shal.* Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

*Slen.* I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

*Eva.* It is a fery discretion answer; save the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

*Shal.* Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

*Slen.* Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

*Re-enter* ANNE PAGE.

*Shal.* Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

*Anne.* The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

*Shal.* I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne!

*Eva.* Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SIR H. EVANS.

*Anne.* Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

*Slen.* No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

*Anne.* The dinner attends you, sir.

*Slen.* I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow.[1] [*Exit* SIMPLE.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

*Anne.* I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

*Slen.* I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

*Anne.* I pray you, sir, walk in.

*Slen.* I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence,[2] three veneys[3] for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

*Anne.* I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

*Slen.* I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England:—You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

*Anne.* Ay, indeed, sir.

*Slen.* That's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson[4] loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed:[5]—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favored, rough things.

*Re-enter* PAGE.

*Page.* Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

*Slen.* I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir.

[1] It was formerly the custom in England for persons to be attended at dinner by their own servants wherever they dined.

[2] A person who had taken his master's degree in the science. There were three degrees—a master's, a provost's, and a scholar's.

[3] Veney, or Venue, *Fr.*, a touch or hit in the body at fencing, &c.

[4] The name of a bear exhibited at Paris Garden, in Southwark.

[5] i. e. passed all expression.

*Page.* By cock and pye,[1] you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

*Slen.* Nay, pray you, lead the way.

*Page.* Come on, sir.

*Slen.* Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

*Anne.* Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

*Slen.* Truly, I will not go first, truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

*Anne.* I pray you, sir.

*Slen.* I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

*Eva.* Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

*Sim.* Well, sir.

*Eva.* Nay, it is petter yet:——give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

*Fal.* Mine host of the Garter,—

*Host.* What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

[1] A popular adjuration.

*Fal.* Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

*Host.* Discard, bully Hercules; cashier; let them wag; trot, trot.

*Fal.* I sit at ten pounds a week.

*Host.* Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

*Fal.* Do so, good mine host.

*Host.* I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime:[1] I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit* Host.

*Fal.* Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man, a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

*Bard.* It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive.

[*Exit* BARD.

*Pist.* O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

*Nym.* He was gotten in drink: Is not the humor conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humor of it.

*Fal.* I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

*Nym.* The good humor is, to steal at a minute's rest.

*Pist.* Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico[2] for the phrase!

*Fal.* Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

*Pist.* Why, then, let kibes ensue.

*Fal.* There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

*Pist.* Young ravens must have food.

*Fal.* Which of you know Ford of this town?

*Pist.* I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

[1] To froth beer and to lime sack were tapster's tricks. Mr. Steevens says the first was done by putting soap in the bottom of the tankard; the other by mixing lime with the wine to make it sparkle in the glass.

[2] "A *fico* for the phrase." See K. Henry IV. Part 2. A. 2.

*Fal.* My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

*Pist.* Two yards, and more.

*Fal.* No quips now, Pistol; indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves,[1] she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behavior, to be Englished rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's.*

*Pist.* He hath studied her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

*Nym.* The anchor is deep; will that humor pass?

*Fal.* Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.[2]

*Pist.* As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy,* say I.

*Nym.* The humor rises; it is good; humor me the angels.

*Fal.* I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eyliads:[3] sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

*Pist.* Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

*Nym.* I thank thee for that humor.[4]

*Fal.* O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too: she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be

[1] It seems to have been a mark of kindness when a lady carved to a gentleman.

[2] Gold coin.

[3] *Oeillades,* French. Ogles, wanton looks of the eyes. Cotgrave translates it, "to cast a sheep's eye."

[4] What distinguishes the language of Nym from that of the other attendants on Falstaff is the constant repetition of this phrase. In the time of Shakspeare such an affectation seems to have been sufficient to mark a character. Some modern dramatists have also thought so.

cheater[1] to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

*Pist.* Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

*Nym.* I will run no base humor; here, take the humor-letter; I will keep the 'havior of reputation.

*Fal.* Hold, sirrah, [*to* ROB.] bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humor of this age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* ROBIN.

*Pist.* Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam[2] holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor:
Tester[3] I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

*Nym.* I have operations in my head, which be humors of revenge.

*Pist.* Wilt thou revenge?

*Nym.* By welkin, and her star!

*Pist.* With wit, or steel?

*Nym.* With both the humors, I:
I will discuss the humor of this love to Page.

*Pist.* And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

*Nym.* My humor shall not cool: I will incense

[1] *Escheatour*, an officer in the Exchequer.

[2] In Decker's Bellman of London, 1640, among the false dice are enumerated "a bale of fullams"—"a bale of gordes, with as many high men as low men for passage." The false dice were chiefly made at Fulham; hence the name. The manner in which they were made is described in The Complete Gamester, 1676, 12mo.

[3] Sixpence I'll have in pocket.

Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness,[1] for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humor.

*Pist.* Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV. *A Room in* Dr. Caius's *House.*

*Enter* MRS. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, *and* RUGBY.

*Quick.* What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

*Rug.* I'll go watch. [*Exit* RUGBY.

*Quick.* Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.—An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate:[2] his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say, your name is?

*Sim.* Ay, for a fault of a better.

*Quick.* And master Slender's your master?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth.

*Quick.* Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?

*Sim.* No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colored beard.[3]

*Quick.* A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands,[4] as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.[5]

[1] Jealousy.
[2] i. e. breeder of debate.
[3] It is said that Cain and Judas, in old pictures and tapestry, were constantly represented with yellow beards.
[4] A free version of the French *Homme haut à la main.*
[5] The keeper of a warren.

*Quick.* How say you?—O, I should remember him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

*Sim.* Yes, indeed, does he.

*Quick.* Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune? Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish ——

*Re-enter* RUGBY.

*Rug.* Out, alas! here comes my master.

*Quick.* We shall all be shent:[1] Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts* Simple *in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—*and down, down, adown-a, &c.* [*Sings.*

*Enter* DOCTOR CAIUS.

*Caius.* Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd;* a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a-green-a box.

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

*Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! mai foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grande affaire.*

*Quick.* Is it this, sir?

*Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon* pocket; *Dépêche,* quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

*Quick.* What, John Rugby! John!

*Rug.* Here, sir.

*Caius.* You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

*Rug.* 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

*Caius.* By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me!

[1] Ruined

*Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

*Quick.* Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

*Caius. O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villany? *larron!* [*Pulling* Simple *out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

*Quick.* Good master, be content.

*Caius.* Verefore shall I be content-a?

*Quick.* The young man is an honest man.

*Caius.* Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

*Quick.* I beseech you, be not so flegmatic; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

*Caius.* Vell.

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

*Quick.* Peace, I pray you.

*Caius.* Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

*Sim.* To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

*Quick.* This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

*Caius.* Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper:—Tarry you a little-awhile. [*Writes.*

*Quick.* I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself;—

*Sim.* 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

*Quick.* Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late;—but notwithstanding (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love

with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, —I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

*Caius.* You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

*Quick.* Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

*Caius.* It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

*Quick.* Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer![1]

*Caius.* Rugby, come to the court vid me;—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

*Quick.* You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

*Fent.* [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?

*Quick.* Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

*Enter* FENTON.

*Fent.* How now, good woman: how dost thou?

*Quick.* The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

*Fent.* What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

*Quick.* In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

[1] She means to say *goujere*. See Vol. VII. p. 121. note 1.

*Fent.* Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

*Quick.* Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

*Fent.* Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

*Quick.* Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan:—but, I detest,[1] an honest maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly[2] and musing: But for you—Well, go to.

*Fent.* Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

*Quick.* Will I? i' faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

*Fent.* Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[*Exit.*

*Quick.* Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does: Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Before* PAGE'S *House.*

*Enter* MISTRESS PAGE, *with a letter.*

*Mrs. Page.* What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [*Reads.*

[1] She means, I *protest.* [2] Melancholy.

*Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian,*[1] *he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,*

*Thine own true knight,*
*By day or night,*
*Or any kind of light,*
*With all his might*
*For thee to fight,*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behavior hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

*Enter* MISTRESS FORD.

*Mrs. Ford.* Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

*Mrs. Page.* And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

[1] The meaning of this passage is at present obscure. Dr. Johnson conjectured, with much probability, that Shakspeare wrote *Physician*, which would render the sense obvious.

*Mrs. Page.* 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

*Mrs. Page.* What's the matter, woman?

*Mrs. Ford.* O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honor!

*Mrs. Page.* Hang the trifle, woman; take the honor: What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

*Mrs. Ford.* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

*Mrs. Page.* What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!——These knights will hack;[1] and so thou should'st not alter the article of thy gentry.

*Mrs. Ford.* We burn day-light:[2] here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; praised woman's modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves.* What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tons of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

*Mrs. Page.* Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy

[1] *To hack* was the appropriate term for chopping off the spurs of a knight when he was to be degraded. The meaning therefore appears to be—"These knights will degrade you for an unqualified pretender." Another explanation has been offered—supposing this to be a covert reflection upon the prodigal distribution of the honor of knighthood by King James:—"These knights will soon become so *hackneyed* that your honor will not be increased by becoming one."

[2] A proverb applicable to superfluous actions in general.

letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in his fury.

*Mrs. Ford.* Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

*Mrs. Page.* So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

*Mrs. Ford.* You are the happier woman.

*Mrs. Page.* Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*

*Enter* FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, *and* NYM.

*Ford.* Well, I hope it be not so.

*Pist.* Hope is a curtail[1] dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

*Ford.* Why, sir, my wife is not young.

*Pist.* He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford:
He loves the gally-mawfry;[2] Ford, perpend.[3]

*Ford.* Love my wife?

*Pist.* With liver burning hot:[4] Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:
O, odious is the name!

*Ford.* What name, sir?

*Pist.* The horn, I say: Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—
Away, Sir corporal Nym.——
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit* PISTOL.

*Ford.* I will be patient; I will find out this.

*Nym.* And this is true. [*To* PAGE.] I like not the humor of lying. He hath wronged me in some humors; I should have borne the humored letter to her: but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humor of bread and cheese; and there's the humor of it. Adieu.
[*Exit* NYM.

[1] A curtail dog was a common dog not meant for sport, part of the tails of such dogs being commonly cut off while they are puppies; it was a prevalent notion that the tail of a dog was necessary to him in running; hence a dog that missed his game was called a *curtail*, from which *cur* is probably derived.

[2] A medley.

[3] Consider.

[4] The *liver* was anciently supposed to be the inspirer of amorous passions.

*Page.* *The humor of it*, quoth'a! here's a fellow frights humor out of his wits.

*Ford.* I will seek out Falstaff.

*Page.* I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

*Ford.* If I do find it, well.

*Page.* I will not believe such a Cataian,[1] though the priest of the town commended him for a true man.

*Ford.* 'Twas a good, sensible fellow: Well.[2]

*Page.* How now, Meg?

*Mrs. Page.* Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

*Ford.* I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

*Mrs. Ford.* 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

*Mrs. Page.* Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to* MRS. FORD.

*Enter* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

*Mrs. Ford.* Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

*Mrs. Page.* You are come to see my daughter Anne?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth: And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

*Mrs. Page.* Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt* MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, *and* MRS. QUICKLY.

*Page.* How now, master Ford?

[1] i. e. a Chinese; *Cataia*, *Cathay*, being the name given to China by the old travellers, some of whom have mentioned the dextrous thieving of the people there: hence a sharper or thief was sometimes called a *Cataian*.

[2] This and the two preceding speeches are soliloquies of Ford, and have no connection with what Page says, who is also making comments on what had passed, without attending to Ford.

*Ford.* You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

*Page.* Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

*Ford.* Do you think there is truth in them?

*Page.* Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

*Ford.* Were they his men?

*Page.* Marry, were they.

*Ford.* I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

*Page.* Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

*Ford.* I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head; I cannot be thus satisfied.

*Page.* Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

*Enter* Host *and* SHALLOW.

*Host.* How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.

*Shal.* I follow mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

*Shal.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Caius the French doctor.

*Ford.* Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

*Host.* What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[*They go aside.*

*Shal.* Will you [*to* PAGE] go with us to behold it?

My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and I think he hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

*Host.* Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

*Ford.* None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jest.

*Host.* My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go, Cavaliers?[1]

*Shal.* Have with you, mine host.

*Page.* I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

*Shal.* Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page: 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword,[2] I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

*Host.* Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

*Page.* Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt* Host, SHAL. *and* PAGE.

*Ford.* Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made[3] there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labor; if she be otherwise, 'tis labor well bestowed. [*Exit.*

[1] The folio of 1623 reads *An-heires*, which is unintelligible: the word in the text, the conjecture of Mr. Boaden, Malone considered the best that had been offered. *Cavaleires* would have been the orthography of the old copy, and the host has the term frequently in his mouth. Mr. Steevens substituted *on hearts*.

[2] Before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of an enormous length, and sometimes used with both hands.

[3] An obsolete phrase, signifying—"what they *did* there."

## SCENE II. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

*Fal.* I will not lend thee a penny.

*Pist.* Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.—
I will retort the sum in equipage.[1]

*Fal.* Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow[2] Nym; or else you had looked through the grate like a gemini of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honor, thou hadst it not.

*Pist.* Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

*Fal.* Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me; I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a throng;[3]—to your manor of Pickt-hatch,[4] go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honor!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honor precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your

[1] *Equipage* appears to have been a cant term, which Warburton conjectured to mean stolen goods. Mr. Steevens thinks it means attendance; i. e. "if you will lend me the money, I will pay you again in attendance," but has failed to produce an example of the use of the word in that sense.

[2] i. e. he who *draws* along with you, who is joined with you in all your knavery.

[3] i. e. go and *cut purses in a crowd.*

[4] *Pick't-hatch* was in Turnbull Street, Cow Cross, Clerkenwell, a haunt of the worst part of both sexes. The unseasonable and obstreperous irruptions of the swash-bucklers of that age rendered a *hatch*, or half-door with spikes upon it, a necessary defence to a brothel.

rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice[1] phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honor! You will not do it, you?

*Pist.* I do relent; what would'st thou more of man?

*Enter* ROBIN.

*Rob.* Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Enter* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

*Quick.* Give your worship good-morrow.

*Fal.* Good-morrow, good wife.

*Quick.* Not so, an't please your worship.

*Fal.* Good maid, then.

*Quick.* I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

*Fal.* I do believe the swearer: What with me?

*Quick.* Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

*Fal.* Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

*Quick.* There is one Mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

*Fal.* Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,——

*Quick.* Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

*Fal.* I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

*Quick.* Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

*Fal.* Well: mistress Ford:—what of her?

*Quick.* Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford:—come, mistress Ford,—

*Quick.* Marry, this is the short and the long of it;

[1] *Alehouse language.* Red lattice windows formerly denoted an alehouse.

you have brought her into such a canaries[1] as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk,) and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;[2] but I warrant you, all is one with her.

*Fal.* But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

*Quick.* Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold[3] life with him, good heart.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

*Quick.* Why, you say well:—But I have another messenger to your worship: Mrs. Page hath her hearty commendations to you, too;—and let me tell

[1] A mistake of Mrs. Quickly's for *quandaries*.

[2] i. e. gentlemen of the band of Pensioners. Their dress was remarkably splendid.

[3] *Frampold* here means *fretful, peevish*.

you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

*Quick.* Blessing on your heart for't!

*Fal.* But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

*Quick.* That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page of all loves;[1] her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Quick.* Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay word,[2] that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

*Fal.* Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt* QUICKLY *and* ROBIN.

[1] *Of all loves* is an adjuration only, and signifies no more than *by all means*, for the sake of all love.

[2] *A watchword.*

*Pist.* This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;[1]
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!
[*Exit* PISTOL.

*Fal.* Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

*Enter* BARDOLPH.

*Bard.* Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

*Fal.* Brook is his name?

*Bard.* Ay, sir.

*Fal.* Call him in. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*[2]

*Re-enter* BARDOLPH *with* FORD *disguised.*

*Ford.* Bless you, sir.

*Fal.* And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

*Ford.* I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

*Fal.* You're welcome: What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

*Ford.* Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

*Fal.* Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford.* Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge

[1] *Fights* are the waist cloths which hang round about the ship to hinder men from being seen in fight; or any place wherein men may cover themselves, and yet use their arms.—*Phillips's World of Words.*

[2] An Italian word, which Florio explains—"an adverb of encouragement, on away, go to, away forward, go on, despatch."

you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something imboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

*Fal.* Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

*Ford.* Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

*Ford.* I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

*Fal.* Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

*Ford.* Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;——and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith[1] you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

*Fal.* Very well, sir; proceed.

*Ford.* There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

*Fal.* Well, sir.

*Ford.* I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; feed every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But, whatsoever I have merited,

[1] Since.

either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;*
*Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

*Fal.* Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Of what quality was your love, then?

*Ford.* Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground, so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

*Fal.* To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

*Ford.* When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,[1] authentic in your place and person, generally allowed[2] for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

*Fal.* O, sir!

*Ford.* Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

[1] i. e. admitted into all or the greatest companies.
[2] *Allowed* is *approved.*

*Ford.* O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, Sir John?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

*Ford.* O good sir!

*Fal.* Master Brook, I say you shall.

*Ford.* Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

*Fal.* Want no mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

*Ford.* I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

*Fal.* Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favored. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

*Ford.* I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.

—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile;[1] thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

*Ford.* What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says this is improvident jealousy?—My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!——Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason,[2] well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol[3] cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself; then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

[1] This is a phrase from the Herald's Office. Falstaff means that he will *add more titles to those Ford is already distinguished by.*

[2] Reginald Scot, in his Discovery of Witchcraft, may be consulted concerning these demons. "*Amaimon*," he says, "was King of the East, and *Barbatos* a great countie or earle." But Randle Holme, in his Academy of Armory, informs us that "*Amaymon* is the chief whose dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulf; and that *Barbatos* is like a Sagittarius, and has thirty legions under him."

[3] A tame, contented cuckold, knowing himself to be one; from the Saxon *witan*, to know.

## SCENE III. *Windsor Park.*

*Enter* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

*Caius.* Jack Rugby.

*Rug.* Sir.

*Caius.* Vat is de clock, Jack?

*Rug.* 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

*Caius.* By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

*Rug.* He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

*Caius.* By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

*Rug.* Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

*Caius.* Villany, take your rapier.

*Rug.* Forbear; here's company.

*Enter* Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

*Host.* 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

*Shal.* Save you, master doctor Caius.

*Page.* Now, good master doctor!

*Slen.* Give you good-morrow, sir.

*Caius.* Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

*Host.* To see thee fight, to see thee foin,[1] to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montánt.[2] Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my

[1] The ancient term for making a thrust in fencing.
[2] Terms in fencing.

Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder?[1] ha! is he dead, bully Stale?[2] is he dead?

*Caius.* By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the vorld; he is not show his face.

*Host.* Thou art a Castilian, king-urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

*Caius.* I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

*Shal.* He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

*Page.* Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

*Shal.* Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

*Page.* 'Tis true, master Shallow.

*Shal.* It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

*Host.* Pardon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur Muck-water.

*Caius.* Muck-vater; vat is dat?

*Host.* Muck-water, in our English tongue, is valor, bully.

[1] *Heart of elder.* The joke is, that elder has a heart of *pith.*

[2] *Bully-stale* and *king-urinal.* These epithets will be sufficiently obvious to those who recollect the prevalence of empirical water-doctors. *Castilian*, a cant word, (like Cataian and Ethiopian,) appears to have been generally used as a term of reproach after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The Host avails himself of the poor doctor's ignorance of English phraseology in applying to him these high-sounding opprobrious epithets: he here means to call him *coward.*

*Caius.* By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as de Englishman:—Scurvy jack-dog priest; by gar, me vil cut his ears.

*Host.* He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

*Caius.* Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

*Host.* That is, he will make thee amends

*Caius.* By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

*Host.* And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

*Caius.* Me tank you for dat.

*Host.* And moreover, bully,——But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

*Page.* Sir Hugh is there, is he?

*Host.* He is there: see what humor he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

*Shal.* We will do it.

*Page, Shal. and Slen.* Adieu, good master doctor. [*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

*Caius.* By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

*Host.* Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mrs. Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a feasting; and thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game,[1] said I well?

*Caius.* By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

*Host.* For the which, I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page; said I well?

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

*Host.* Let us wag then.

*Caius.* Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Warburton conjectures that we should read *Cry Aim*, that is, "Encourage me; do I not deserve it?"—Perhaps the words in the text were applied to Caius as the *game* after which the waggish Host is in full *cry*.

# ACT III.

## SCENE I. *A Field near Frogmore.*

*Enter* Sir Hugh Evans *and* Simple.

*Eva.* I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physic?*

*Sim.* Marry, sir, the pittie-ward,[1] the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

*Eva.* I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

*Sim.* I will, sir.

*Eva.* 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard,[2] when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pless my soul! [*Sings.*

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls*[3]
*Melodious birds sing madrigals;*
*There will we make our peds of roses,*
*And a thousand fragrant posies.*
*To shallow——*

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

[1] Recent editors read *city-ward.* See note on this word in Malone and Boswell's edition.

[2] Head.

[3] This is a part of a beautiful little pastoral, printed among Shakspeare's Sonnets in 1599; but, in England's Helicon, 1600, it is attributed to Christopher Marlowe, and to it is subjoined an answer, called "The Nymph's Reply," signed *Ignoto*, which is thought to be the signature of Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Hugh misrecites the lines in his panic. The reader will be pleased to find them at the end of the play.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals;—*
*When as I sat in Pabylon,*[1]*—*
*And a thousand vagram posies.*
*To shallow——————*

*Sim.* Yonder he is coming this way, Sir Hugh.
*Eva.* He's welcome:——

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls——*

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?
*Sim.* No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.
*Eva.* Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

*Enter* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

*Shal.* How now, master parson? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.
*Slen.* Ah, sweet Anne Page!
*Page.* Save you, good Sir Hugh!
*Eva.* 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!
*Shal.* What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?
*Page.* And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?
*Eva.* There is reasons and causes for it.
*Page.* We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.
*Eva.* Fery well: What is it?
*Page.* Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, be like, having received wrong by some person, is at

[1] This line is from the old version of the 137th Psalm:

"*When we did sit in Babylon,*
The *rivers* round about,
Then the remembrance of Sion
The tears for grief burst out."

The word *rivers* in the second line was probably brought to Sir Hugh's thoughts by the line of the madrigal he had just repeated; and in his fright he blends the sacred and profane songs together.

most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

*Shal.* I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

*Eva.* What is he?

*Page.* I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

*Eva.* Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

*Page.* Why?

*Eva.* He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

*Page.* I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

*Slen.* O, sweet Anne Page!

*Shal.* It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder; here comes doctor Caius.

*Enter* Host, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

*Page.* Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

*Shal.* So do you, good master doctor.

*Host.* Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

*Caius.* I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet a-me?

*Eva.* Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

*Caius.* By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

*Eva.* Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humors; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

*Caius. Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jarterre*,—have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

*Eva.* As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this

is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

*Host.* Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer.

*Caius.* Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

*Host.* Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.——Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

*Shal.* Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

*Slen.* O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* Shal. Slen. Page, *and* Host.

*Caius.* Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot[1] of us? ha, ha!

*Eva.* This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.[2]—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall,[3] scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

*Caius.* By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

*Eva.* Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Fool.

[2] Flouting-stock.

[3] i. e. *scalled head*, a term of reproach. Chaucer imprecates on the scrivener who miswrites his verse—

"Under thy long locks mayest thou have the *scalle*."

## SCENE II. *The Street in Windsor.*

*Enter* MISTRESS PAGE *and* ROBIN.

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

*Rob.* I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

*Mrs. Page.* O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see you'll be a courtier.

*Enter* FORD.

*Ford.* Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she at home?

*Ford.* Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

*Mrs. Page.* Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

*Ford.* Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

*Mrs. Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

*Rob.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Ford.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Mrs. Page.* He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he! —Is your wife at home, indeed?

*Ford.* Indeed she is.

*Mrs. Page.* By your leave, sir;—I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt* MRS. PAGE *and* ROBIN.

*Ford.* Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going

to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him; then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming[1] mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

*Enter* PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

*Shal. Page, &c.* Well met, master Ford.

*Ford.* Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you all, go with me.

*Shal.* I must excuse myself, master Ford.

*Slen.* And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak off.

*Shal.* We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

*Slen.* I hope I have your good will, father Page.

*Page.* You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

*Caius.* Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

*Host.* What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday,[2] he smells April and May:

[1] Specious.

[2] Out of the common style, superior to the vulgar, in allusion to the better dress worn on holydays.

he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons;[1] he will carry't.

*Page.* Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having:[2] he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

*Ford.* I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.——Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

*Shal.* Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SLENDER.

*Caius.* Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.

*Host.* Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit* Host.

*Ford.* [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine[3] first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

*All.* Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Alluding to an ancient custom among rustics, of trying whether they should succeed with their mistresses by carrying the flower called *bachelor's buttons* in their pockets. They judged of their good or bad success by their growing or not growing there. Hence, *to wear bachelor's buttons*, seems to have grown into a phrase for being unmarried.

[2] i. e. Fortune or possessions.

[3] *Canary* is the name of a dance as well as of a wine. *Pipe-wine* is wine not from the bottle, but the pipe or cask. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word, which signifies both a cask of wine and a musical instrument.—"I'll give him *pipe* wine, which will make him *dance*."

## SCENE III. *A Room in* Ford's *House.*

*Enter* MRS. FORD *and* MRS. PAGE.

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John! what, Robert!
*Mrs. Page.* Quickly! quickly: Is the buck-basket—
*Mrs. Ford.* I warrant:—What, Robin, I say!

*Enter Servants with a basket.*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, come, come.
*Mrs. Ford.* Here, set it down.
*Mrs. Page.* Give your men the charge; we must be brief.
*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouse; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters[1] in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames's side.
*Mrs. Page.* You will do it?
*Mrs. Ford.* I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt* Servants.
*Mrs. Page.* Here comes little Robin.

*Enter* ROBIN.

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, my eyas-musket?[2] what news with you?
*Rob.* My master Sir John has come in at your back door, mistress Ford, and requests your company.
*Mrs. Page.* You little Jack-a-lent,[3] have you been true to us?
*Rob.* Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into

[1] Bleachers of linen.
[2] *Young sparrow-hawk*, here used as a jocular term for a small child.
[3] *A stuffed puppet* thrown at throughout Lent, as cocks were at Shrovetide.

everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

*Mrs. Page.* Thou art a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit* ROBIN.

*Mrs. Page.* I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit* MRS. PAGE.

*Mrs. Ford.* Go to then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.[1]

*Enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal. Have I caught* thee, *my heavenly jewel?*[2] Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

*Mrs. Ford.* O sweet Sir John!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

*Mrs. Ford.* I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

*Fal.* Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent[3] of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.[4]

*Mrs. Ford.* A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

*Fal.* By the Lord,[5] thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fix-

[1] i. e. honest women from *loose ones.*

[2] This is the first line in the second song of Sidney's Astrophel and Stella.

[3] First folio:—*beauty.*

[4] In how much request the Venetian *tire* or head-dress was formerly held, appears from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, 1624. "Let her have the Spanish gait, the *Venetian tire*, Italian compliments and endowments."

[5] The folio of 1623 omits the words "By the Lord," and reads "Thou art a tyrant."

ture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe[1] were not: nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury[2] in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love mistress Page.

*Fal.* Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter[3]-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

*Fal.* Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

*Rob.* [*Within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

*Fal.* She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.[4]

*Mrs. Ford.* Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.— [FALSTAFF *hides himself.*

*Enter* MISTRESS PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

*Mrs. Page.* O mistress Ford, what have you done?

[1] *Fortune my foe* is the beginning of a popular old ballad enumerating all the misfortunes that fall on mankind through the caprice of fortune.

[2] Formerly chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kind of herbs, green as well as dry.

[3] The *Counter* as a prison was odious to Falstaff.

[4] i. e. in the space left between the walls and wooden frames on which the tapestry was hung.

You're ashamed, you are overthrown, you are undone forever.

*Mrs. Ford.* What's the matter, good mistress Page?

*Mrs. Page.* O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

*Mrs. Ford.* What cause of suspicion?

*Mrs. Page.* What cause of suspicion!—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, alas! what's the matter?

*Mrs. Page.* Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

*Mrs. Ford.* Speak louder.—[*Aside.*]—'Tis not so, I hope.

*Mrs. Page.* Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed: call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life forever.

*Mrs. Ford.* What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

*Mrs. Page.* For shame; never stand, *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting time,[1] send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

*Mrs. Ford.* He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

[1] Bleaching time.

*Re-enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* Let me see't; let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel:—I'll in.

*Mrs. Page.* What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

*Fal.* I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never——

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

*Mrs. Page.* Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit* ROBIN; *Re-enter* Servants.] Go, take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff?[1] look, how you drumble:[2] carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

*Enter* FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

*Ford.* Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

*Serv.* To the laundress, forsooth.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck! buck! buck? Ay, buck! I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt* Servants *with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—So, now uncape.[3]

[1] A staff used for carrying a *cowl*, or tub with two handles, to fetch water in.

[2] To *drumble* and *drone* meant *to move sluggishly.*

[3] Hanmer proposed to read *uncouple;* but, perhaps, *uncape* had the same signification. It means, at any rate, to begin the hunt after him, when the holes for escape had been stopped.

*Page.* Good master Ford, be contented; you wrong yourself too much.

*Ford.* True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

*Eva.* This is fery fantastical humors, and jealousies.

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

*Page.* Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt* EVANS, PAGE, *and* CAIUS.

*Mrs. Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

*Mrs. Ford.* I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

*Mrs. Page.* What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who[1] was in the basket!

*Mrs. Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

*Mrs. Ford.* I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

*Mrs. Page.* I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

*Mrs. Page.* We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock to have amends.

*Re-enter* FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

*Ford.* I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

*Mrs. Page.* Heard you that?

[1] Ritson thinks we should read *what*. This emendation is supported by a subsequent passage, where Falstaff says, "the jealous knave asked them once or twice *what* was in the basket." It is remarkable that Ford asked no such question.

*Mrs. Ford.* Ay, ay, peace:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

*Ford.* Ay, I do so.

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven make you better than your thoughts?

*Ford.* Amen.

*Mrs. Page.* You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

*Ford.* Ay, ay; I must bear it.

*Eva.* If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment.

*Caius.* By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

*Page.* Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

*Ford.* 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

*Eva.* You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

*Caius.* By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

*Ford.* Well;—I promised you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife; come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

*Page.* Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

*Ford.* Any thing.

*Eva.* If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

*Caius.* If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

*Eva.* In your teeth: for shame.

*Ford.* Pray you go, master Page.

*Eva.* I pray you now remembrance to-morrow, on the lousy knave, mine host.

*Caius.* Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

*Eva.* A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV. *A Room in* Page's *House.*

*Enter* FENTON *and* MISTRESS ANNE PAGE.

*Fent.* I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.
*Anne.* Alas! how then?
*Fent.* Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being galled with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,——
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.
*Anne.* May be, he tells you true.
*Fent.* No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I wooed thee, Anne;
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.
*Anne.* Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you hither.
[*They converse apart.*

*Enter* SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* MRS. QUICKLY.

*Shal.* Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.
*Slen.* I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't;[1] slid, 'tis but venturing.

[1] A *shaft* was a long arrow, and a *bolt* a thick short one. The proverb probably means, "I'll make something or other of it.—I will do it by some means or other."

*Shal.* Be not dismayed.

*Slen.* No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

*Quick.* Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

*Anne.* I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favored faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!
[*Aside.*

*Quick.* And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

*Shal.* She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

*Slen.* I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

*Shal.* Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

*Slen.* Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

*Shal.* He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

*Slen.* Ay, that I will, come cut and long tail,[1] under the degree of a 'squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

*Anne.* Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

*Shal.* Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

*Anne.* Now, master Slender.

*Slen.* Now, good mistress Anne.

*Anne.* What is your will?

*Slen.* My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

*Anne.* I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

[1] The sense is obviously, "Come who will to contend with me, under the degree of a 'squire." *Cut and longtail* means all kinds of curtail curs, and sporting dogs, and all others.

*Slen.* Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

*Enter* PAGE *and* MISTRESS PAGE.

*Page.* Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

*Fent.* Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

*Mrs. Page.* Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

*Page.* She is no match for you.

*Fent.* Sir, will you hear me?

*Page.* No, good master Fenton.
Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

*Quick.* Speak to mistress Page.

*Fent.* Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colors of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

*Anne.* Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

*Mrs. Page.* I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

*Quick.* That's my master, master doctor.

*Anne.* Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

*Mrs. Page.* Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy.
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;

Till then, farewell, sir:—she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt* MRS. PAGE *and* ANNE.

*Fent.* Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

*Quick.* This is my doing, now:—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on master Fenton:—this is my doing.

*Fent.* I thank thee; and I pray thee, once[1] to-night give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains.

[*Exit.*

*Quick.* Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously[2] for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: What a beast am I to slack[3] it?

[*Exit.*

## SCENE V. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

*Fal.* Bardolph, I say,—

*Bard.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit* BARD.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse, as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were

[1] i. e. *some time* to-night. [2] Specially. [3] Neglect.

as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

*Re-enter* BARDOLPH, *with the wine.*

*Bard.* Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

*Fal.* Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

*Bard.* Come in, woman.

*Enter* MRS. QUICKLY.

*Quick.* By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good-morrow.

*Fal.* Take away these chalices: Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

*Bar.* With eggs, sir?

*Fal.* Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] How now?

*Quick.* Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

*Fal.* Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

*Quick.* Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault; she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

*Fal.* So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

*Quick.* Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

*Fal.* Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

*Quick.* I will tell her.

*Fal.* Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

*Quick.* Eight and nine, sir.

*Fal.* Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

*Quick.* Peace be with you, sir! [*Exit.*

*Fal.* I marvel I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within; I like his money well. O, here he comes.

*Enter* FORD.

*Ford.* Bless you, sir!

*Fal.* Now, master Brook! you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

*Ford.* That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

*Ford.* And how sped you, sir?

*Fal.* Very ill-favoredly, master Brook.

*Ford.* How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

*Fal.* No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto, her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels, a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

*Ford.* What, while you were there?

*Fal.* While I was there.

*Ford.* And did he search for you, and could not find you?

*Fal.* You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

*Ford.* A buck-basket?

*Fal.* By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the

rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

*Ford.* And how long lay you there?

*Fal.* Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in a basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with[1] a jealous rotten bellwether: next, to be compassed like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that;—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

*Ford.* In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

*Ford.* 'Tis past eight already, sir.

[1] *With, by,* and *of,* were used indiscriminately by our ancestors.

*Fal.* Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

*Ford.* Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *The Street.*

*Enter* MRS. PAGE, MRS. QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

*Mrs. Page.* Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

*Quick.* Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous[1] mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

[1] Outrageous.

*Enter* Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh? no school to-day?

*Eva.* No: master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

*Quick.* Blessing of his heart!

*Mrs. Page.* Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

*Eva.* Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

*Mrs. Page.* Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

*Eva.* William, how many numbers is in nouns?

*Will.* Two.

*Quick.* Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, *od's nouns.*

*Eva.* Peace your tattlings. What is *fair*, William?

*Will. Pulcher.*

*Quick.* Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

*Eva.* You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you peace. What is *lapis*, William?

*Will.* A stone.

*Eva.* And what is a stone, William?

*Will.* A pebble.

*Eva.* No, it is *lapis;* I pray you remember in your prain.

*Will. Lapis.*

*Eva.* That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

*Will.* Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, — *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

*Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;* pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* Well, what is your *accusative case?*

*Will. Accusativo, hinc.*

*Eva.* I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

*Quick.* Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

*Eva.* Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

*Will.* O—*vocativo*, O.

*Eva.* Remember, William; focative is *caret*.

*Quick.* And that's a good root.

*Eva.* 'Oman, forbear.

*Mrs. Page.* Peace.

*Eva.* What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

*Will. Genitive case?*

*Eva.* Ay.

*Will. Genitivo,—horum, harum, horum.*

*Quick.* 'Vengeance of *Jenny's* case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

*Eva.* For shame, 'oman.

*Quick.* You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum:—fie upon you!

*Eva.* 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

*Mrs. Page.* Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

*Eva.* Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

*Will.* Forsooth, I have forgot.

*Eva.* It is *ki*, *kæ*, *cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches.[1] Go your ways, and play, go.

*Mrs. Page.* He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

*Eva.* He is a good sprag[2] memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

*Mrs. Page.* Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit* SIR HUGH.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Breeched, i. e. flogged.
[2] Quick, alert. The word is *sprack*.

## SCENE II. *A Room in* Ford's *House.*

*Enter* FALSTAFF *and* MRS. FORD.

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious[1] in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

*Mrs. Ford.* He's a birding, sweet Sir John.

*Mrs. Page.* [*Within.*] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

*Mrs. Ford.* Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

*Enter* MRS. PAGE.

*Mrs. Page.* How now, sweetheart? who's at home beside yourself?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, none but mine own people.

*Mrs. Page.* Indeed?

*Mrs. Ford.* No, certainly;—speak louder. [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why?

*Mrs. Page.* Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes[2] again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer out, peer out!*[3] that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his

[1] So in Hamlet; "To do *obsequious* sorrow." The epithet *obsequious* refers, in both instances, to the seriousness with which *obsequies* are performed.

[2] i. e. lunacy, frenzy.

[3] Shakspeare refers to a sport of children, who thus call on a snail to push forth his horns:

"Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal."

distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, does he talk of him?

*Mrs. Page.* Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

*Mrs. Ford.* How near is he, mistress Page?

*Mrs. Page.* Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

*Mrs. Ford.* I am undone!—the knight is here.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him, better shame than murder.

*Mrs. Ford.* Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

*Re-enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out, ere he come?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols,[1] that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

*Fal.* What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

*Mrs. Ford.* There they always used to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

*Fal.* Where is it?

*Mrs. Ford.* He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract[2] for the remembrance of such places,

[1] This is one of Shakspeare's anachronisms: he has also introduced pistols in Pericles, in the reign of Antiochus, two hundred years before Christ.

[2] i. e. a list, an inventory, or short note of.

and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

*Fal.* I'll go out, then.

*Mrs. Page.* If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

*Mrs. Ford.* How might we disguise him?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

*Fal.* Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

*Mrs. Ford.* My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

*Mrs. Page.* On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is; and there's her thrumed hat,[1] and her muffler too: Run up, Sir John.

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, go, sweet Sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

*Mrs. Page.* Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

*Mrs. Ford.* I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

*Mrs. Page.* Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

*Mrs. Ford.* But is my husband coming?

*Mrs. Page.* Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.[2]

[1] A hat composed of the weaver's tufts or *thrums*, or of very coarse cloth. A *muffler* was a part of female attire which only covered the lower part of the face.

[2] This old witch Jyl or Gillian of Brentford seems to have been a character well known in popular story at the time.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draff.*
[*Exit.*

*Re-enter* MRS. FORD, *with two* Servants.

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him; quickly, despatch. [*Exit.*

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

*Enter* FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

*Ford.* Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:——You, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,[1] a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now, shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

*Page.* Why, this passes![2] Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

*Eva.* Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

*Shal.* Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

*Re-enter* MRS. FORD.

*Ford.* So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest

[1] Gang. [2] Surpasses, or goes beyond all bounds.

wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

*Ford.* Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—— Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

*Page.* This passes!

*Mrs. Ford.* Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

*Ford.* I shall find you anon.

*Eva.* 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

*Ford.* Empty the basket, I say.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, man, why,——

*Ford.* Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

*Mrs. Ford.* If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

*Page.* Here's no man.

*Shal.* By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.[1]

*Eva.* Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

*Ford.* Well, he's not here I seek for.

*Page.* No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

*Ford.* Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, show no color for my extremity, let me forever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.[2] Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

*Mrs. Ford.* What hoa, mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

[1] i. e. This is unworthy of you. [2] Lover.

*Ford.* Old woman! What old woman is that?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford

*Ford.* A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery[1] as this is; beyond our element; we know nothing.——Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

*Enter* FALSTAFF *in women's clothes, led by* Mrs. PAGE.

*Mrs. Page.* Come, mother Pratt, come, give me your hand.

*Ford.* I'll *prat* her:——Out of my door, you witch! [*beats him*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon![2] out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

*Mrs. Page.* Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

*Ford.* Hang her, witch!

*Eva.* By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

*Ford.* Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail,[3] never trust me when I open again.

*Page.* Let's obey his humor a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, SHALLOW, *and* EVANS.

*Mrs. Page.* Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

1 Falsehood, imposition.

2 Means much the same as *scall* or *scab*, from *rogneuse*, Fr.

3 Expressions taken from the chase. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. *To cry out* is to *open*, or *bark*.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hang o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

*Mrs. Ford.* What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

*Mrs. Page.* The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

*Mrs. Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

*Mrs. Page.* Come to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* Host *and* BARDOLPH.

*Bard.* Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

*Host.* What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

*Bard.* Ay, sir: I'll call them to you.

*Host.* They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off;[1] I'll sauce them: Come. [*Exeunt.*

[1] To *come off* is *to pay*, to *come down* (as we now say), with a sum of money. It is a phrase of frequent occurrence in old plays.

## SCENE IV. *A Room in* Ford's *House.*

*Enter* Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, *and* Sir Hugh Evans.

*Eva.* 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

*Page.* And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

*Mrs. Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

*Ford.* Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,[1]
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honor stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

*Page.* 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

*Ford.* There is no better way than that they spoke of.

*Page.* How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

*Eva.* You say, he has been thrown into the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

*Page.* So think I too.

*Mrs. Ford.* Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

[1] The reading in the text was Mr. Rowe's. The old copies read, "I rather will suspect the sun with *gold.*"

*Mrs. Page.* There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes[1] the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld[2]
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

*Page.* Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak;[3]
But what of this?

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

*Page.* Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

*Mrs. Page.* That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes,[4] and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused[5] song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,

[1] To *take* signifies *to seize* or *strike with a disease, to blast.*
[2] Old age.
[3] The tree which was by tradition shown as Herne's oak, being totally decayed, was cut down by his late majesty's order in 1795.
[4] Elf, hobgoblin.
[5] *Some diffused song* appears to mean some *obscure, strange* song.

And, fairy-like, to-pinch[1] the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

*Mrs. Ford.* And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

*Mrs. Page.* The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

*Ford.* The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

*Eva.* I will teach the children their behaviors; and I will be like a Jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

*Ford.* That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

*Mrs. Page.* My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

*Page.* That silk will I go buy;—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. [*Aside.*] Go, send to Falstaff straight.

*Ford.* Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

*Mrs. Page.* Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,[2]
And tricking for our fairies.

*Eva.* Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, *and* EVANS.

*Mrs. Page.* Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit* MRS. FORD.

[1] *To-pinch: to* has here an augmentative sense, as *be* has since had: *all* was generally prefixed; Spenser has *all to-torn, all to-rent*, &c., and Milton in Comus *all to-ruffled.*

[2] *Properties* are little incidental necessaries to a theatre: *tricking* is dress or ornament.

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well moneyed, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.
[*Exit.*

## SCENE V. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* Host *and* SIMPLE.

*Host.* What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

*Sim.* Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

*Host.* There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian*[1] unto thee: Knock, I say.

*Sim.* There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

*Host.* Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

*Fal.* [*Above.*] How now, mine host?

*Host.* Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honorable: Fie! privacy? fie!

*Enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

[1] i. e. a cannibal: mine host uses these fustian words to astonish Simple.

*Sim.* Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

*Fal.* Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell.[1] What would you with her?

*Sim.* My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

*Fal.* I spake with the old woman about it.

*Sim.* And what says she, I pray, sir?

*Fal.* Marry, she says, that the very same man that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

*Sim.* I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

*Fal.* What are they? let us know.

*Host.* Ay, come; quick.

*Sim.* I may not conceal them, sir.

*Fal.* Conceal them, or thou diest.

*Sim.* Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

*Fal.* 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

*Sim.* What, sir?

*Fal.* To have her,—or no: Go; say the woman told me so.

*Sim.* May I be so bold to say so, sir?

*Fal.* Ay, Sir Tike; who more bold?

*Sim.* I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

*Host.* Thou art clerkly,[2] thou art clerkly, Sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

*Fal.* Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid[3] for my learning.

[1] He calls poor Simple *muscle-shell*, because he stands with his mouth open.

[2] i. e. Scholar-like.

[3] *To pay*, in Shakspeare's time, signified *to beat*; in which sense it is

*Enter* BARDOLPH.

*Bard.* Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage!

*Host.* Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

*Bard.* Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

*Host.* They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

*Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS.

*Eva.* Where is mine host?

*Host.* What is the matter, sir?

*Eva.* Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cousin germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and it is not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Enter* DOCTOR CAIUS.

*Caius.* Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre?*

*Host.* Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

*Caius.* I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany:* by my trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to come; I tell you for good vill: Adieu. [*Exit.*

*Host.* Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exeunt* Host *and* BARDOLPH.

*Fal.* I would all the world might be cozened; for I

still not uncommon in familiar language: "Seven of the eleven I *paid*," says Falstaff, in Henry IV. Part I.

have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgeled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at *Primero*.[1] Well, if my mind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

*Enter* MRS. QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

*Quick.* From the two parties, forsooth.

*Fal.* The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

*Quick.* And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

*Fal.* What tell'st thou me of black and blue! I was beaten myself into all the colors of the rainbow, and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

*Quick.* Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

*Fal.* Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Primero* was the fashionable *game at cards* in Shakspeare's time.

## SCENE VI. *Another Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* FENTON *and* Host.

*Host.* Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

*Fent.* Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

*Host.* I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

*Fent.* From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answered my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser)
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
[*Showing the letter*
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here;[1] in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.
Now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot

[1] In the letter.

She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests:—
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be masked and vizarded,)
That, quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

*Host.* Which means she to deceive? father, or mother?

*Fent.* Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

*Host.* Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

*Fent.* So shall I ever more be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* FALSTAFF *and* MRS. QUICKLY.

*Fal.* Pr'ythee, no more prattling;—go.——I'll hold:[1] This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. —Away.

[1] Keep to the time.

*Quick.* I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

*Fal.* Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head and mince. [*Exit* MRS. QUICKLY.

*Enter* FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

*Fal.* I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know, also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *Windsor Park.*

*Enter* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

*Page.* Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

*Slen.* Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come

to her in white, and cry, *mum;* she cries, *budget;* and by that we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good, too: But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget?* the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

*Page.* The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil,[1] and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *The Street in Windsor.*

*Enter* MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, *and* DR. CAIUS.

*Mrs. Page.* Master doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

*Caius.* I know vat I have to do: Adieu.

*Mrs. Page.* Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

*Mrs. Ford.* Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

*Mrs. Page.* They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

*Mrs. Ford.* That cannot choose but amaze him.

*Mrs. Page.* If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

*Mrs. Page.* Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those that betray them do no treachery.

*Mrs. Ford.* The hour draws on: To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

[1] Page indirectly alludes to Falstaff, who was to have horns on his head.

## SCENE IV. *Windsor Park.*

*Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS *and* Fairies.

*Eva.* Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch'ords, do as I pid you: Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V. *Another Part of the Park.*

*Enter* FALSTAFF *disguised, with a buck's head on.*

*Fal.* The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda;—O—omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

*Enter* MRS. FORD *and* MRS. PAGE.

*Mrs. Ford.* Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

*Fal.* My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves;* hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let

there come a tempest of provocation,[1] I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

*Fal.* Divide me like a bribe-buck,[2] each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow[3] of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman?[4] ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

*Mrs. Page.* Alas! What noise?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven forgive our sins!

*Fal.* What should this be?

*Mrs. Ford.* } Away, away! [*They run off.*
*Mrs. Page.* }

*Fal.* I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set, hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

*Enter* Sir Hugh Evans, *like a satyr;* Mrs. Quickly, *and* Pistol; Anne Page, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

*Quick.* Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs[5] of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.———
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

[1] The sweet potato was used in England as a delicacy long before the introduction of the common potato by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586. It was imported in considerable quantities from Spain and the Canaries, and was supposed to possess the power of restoring decayed vigor. The kissing-comfits were principally made of these and eringo roots, and were perfumed to make the breath sweet. Gerarde attributes the same virtues to the common potato, which he distinguishes as the Virginian sort.

[2] i. e. like a buck sent as a bribe.

[3] The *keeper*. The shoulders of the buck were among his perquisites.

[4] *The woodman* was an attendant on the forester. It is here, however, used in a wanton sense, for one who chooses female game for the object of his pursuit.

[5] The old copy reads *orphan*-heirs. Warburton reads *ouphen*.

*Pist.* Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
*Cricket*, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.
*Fal.* They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: No man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*
*Eva.* Where's *Pede?*—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.
*Quick.* About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:[1]
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And *Hony soit qui mal y pense* write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee;
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.[2]

[1] It was an article of ancient luxury to rub tables, &c. with aromatic herbs. Pliny informs us that the Romans did so to drive away evil spirits.

[2] "*Charactery* is a writing by characters, or by strange marks."—*Bullokar's English Expositor*, 12mo. 1656.

Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

*Eva.* Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle earth.

*Fal.* Heaven defend me from that Welsh fairy! lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

*Pist.* Vile worm, thou wast o'erlooked[1] even in thy birth.

*Quick.* With trial fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

*Pist.* A trial, come.

*Eva.* Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh!

*Quick.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

*Eva.* It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

SONG.

*Fie on sinful fantasy!*
*Fie on lust and luxury!*
*Lust is but a bloody fire,*
*Kindled with unchaste desire.*
*Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,*
*As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.*
*Pinch him, fairies, mutually;*
*Pinch him for his villany;*
*Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,*
*Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out.*

[1] By *o'erlooked* is here meant *bewitched* by an evil eye.

*During this song, the fairies pinch* Falstaff. Doctor Caius *comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green;* Slender *another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and* Fenton *comes, and steals away* Mrs. Anne Page. *A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away.* Falstaff *pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

*Enter* PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, *and* MRS. FORD. *They lay hold on him.*

*Page.* Nay, do not fly: I think we have watched you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

*Mrs. Page.* I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher:—
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes[1]
Become the forest better than the town?

*Ford.* Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldy knave; here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

*Mrs. Ford.* Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

*Fal.* I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

*Ford.* Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

*Fal.* And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit

[1] The extremities of *yokes* for oxen, as still used in several counties of England, bend upwards, and, rising very high, in shape resemble *horns*.

may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

*Eva.* Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

*Ford.* Well said, fairy Hugh.

*Eva.* And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

*Ford.* I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

*Fal.* Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize?[1] 'tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

*Eva.* Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

*Fal.* Seese and putter! Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late walking through the realm.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

*Ford.* What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

*Mrs. Page.* A puffed man?

*Page.* Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

*Ford.* And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

*Page.* And as poor as Job?

*Ford.* And as wicked as his wife?

*Eva.* And given to fornications and to taverns, and sack and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

*Fal.* Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the

[1] i. e. a fool's cap made out of Welsh materials. Wales was famous for this cloth.

Welsh flannel;[1] ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me:[2] use me as you will.

*Ford.* Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pandar: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let that go to make amends:
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

*Ford.* Well, here's my hand: all's forgiven at last.

*Page.* Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house: where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee:[3] Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

*Mrs. Page.* Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius's wife. [*Aside.*

*Enter* SLENDER.

*Slen.* Whoo! ho! ho! father Page.

*Page.* Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

*Slen.* Despatched!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't: would I were hanged, la, else.

*Page.* Of what, son?

*Slen.* I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir: and 'tis a post-master's boy.

*Page.* Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

*Slen.* What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him,

1 The very word *flannel* is derived from a Welsh one, and it is almost unnecessary to add that it was originally the manufacture of Wales.

2 Ignorance itself weighs me down and oppresses me.

3 Dr. Johnson remarks, that the two plots are excellently connected, and the transition very artfully made in this speech.

for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

*Page.* Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

*Slen.* I went to her in white, and cried *mum*, and she cried *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

*Eva.* Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

*Page.* O, I am vexed at heart: What shall I do?

*Mrs. Page.* Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

*Enter* CAIUS.

*Caius.* Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, did you take her in green?

*Caius.* Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit* CAIUS.

*Ford.* This is strange! Who hath got the right Anne?

*Page.* My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

*Enter* FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

*Anne.* Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

*Page.* Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

*Mrs. Page.* Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

*Fent.* You do amaze[1] her: Hear the truth of it.

[1] Confound her by your questions.

You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or undutious title;
Since therein she doth evitate[1] and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

*Ford.* Stand not amazed: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

*Fal.* I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

*Page.* Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschewed, must be embraced.

*Fal.* When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.[2]

*Eva.* I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

*Mrs. Page.* Well, I will muse no further:—Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

*Ford.* Let it be so:—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he to-night shall lie with mistress Ford. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Avoid.
[2] Young and old, does as well as bucks. He alludes to Fenton's having *run down* Anne Page.

Of this play there is a tradition preserved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, who was so delighted with the character of Falstaff, that she wished it to be diffused through more plays, but, suspecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diversify his manner, by showing him in love. No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakspeare knew what the queen, if the story be true, seems not to have known, that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast would have remained. Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his professions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleasure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet, having, perhaps, in the former plays, completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters, appropriated and discriminated, than, perhaps, can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakspeare was the first that produced upon the English stage the effect of language distorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide.* This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praise only on him who originally discovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgment; its success must be derived almost wholly from the player, but its power in a skilful mouth even he that despises it is unable to resist.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often before the conclusion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience; but its general power—that power by which all works of genius shall finally be tried—is such, that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator who did not think it too soon at the end.

JOHNSON.

* In The Three Ladies of London, 1584, is the character of an Italian merchant very strongly marked by foreign pronunciation. Dr. Dodypoll, in the comedy of that name, is, like Caius, a French physician. This piece appeared at least a year before The Merry Wives of Windsor. The hero of it speaks such another jargon as the antagonist of Sir Hugh, and like him is cheated of his mistress. In several other pieces, more ancient than the earliest of Shakspeare's, provincial characters are introduced. In the old play of Henry V., French soldiers are introduced speaking broken English. STEEVENS.

## THE PASTORAL, BY CH. MARLOWE,

*Referred to Act* iii. *Sc.* 1, *of the foregoing Play.*

COME, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dales and field,
And all the craggy mountains, yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks.
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals—
There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from the pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.
Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on thy ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

# TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

# WHAT YOU WILL.

## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE plot of this admirable comedy appears to have been taken from the second tale in a collection by Barnabe Riche, entitled, "Rich his Farewell to the Militarie Profession," which was first printed in 1583. It is probably borrowed from *Les Histoires Tragiques de Belleforest*, vol. iv. Hist. viiᵐᵉ. Belleforest, as usual, copied Bandello. In the fifth eglog of Barnaby Googe, published with his poems in 1563, an incident somewhat similar to that of the duke sending his page to plead his cause with the lady, and the lady falling in love with the page, may be found. But Rich's narration is the more probable source, and resembles the plot more completely. It is too long for insertion here, but may be found in the late edition of Malone's Shakspeare, by Mr. Boswell.

The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the creation of the poet, and they are worthy of his transcendent genius. It is indeed one of the most delightful of Shakspeare's comedies. Dr. Johnson thought the natural fatuity of Ague-cheek hardly fair game; but the good-nature with which his folly and his pretensions are brought forward for our amusement, by humoring his whims, are almost without a spice of satire. It is rather an attempt to give pleasure by exhibiting an exaggerated picture of his foibles, than a wish to give pain by exposing their absurdity.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, *Duke of* Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, *a young Gentleman, Brother to* Viola.
ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, Friend to* Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, *Friend to* Viola.
VALENTINE, CURIO, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
SIR TOBY BELCH, *Uncle of* Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.
MALVOLIO, *Steward to* Olivia.
FABIAN, Clown, } *Servants to* Olivia.

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*
VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*
MARIA, Olivia's *Woman.*

*Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.*

SCENE. *A City in* Illyria, *and the Sea-coast near it.*

# TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

# WHAT YOU WILL.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

*Enter* DUKE, CURIO, Lords; *Musicians attending.*

*Duke.* If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.——
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,[1]
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity[2] and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.[3]

*Cur.* Will you go hunt, my lord?

*Duke.* What, Curio?

[1] The old copies read *sound:* the emendation is Pope's. Rowe had changed it to *wind.* In Sidney's Arcadia, 1590, we have—"more *sweet* than a gentle *south*-west wind, which comes creeping over *flowery* fields."

[2] Value.

[3] Fantastical to the height. This is the usual reading; but may it not have been originally written, "*hight* (i. e. *called*) fantastical"?

*Cur.* The hart.

*Duke.* Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turned into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from her?

*Enter* VALENTINE.

*Val.* So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years heat,[1]
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

*Duke.* O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock[2] of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled
(Her sweet perfections) with one self[3] king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *The Sea-coast.*

*Enter* VIOLA, Captain, *and* Sailors.

*Vio.* What country, friends, is this?

*Cap.* Illyria, lady.

*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?

[1] This passage is obscure: perhaps the meaning is, *seven summers.*
[2] So in Sidney's Arcadia—"the *flock* of unspeakable virtues."
[3] *Self king* signifies *self-same king.*

My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drowned:—What think you, sailors?

*Cap.* It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

*Vio.* O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

*Cap.* True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

*Vio.* For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

*Cap.* Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

*Vio.* Who governs here?

*Cap.* A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.

*Vio.* What is his name?

*Cap.* Orsino.

*Vio.* Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

*Cap.* And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur (as you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

*Vio.* What's she?

*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,

Who shortly also died: for whose dear love
They say she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

*Vio.* O that I served that lady;
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is![1]

*Cap.* That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

*Vio.* There is a fair behavior in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him;[2]
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow[3] me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

*Vio.* I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

[1] i. e. "I wish I might not be *made public* to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a *ripe opportunity* for my design." Johnson remarks that "Viola seems to have formed a deep design with very little premeditation." In the novel upon which the play is founded, the duke being driven upon the isle of Cyprus, by a tempest, *Silla*, the daughter of the governor, falls in love with him, and on his departure goes in pursuit of him. All this Shakspeare knew, and probably intended to tell in some future scene, but afterwards forgot it. Viola, in Act ii. Sc. 4, plainly alludes to her having been secretly in love with the duke; but it would have been inconsistent with her delicacy to have made an open confession of it to the captain.

[2] This plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented as a *page*.

[3] Approve.

## SCENE III. *A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

*Enter* Sir Toby Belch *and* Maria.

*Sir To.* What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I'm sure, care's an enemy to life.

*Mar.* By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

*Sir To.* Why, let her except before excepted.[1]

*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

*Sir To.* Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

*Sir To.* Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

*Sir To.* He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose?

*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

*Mar.* He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

[1] A ludicrous use of a formal *law phrase.*

*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels, and subtracters, that say so of him. Who are they?

*Mar.* They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystril,[1] that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.[2] What, wench? Castiliano volto;[3] for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

*Enter* SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

*Sir And.* Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

*Sir To.* Sweet Sir Andrew!

*Sir And.* Bless you, fair shrew.

*Mar.* And you too, sir.

*Sir To.* Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

*Sir And.* What's that?

*Sir To.* My niece's chamber-maid.

*Sir And.* Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is Mary, sir.

*Sir And.* Good mistress Mary Accost,——

*Sir To.* You mistake, knight: accost is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

*Sir And.* By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir To.* An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

*Sir And.* An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

[1] A *coystril* is a low, mean, or worthless fellow.

[2] A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief when they could not work. "To sleep like a town-top" is a proverbial expression.

[3] The old copy reads Castiliano *vulgo*. Warburton proposed reading *Castiliano volto*. In English, Put on your Castilian countenance, i. e. "grave, serious looks."

*Mar.* Sir, I have not you by the hand.

*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

*Mar.* Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

*Mar.* It's dry, sir.

*Sir And.* Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

*Mar.* A dry jest, sir.

*Sir And.* Are you full of them?

*Mar.* Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit* MARIA.

*Sir To.* O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

*Sir And.* Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

*Sir To.* No question.

*Sir And.* An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

*Sir And.* What is *pourquoy?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

*Sir To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To.* Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

*Sir To.* Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

*Sir And.* 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, wooes her.

*Sir To.* She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

*Sir And.* As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

*Sir And.* 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton to't.

*Sir And.* And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

*Sir To.* Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture?[1] why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace.[2] What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

*Sir And.* Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?

*Sir To.* What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

*Sir And.* Taurus? that's sides and heart.

[1] i. e. Mall Cutpurse, whose real name was Mary Frith, a notorious profligate of that day.

[2] *Cinque-pace*, the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number 5, also called *a galliard*.

*Sir To.* No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

*Enter* VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

*Val.* If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

*Vio.* You either fear his humor, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Enter* DUKE, CURIO, *and* Attendants.

*Vio.* I thank you.—Here comes the count.

*Duke.* Who saw Cesario, ho?

*Vio.* On your attendance, my lord; here.

*Duke.* Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou knowest no less but all; I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait[1] unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandoned to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

*Duke.* Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

*Vio.* Say, I do speak with her, my lord; what then?

*Duke.* O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;

[1] Go thy way.

She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspéct.
*Vio.* I think not so, my lord.
*Duke.* Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
*Vio.* I'll do my best
To woo your lady: yet [*aside*] a barful[1] strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V. *A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

*Enter* MARIA *and* Clown.[2]

*Mar.* Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

*Clo.* Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.

*Mar.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to fear.

*Mar.* A good lenten[3] answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, *I fear no colors.*

[1] A contest full of impediments.

[2] The clown in this play is a domestic fool in the service of Olivia. He is specifically termed an *allowed* fool, and "*Feste*, the jester that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in." Malvolio speaks of him as "a *set* fool."

[3] Short and spare. "Sparing, niggardly, insufficient, like the fare of old times in Lent. Metaphorically, *short, laconic.*"

*Clo.* Where, good mistress Mary?

*Mar.* In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

*Clo.* Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

*Mar.* Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent: or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

*Mar.* You are resolute then?

*Clo.* Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

*Mar.* That, if one break,[1] the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

*Clo.* Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

*Mar.* Peace, you rogue; no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* MALVOLIO.

*Clo.* Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.———God bless thee, lady!

*Oli.* Take the fool away.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

*Oli.* Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing that's

[1] *Points* were hooks which fastened the hose or breeches.

mended, is but patched: virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin: and sin, that amends, is but patched with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so: if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bade them take away you.

*Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

*Oli.* Can you do it?

*Clo.* Dexterously, good madam.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

*Clo.* I must catechize you for it, madonna: Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

*Oli.* Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

*Clo.* Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

*Oli.* Good fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

*Clo.* The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

*Clo.* God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unless

you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set of kind fools, no better than the fools' zanies.[1]

*Oli.* O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts,[2] that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

*Clo.* Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,[3] for thou speakest well of fools!

*Re-enter* MARIA.

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the Count Orsino, is it?

*Mar.* I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Mar.* Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

*Oli.* Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains; for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

*Enter* SIR TOBY BELCH.

*Oli.* By mine honor, half drunk!—What is he at the gate, cousin?

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

[1] Fools' baubles.

[2] *Bird-bolts* were short, thick arrows, with obtuse ends, used for shooting young rooks and other birds.

[3] Lying.

*Oli.* A gentleman! what gentleman?

*Sir To.* 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

*Clo.* Good Sir Toby,——

*Oli.* Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

*Sir To.* Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

*Oli.* Ay, marry; what is he?

*Sir To.* Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

*Clo.* Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drowned; go, look after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit* Clown.

*Re-enter* MALVOLIO.

*Mal.* Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak to you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* He has been told so: and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,[1] and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Oli.* What kind of man is he?

*Mal.* Why, of man kind.

*Oli.* What manner of man?

[1] The sheriffs formerly had painted posts set up at their doors, on which proclamations, &c. were affixed.

*Mal.* Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

*Oli.* Of what personage and years is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling[1] when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favored, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

*Oli.* Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* MARIA.

*Oli.* Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*Enter* VIOLA.

*Vio.* The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

*Oli.* Speak to me; I shall answer for her: Your will?

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible,[2] even to the least sinister usage.

*Oli.* Whence come you, sir?

*Vio.* I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

*Oli.* Are you a comedian?

*Vio.* No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

*Oli.* If I do not usurp myself, I am.

[1] *A codling* is *a young raw apple*, fit for nothing without dressing, and is so named because it is chiefly eaten when *coddled* or scalded.

[2] Sensitive.

*Vio.* Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

*Oli.* Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

*Oli.* It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

*Mar.* Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

*Vio.* No, good swabber: I am to hull[1] here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant,[2] sweet lady.

*Oli.* Tell me your mind.

*Vio.* I am a messenger.

*Oli.* Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

*Vio.* It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

*Oli.* Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

*Vio.* The rudeness, that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

*Oli.* Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA.] Now, sir, what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweet lady,——

[1] To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water without sails or rudder.

[2] Ladies in romance are guarded by giants. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, entreats Olivia to pacify her giant.

*Oli.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

*Vio.* In Orsino's bosom.

*Oli.* In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

*Oli.* O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

*Vio.* Good madam, let me see your face.

*Oli.* Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was, this presents:[1]—Is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Oli.* 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent,[2] whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

*Oli.* O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise[3] me?

*Vio.* I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty!

*Oli.* How does he love me?

[1] The old copy reads, "Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present." M. Mason proposed to read, "Look you, sir, such *as once* I was, this *presents*."

[2] Blended.

[3] i. e. appraise.

*Vio.* With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
*Oli.* Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged,[1] free, learned, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.
*Vio.* If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.
*Oli.* Why, what would you?
*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.
*Oli.* You might do much: What is your parentage?
*Vio.* Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
*Oli.* Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
*Vio.* I am no feed post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*
*Oli.* What is your parentage?

[1] Well spoken of by the world.

*Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:*
*I am a gentleman.*—I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon.—Not too fast:—soft!
soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

*Re-enter* MALVOLIO.

*Mal.* Here, madam, at your service.
*Oli.* Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's[1] man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes! I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.
*Mal.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
*Oli.* I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;[2]
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*

[1] Count.
[2] i. e. we are not our own masters; *owe* for *own*.

# ACT II.

## SCENE I. *The Sea-coast.*

*Enter* ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

*Ant.* Will you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

*Seb.* By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

*Seb.* No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in: therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo: my father was that Sebastian of Messaline,[1] whom, I know, you have heard of: he left behind him myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

*Ant.* Alas, the day!

*Seb.* A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder,[2] overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

[1] Probably intended for *Mitylene*

[2] i. e. esteeming wonder, or wonder and esteem.

bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

*Sir And.* 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Sir To.* Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say, a stoop of wine!

*Enter* Clown.

*Sir And.* Here comes the fool, i'faith.

*Clo.* How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?[1]

*Sir To.* Welcome, ass; now let's have a catch.

*Sir And.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.[2] I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: Hadst it?

*Clo.* I did impeticos thy gratillity;[3] for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*Sir And.* Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

*Sir To.* Come on; there is sixpence for you; let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a——

*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

[1] Alluding to an old common sign representing *two* fools or loggerheads, under which was inscribed, "We three loggerheads be."

[2] i. e. Voice. In Fiddes's Life of Wolsey, Append. p. 128, "Singing men *well-breasted*." The phrase is common to all writers of the Poet's age.

[3] The greater part of this scene, which the commentators have endeavored to explain, is mere *fooling*, and was hardly meant to be seriously understood.

SONG.

Clo. *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?*
*O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,*
*That can sing both high and low:*
*Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;*
*Journeys end in lovers' meeting,*
*Every wise man's son doth know.*

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i'faith!
*Sir To.* Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;*
*Present mirth hath present laughter;*
*What's to come is still unsure:*
*In delay there lies no plenty;*
*Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,*
*Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
*Sir To.* A contagious breath.
*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.
*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver?[1] shall we do that?
*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.
*Clo.* By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.
*Sir And.* Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*
*Clo. Hold thy peace,* thou knave, knight? I shall be constrained in't, to call thee knave, knight.
*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*[2]

Turn over One leaf.

[1] Shakspeare represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time.
[2] This catch is to be found in "Pammelia, Musicke's Miscellanie, 1618." The words and music are in the Variorum Shakspeare.

*Ant.* Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

*Ant.* If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court; farewell. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II. *A Street.*

*Enter* VIOLA; MALVOLIO *following.*

*Mal.* Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

*Vio.* Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

*Vio.* She took the ring of me!—I'll none of it.

*Mal.* Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

*Vio.* I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!

She made good view of me; indeed so much,
That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man.—If it be so, (as 'tis,)
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false [1]
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III. *A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

*Enter* Sir Toby Belch *and* Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

*Sir To.* Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,——

*Sir And.* Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know to be up late, is to be up late.

*Sir To.* A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to

Jump back 2 leaves.

[1] How easy is it for the proper (i. e. fair in their appearance) and false (i. e. deceitful) to make an impression on the easy hearts of women!

*Clo.* I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i'faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*

*Enter* MARIA.

*Mar.* What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

*Sir To.* My lady's a Cataian,[1] we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey,[2] and *Three merry men we be.* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilley-valley,[3] lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!* [*Singing.*

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To. O the twelfth day of December,*—

[*Singing.*

*Mar.* For the love o' God, peace.

*Enter* MALVOLIO.

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'[4] catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up![5]

*Mal.* Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that though she harbors you as her

[1] This word generally signified a sharper. Sir Toby is too drunk for precision, and uses it merely as a term of reproach.

[2] Name of an obscene old song.

[3] An interjection of contempt, equivalent to *fiddle-faddle.*

[4] *Cobblers*, or *botchers.* Dr. Johnson interprets it *tailors*, but erroneously.

[5] An interjection of contempt, signifying, *go hang yourself*, or *go and be hanged.*

kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself from your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*

*Mar.* Nay, good Sir Toby.

*Clo. His eyes do show his days are almost done.*

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*Sir To. But I will never die*

*Clo.* Sir Toby, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*Sir To. Shall I bid him go?* [*Singing.*

*Clo. What an if you do?*

*Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?*

*Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

*Sir To.* Out o' time? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo.* Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain[1] with crums:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

*Mal.* Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule;[2] she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

*Mar.* Go shake your ears.

*Sir And.* 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

*Sir To.* Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

[1] Stewards anciently wore a chain of silver or gold, as a mark of superiority, as did other principal servants. Wolsey's chief cook is described by Cavendish as wearing "velvet or sattin with a chain of gold." One of the methods used to clean gilt plate was *rubbing it with crums.*

[2] Behavior, or conduct.

*Mar.* Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word,[1] and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

*Sir To.* Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

*Mar.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

*Sir And.* O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

*Sir To.* What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

*Sir And.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

*Mar.* The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time pleaser; an affectioned[2] ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

*Sir To.* What wilt thou do?

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

*Sir To.* Excellent! I smell a device.

*Sir And.* I have't in my nose too.

*Sir To.* He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

*Mar.* My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

[1] By-word. [2] Affected.

*Sir And.* And your horse now would make him an ass.

*Mar.* Ass, I doubt not.

*Sir And.* O, 'twill be admirable.

*Mar.* Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

*Sir To.* Good night, Penthesilea.

*Sir And.* Before me, she's a good wench.

*Sir To.* She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me: What o' that?

*Sir And.* I was adored once, too.

*Sir To.* Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

*Sir And.* If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

*Sir To.* Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.[1]

*Sir And.* If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

*Sir To.* Come, come; I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

*Enter* DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

*Duke.* Give me some music:—Now, good morrow, friends:—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:——
Come, but one verse.

[1] i. e. *Call me a gelding:* this was a common expression of reproach.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

*Duke.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

*Duke.* Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* CURIO.—*Music.*

Come hither, boy: If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me;
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.—How dost thou like this tune?

*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favor that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

*Vio.* A little, by your favor.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee, then. What years, i'faith?

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by heaven: Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,[1]
Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

[1] i. e. consumed, worn out.

*Vio.* And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

*Re-enter* CURIO *and* Clown.

*Duke.* O fellow, come, the song we had last night:
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free[1] maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,[2]
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.[3]

*Clo.* Are you ready, sir?

*Duke.* Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. *Come away, come away, death,*
*And in sad cypress let me be laid;*
*Fly away, fly away, breath;*
*I am slain by a fair cruel maid.*
*My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,*
*O, prepare it;*
*My part of death no one so true*
*Did share it.*
*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,*
*On my black coffin let there be strown;*
*Not a friend, not a friend greet*
*My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:*
*A thousand thousand sighs to save,*
*Lay me, O, where*
*Sad true-love never find my grave,*
*To weep there.*

*Duke.* There's for thy pains.

*Clo.* No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

[1] Merry, gay. [2] *Silly sooth* is simple truth.
[3] The *old age* is the *ages past*, times of simplicity.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or another.

*Duke.* Give me now leave to leave thee.[1]

*Clo.* Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal.[2]—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[*Exit* Clown.

*Duke.* Let all the rest give place.——

[*Exeunt* CURIO *and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

*Vio.* But, if she cannot love you, sir?

*Duke.* I cannot be so answered.

*Vio.* 'Sooth, but you must
Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so: Must she not then be answered?

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be called appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare

[1] This is probably an error of the press, and should read, "*I give thee now leave to leave me.*"

[2] The opal is a gem which varies its hues, as it is viewed in different lights.

Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.
*Vio.* Ay, but I know,——
*Duke.* What dost thou know?
*Vio.* Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
*Duke.* And what's her history?
*Vio.* A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
*Duke.* But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
*Vio.* I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?
*Duke.* Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste: give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.[1] [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V. Olivia's *Garden.*

*Enter* SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

*Sir To.* Come thy ways, signior Fabian.
*Fab.* Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.
*Sir To.* Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

[1] Denial.

*Fab.* I would exult, man; you know, he brought me out of favor with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

*Sir To.* To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

*Enter* MARIA.

*Sir To.* Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of India?[1]

*Mar.* Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behavior to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter;*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit* MARIA.

*Enter* MALVOLIO.

*Mal.* 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

*Sir To.* Here's an overweening rogue!

*Fab.* O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets[2] under his advanced plumes!

[1] The first folio reads "*mettle* of India." By the nettle of India is meant a zoophite, called *Urtica Marina*, abounding in the Indian seas. "*Quæ tacta totius corporis pruritum quendam excitat, unde nomen Urticæ est sortita.*"—*Franzii Hist. Animal.* 1665, p. 620. In Holland's translation of Pliny, Book ix.—"As for those nettles, &c., their qualities is to raise an itching smart." So Green, in his "Card of Fancie,"—"The flower of India, pleasant to be seen, but whoso smelleth to it feeleth present smart." He refers to it again in his Mamilia, 1593. Maria has certainly excited a congenial sensation in Sir Toby. *Mettle* of India would signify my *girl of gold*, my *precious girl*.

[2] To *jet* was to *strut*.

*Sir And.* 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

*Sir To.* Peace, I say.

*Mal.* To be Count Malvolio;—

*Sir To.* Ah, rogue!

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

*Sir To.* Peace, peace!

*Mal.* There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy[1] married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir And.* Fie on him, Jezebel!

*Fab.* O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows[2] him.

*Mal.* Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

*Sir To.* O, for a stone bow, to hit him in the eye!

*Mal.* Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day bed, where I left Olivia sleeping,—

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace!

*Mal.* And then to have the humor of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—to ask for my kinsman Toby:—

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

*Mal.* Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me:—

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?

*Fab.* Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,[3] yet peace.

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:—

[1] Mr. R. P. Knight conjectures that this is a corruption of *Stratici*, a title anciently given to the Governors of Messina, and Illyria is not far from Messina. If so, it will mean the *Governor's lady*. The word *Stracky* is printed with a capital and in Italics in the first folio.

[2] Puffs him up.

[3] Thus in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, the clown says—"Who that is, *a team of horses* shall not *pluck from me.*"

*Sir To.* And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

*Mal.* Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:—*

*Sir To.* What, what?

*Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.*

*Sir To.* Out, scab!

*Fab.* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

*Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight—*

*Sir And.* That's me, I warrant you.

*Mal. One Sir Andrew:—*

*Sir And.* I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

*Mal.* What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the gin.

*Sir To.* O, peace! and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him?

*Mal.* By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes she her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: Why that?

*Mal.* [*Reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax. —Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* [*Reads.*] *Jove knows, I love:*

*But who?*

*Lips do not move,*

*No man must know.*

*No man must know.*—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man must know:*—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

*Sir To.* Marry, hang thee, brock![1]

[1] i. e. badger, a term of contempt.

*Mal.* *I may command where I adore:*
*But silence, like a Lucrece knife,*
*With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;*
M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.*

*Fab.* A fustian riddle!

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

*Mal.* M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

*Fab.* What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

*Sir To.* And with what wing the stannyel[1] checks at it!

*Mal.* *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me; I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this:—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me!—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

*Sir To.* O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

*Fab.* Sowter[2] will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

*Mal.* *M,*—Malvolio;—*M,*—why, that begins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

*Mal.* *M,*—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

*Fab.* And *O* shall end, I hope.

*Sir To.* Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O.*

*Mal.* And then *I* comes behind.

*Fab.* Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

[1] The common stone-hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks. *To check*, says Latham in his book of Falconry, is, "when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds, coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight to fly at them."

[2] *Sowter* is here used as the name of a hound.

*Mal. M, O, A, I*;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite*[1] *with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered:*[2] *I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,—The fortunate-unhappy.*

Day-light and champain[3] discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice,[4] the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!—Here is

[1] i. e. adverse, hostile.

[2] A fashion once prevailed for some time of wearing the garters *crossed* on the leg. It should be remembered that rich and expensive garters worn below the knee were then in use.

[3] Open country.

[4] i. e. *exactly* the same in every particular. The etymology of this phrase is very uncertain. The most probable seems the French *a point devise*.

yet a postscript.—*Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.*—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.[1]

*Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this device.

*Sir And.* So could I too.

*Sir To.* And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

*Enter* MARIA.

*Sir And.* Nor I neither.

*Fab.* Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

*Sir To.* Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

*Sir And.* Or o' mine either?

*Sir To.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,[2] and become thy bond-slave?

*Sir And.* I'faith, or I either?

*Sir To.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

*Mar.* Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

*Sir To.* Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

*Mar.* If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

*Sir To.* To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

*Sir And.* I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Alluding to Sir Robert Shirley, who was just returned in the character of ambassador from the Sophy. He boasted of the great rewards he had received, and lived in London with the utmost splendor.

[2] An old game played with dice or tables.

# ACT III.

## SCENE I. Olivia's *Garden.*

*Enter* VIOLA, *and* Clown *with a Tabor.*

*Vio.* Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

*Clo.* No, sir, I live by the church.

*Vio.* Art thou a churchman?

*Clo.* No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

*Vio.* So thou may'st say, the king lives by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

*Clo.* You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

*Vio.* Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

*Clo.* I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

*Vio.* Why, man?

*Clo.* Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

*Vio.* Thy reason, man?

*Clo.* Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

*Vio.* I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

*Clo.* Not so, sir; I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

*Vio.* Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

*Clo.* No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

*Clo.* Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

*Clo.* Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

*Vio.* By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

*Clo.* Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

*Vio.* Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

*Clo.* I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

*Vio.* I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

*Clo.* The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin; I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

*Vio.* This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard,[1] check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labor as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

[1] A *wild hawk*, or hawk not well trained.—Dr. Johnson reads "*Nor* like a haggard," &c.

*Enter* SIR TOBY BELCH *and* SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

*Sir To.* Save you, gentleman.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

*Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

*Sir And.* I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

*Sir To.* Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

*Vio.* I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

*Sir To.* Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

*Vio.* My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

*Sir To.* I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you!

*Sir And.* That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odors!* well.

*Vio.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant[1] and vouchsafed ear.

*Sir And. Odors, pregnant,* and *vouchsafed:*—I'll get 'em all three ready.

*Oli.* Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* MARIA.

Give me your hand, sir.

*Vio.* My duty, madam, and most humble service.

*Oli.* What is your name?

*Vio.* Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess!

*Oli.* My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,

[1] i. e. *ready, apprehensive; vouchsafed, for vouchsafing.*

Since lowly feigning was called compliment;
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.
*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
*Oli.* For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!
*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—
*Oli.* O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.
*Vio.* Dear lady,—
*Oli.* Give me leave, 'beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honor at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving[1]
Enough is shown; a cyprus,[2] not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: so let me hear you speak.
*Vio.* I pity you.
*Oli.* That's a degree to love.
*Vio.* No, not a grise;[3] for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
*Oli.* Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf?

[*Clock strikes.*

[1] Ready apprehension.
[2] i. e. a thin veil of crape or *cyprus*.
[3] Step.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
*Vio.* Then westward-hoe:
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
*Oli.* Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
*Vio.* That you do think, you are not what you are.
*Oli.* If I think so, I think the same of you.
*Vio.* Then think you right; I am not what I am.
*Oli.* I would you were as I would have you be!
*Vio.* Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
*Oli.* O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.
*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
*Oli.* Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

*Enter* Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *and* Fabian.

*Sir And.* No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy? Tell me that.

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

*Sir And.* 'Slight! Will you make an ass o' me?

*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

*Sir To.* And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

*Fab.* She did show favor to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: you should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valor or policy.

*Sir And.* And't be any way, it must be with valor; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist[1] as a politician.

*Sir To.* Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the

[1] The *Brownists* were so called from Mr. *Robert Brown*, a noted *Separatist* in Queen Elizabeth's time.

basis of valor. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valor.

*Fab.* There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware[1] in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

*Sir And.* Where shall I find you?

*Sir To.* We'll call thee at the *cubiculo:*[2] Go.

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW.

*Fab.* This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* I have been dear to him, lad: some two thousand strong, or so.

*Fab.* We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

*Sir To.* Never trust me then! And by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

*Fab.* And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

*Enter* MARIA.

*Sir To.* Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

[1] This curious piece of furniture was a few years since still in being at one of the inns in that town. It was reported to be twelve feet square, and capable of holding twenty-four persons.

[2] Chamber.

*Mar.* If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

*Sir To.* And cross-gartered?

*Mar.* Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favor.

*Sir To.* Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *A Street.*

*Enter* ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

*Seb.* I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you (though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage),
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which, to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks. Often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:

But, were my worth,[1] as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?
*Ant.* To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.
*Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.
*Ant.* 'Would you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answered.
*Seb.* Belike, you slew great number of his people.
*Ant.* The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:
For which, if I be lapsed[2] in this place,
I shall pay dear.
*Seb.* Do not then walk too open.
*Ant.* It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse:
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge; I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.
*Seb.* Why I your purse?
*Ant.* Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.
*Ant.* To the Elephant.—
*Seb.* I do remember.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] Wealth, or fortune. [2] Caught and convicted.

## SCENE IV. Olivia's *Garden.*

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

*Oli.* I have sent after him: he says he'll come:
How shall I feast him? What bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begged, or borrowed.
I speak too loud.——
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

*Mar.* He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possessed, madam.

*Oli.* Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

*Mar.* No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for sure the man is tainted in his wits.

*Oli.* Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

*Enter* MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

*Mal.* Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*

*Oli.* Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

*Mal.* Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *please one, and please all.*

*Oli.* Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

*Mal.* To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

*Oli.* God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you, Malvolio?

*Mal.* At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

*Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

*Mal.* *Be not afraid of greatness:*—'twas well writ.

*Oli.* What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* *Some are born great,*—

*Oli.* Ha?

*Mal.* *Some achieve greatness,*—

*Oli.* What say'st thou?

*Mal.* *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

*Oli.* Heaven restore thee!

*Mal.* *Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;*—

*Oli.* Thy yellow stockings?

*Mal.* *And wished to see thee cross-gartered.*

*Oli.* Cross-gartered?

*Mal.* *Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;*—

*Oli.* Am I made?

*Mal.* *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

*Oli.* Why, this is very midsummer madness.[1]

*Enter* Servant.

*Ser.* Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

*Oli.* I'll come to him. [*Exit* Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

*Mal.* Oh, ho! Do you come near me now? No

[1] It was an ancient opinion that hot weather affected the brain.

worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she; *be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity*;—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to:* Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—what can be said? Nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Re-enter* MARIA, *with* SIR TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is.—How is't with you, sir? How is't with you, man?

*Mal.* Go off: I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah, ha! Does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

*Mar.* La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

*Fab.* Carry his water to the wise woman.

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

*Mal.* How now, mistress?

*Mar.* O lord!

*Sir To.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

*Fab.* No way but gentleness; gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

*Mal.* Sir?

*Sir To.* Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier![1]

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers, minx?

*Mar.* No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

*Mal.* Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle, shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

*Sir To.* Is't possible?

*Fab.* If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath,

[1] *Collier* was in Shakspeare's time a term of the highest reproach.

prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

*Enter* SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

*Fab.* More matter for a May morning.[1]

*Sir And.* Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

*Fab.* Is't so saucy?

*Sir And.* Ay is it, I warrant him; do but read.

*Sir To.* Give me. [*Reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

*Fab.* Good, and valiant.

*Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.*

*Fab.* A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

*Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

*Fab.* Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

*Sir To. I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To. Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.*

*Fab.* Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

*Sir To. Fare thee well: And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy.*——ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

*Sir To.* If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

*Mar.* You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

[1] It was usual on the first of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as other sports.

*Sir To.* Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

*Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

*Sir To.* Now will I not deliver his letter; for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valor; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* VIOLA.

*Fab.* Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir To.* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

*Oli.* I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honor too unchary[1] out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong, potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

*Vio.* With the same 'havior that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

*Oli.* Here, wear this jewel[2] for me; 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you:

[1] Incautiously.
[2] *Jewel* anciently signified any precious ornament of superfluity.

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honor, saved, may upon asking give?

*Vio.* Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honor may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

*Vio.* I will acquit you.

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* SIR TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

*Sir To.* Gentleman, God save thee.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir To.* That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck,[1] be yare[2] in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

*Vio.* You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

*Sir To.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

*Vio.* I pray you, sir, what is he?

*Sir To.* He is knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet consideration;[3] but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs

[1] Rapier.
[2] Ready, nimble.
[3] i. e. he is a *carpet-knight*, not dubbed in the field, but on some peaceable occasion.

of death and sepulchre: hob, nob,[1] is his word; give't, or take't.

*Vio.* I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valor: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

*Sir To.* Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

*Vio.* This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

*Sir To.* I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit* SIR TOBY.

*Vio.* Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] According to some commentators, this phrase is a corruption of *hab or nab*, meaning have or have not, hit or miss; according to others, of *hap ne hap*, signifying, let it happen or not, or at random.

*Re-enter* SIR TOBY, *with* SIR ANDREW.

*Sir To.* Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuckin,[1] with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: they say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

*Sir And.* Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified; Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

*Sir And.* Plague on't: an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*

*Re-enter* FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to* FAB.] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

*Fab.* He is as horribly conceited[2] of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath's sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

*Vio.* Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*

*Fab.* Give ground, if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout

[1] A corruption of *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing.
[2] He has as horrid a conception of him.

with you; he cannot by the duello[1] avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to't.

*Sir And.* Pray God, he keep his oath! [*Draws.*

*Enter* ANTONIO.

*Vio.* I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*

*Ant.* Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

*Sir To.* You, sir? why, what are you?

*Ant.* One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker,[2] I am for you. [*Draws.*

*Enter* Two Officers.

*Fab.* O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

*Sir To.* I'll be with you anon. [*To* ANTONIO.

*Vio.* Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please. [*To* SIR ANDREW.

*Sir And.* Marry, will I, sir;—and for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily; and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.

*Ant.* You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favor well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

[1] Laws of duel.
[2] i. e. one who takes up or *undertakes* the quarrel of another.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.
*Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money.
*Vio.* What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you;
Hold, there is half my coffer.
*Ant.* Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
*Vio.* I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
*Ant.* O heavens themselves!
2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you go.
*Ant.* Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatched one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,——
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.
*Ant.* But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be called deformed, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourished[1] by the devil.

[1] Trunks, being then part of the furniture of apartments, were ornamented with scroll work or *flourished* devices.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him. Come, come, sir.

*Ant.* Lead me on. [*Exeunt* Officers *with* ANT.

*Vio.* Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

*Sir To.* Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

*Vio.* He named Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass;[1] even such, and so,
In favor was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, color, ornament,
For him I imitate; O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*

*Sir To.* A very dishonest, paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

*Sir And.* 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

*Sir To.* Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

*Sir And.* An I do not. [*Exit.*

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

[1] His resemblance *survives* in the reflection of my own figure.

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I. *The Street before* Olivia's *House.*

*Enter* SEBASTIAN *and* Clown.

*Clo.* Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

*Seb.* Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, i'faith!—No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing, that is so, is so.

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou know'st not me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,[1] depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.[2]

*Enter* SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

*Sir And.* Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

[1] *A merry Greek, or a foolish Greek,* were ancient proverbial expressions applied to boon companions, good fellows, as they were called, who spent their time in riotous mirth.

[2] i. e. at a very extravagant price, *twelve* years' purchase being then the current price of estates.

*Seb.* Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: are all the people mad! [*Beating* SIR ANDREW.

*Sir To.* Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

*Clo.* This will I tell my lady straight; I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit* Clown.

*Sir To.* Come on, sir; hold. [*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand.

*Sir To.* Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. What would'st thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.
[*Draws.*

*Sir To.* What, what! Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.
[*Draws.*

*Enter* OLIVIA.

*Oli.* Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

*Sir To.* Madam!

*Oli.* Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario:——
Rudesby,[1] be gone:—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent[2]
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby

[1] Rude fellow.

[2] The name of a writ of execution, here used as synonymous with violence.

May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: beshrew[1] his soul for me,
He started one poor heart[2] of mine in thee.

*Seb.* What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

*Oli.* Nay, come, I pr'ythee: would thoud'st be ruled by me!

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

*Enter* MARIA *and* Clown.

*Mar.* Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit* MARIA.

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall[3] enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors[4] enter.

*Enter* SIR TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

*Sir To.* Jove bless thee, master parson.

*Clo. Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is:* so

[1] Ill betide.

[2] An equivoque is here intended between *hart* and *heart:* they were formerly written alike.

[3] The modern editors have changed this to *fat* without any apparent reason.

[4] Confederates.

I, being master parson, am master parson. For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

*Sir To.* To him, Sir Topas.

*Clo.* What, hoa, I say;—peace in this prison!

*Sir To.* The knave counterfeits well: a good knave.

*Mal.* [*In an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

*Clo.* Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

*Clo.* Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

*Sir To.* Well said, master parson.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

*Clo.* Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: say'st thou, that house is dark?

*Mal.* As hell, Sir Topas.

*Clo.* Why, it hath bay-windows[1] transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories[2] towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

*Mal.* I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

*Clo.* Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

*Mal.* I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad

[1] *Bay windows* were what are now called bow windows.

[2] *Clear stories*, in Gothic architecture, denote the row of windows running along the upper part of a lofty hall or of a church, over the arches of the nave. The first folio reads clear *stores*, the second folio clear *stones*, which was followed by all subsequent editors. The emendation and explanation are Mr. Blakeway's.

than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.[1]

*Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

*Clo.* What thinkest thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

*Clo.* Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock,[2] lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

*Sir To.* My most exquisite Sir Topas!

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters.[3]

*Mar.* Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

*Sir To.* To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him; I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exeunt* SIR TOBY *and* MARIA.

Clo. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*[4]
*Tell me how thy lady does.* [*Singing.*

*Mal.* Fool,—

*Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.*

*Mal.* Fool,—

*Clo. Alas, why is she so?*

*Mal.* Fool, I say;—

[1] Regular conversation.

[2] The clown mentions a woodcock because it was proverbial as a foolish bird, and therefore a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits.

[3] A proverbial phrase not yet satisfactorily explained. The meaning, however, appears to be, "I can turn my hand to any thing, or assume any character."

[4] This ballad may be found in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, Vol. i. p. 194, ed. 1794.

*Clo.* *She loves another*—Who calls, ha?

*Mal.* Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

*Clo.* Master Malvolio!

*Mal.* Ay, good fool.

*Clo.* Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

*Mal.* Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*Mal.* They have here propertied me;[1] keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you say: the minister is here,—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

*Mal.* Sir Topas,———

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow.[2]—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'wi'you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

*Mal.* Fool, fool, fool, I say.—

*Clo.* Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent[3] for speaking to you.

*Mal.* Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

*Clo.* Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

*Mal.* By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

[1] Taken possession of.

[2] The clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas.

[3] Scolded, reprimanded.

*Mal.* Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

*Mal.* Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: pr'ythee, begone.

*Clo.* *I am gone, sir,*
*And anon, sir,*
*I'll be with you again,*
*In a trice;*
*Like to the old vice,*[1]
*Your need to sustain;*

*Who with dagger of lath,*
*In his rage and his wrath,*
*Cries Ah, ha! to the devil;*
*Like a mad lad,*
*Pare thy nails, dad,*
*Adieu, goodman devil.* [*Exit.*

## SCENE III. Olivia's *Garden.*

*Enter* SEBASTIAN.

*Seb.* This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,[2]
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,

[1] The *vice* was the fool of the old moralities. [2] i. e. *intelligence.*

Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

*Enter* OLIVIA *and a* Priest.

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now, go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry[1] by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: he shall conceal it,
Whiles[2] you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

*Oli.* Then lead the way, good father:——and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *The Street before* Olivia's *House.*

*Enter* Clown *and* FABIAN.

*Fab.* Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

*Clo.* Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

[1] "*Chantry*," a little chapel, or particular altar in some cathedral or parochial church, endowed for the purpose of having masses sung therein for the souls of the founders.

[2] Until.

*Fab.* Any thing.

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

*Fab.* That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

*Enter* Duke, VIOLA, *and* Attendants.

*Duke.* Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

*Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well: How dost thou, my good fellow?

*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.

*Duke.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer; there's another.

*Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

*Duke.* You can fool no more money out of me at

this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap; I will awake it anon. [*Exit* Clown.

*Enter* ANTONIO *and* Officers.

*Vio.* Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful[1] grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honor on him.—What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught,[2] from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,[3]
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

*Duke.* Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

*Ant.* Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,

[1] Destructive. [2] Freight.
[3] Inattentive to his character or condition, like a desperate man.

Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

*Vio.* How can this be?

*Duke.* When came he to this town?

*Ant.* To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night, did we keep company.

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* Attendants.

*Duke.* Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.———
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.———Take him aside.

*Oli.* What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

*Vio.* Madam?

*Duke.* Gracious Olivia,———

*Oli.* What do you say, Cesario?———Good my lord,———

*Vio.* My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

*Oli.* If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat[1] and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.
*Duke.* Still so cruel?
*Oli.* Still so constant, lord.
*Duke.* What! To perverseness? You uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out,
That e'er devotion tendered! What shall I do?
*Oli.* Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
*Duke.* Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like the Egyptian thief,[2] at point of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
That sometimes savors nobly?—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favor,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*
*Vio.* And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
[*Following.*
*Oli.* Where goes Cesario?
*Vio.* After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
*Oli.* Ah me, detested! how am I beguiled!

[1] Dull, gross.
[2] This *Egyptian Thief* was Thyamis. The story is related in the Æthiopics of Heliodorus.

*Vio.* Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?
*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thyself! Is it so long!—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an* Attendant.
*Duke.* Come away. [*To* VIOLA.
*Oli.* Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay!
*Duke.* Husband!
*Oli.* Ay, husband; can he that deny?
*Duke.* Her husband, sirrah?
*Vio.* No, my lord, not I
*Oli.* Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:[1]
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

*Re-enter* Attendant *and* Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.
*Priest.* A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Sealed in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but two hours.
*Duke.* O, thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be,
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?[2]
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
*Vio.* My lord, I do protest,—

[1] i. e. suppress, or disown thy property.
[2] This word appears to be used contemptuously for skin.

*Oli.* O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter* SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broke.*

*Sir And.* For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to Sir Toby.

*Oli.* What's the matter?

*Sir And.* He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

*Oli.* Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

*Duke.* My gentleman, Cesario?

*Sir And.* Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

*Enter* SIR TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the* Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates[1] than he did.

*Duke.* How now, gentleman? How is't with you?

*Sir To.* That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's an end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

*Clo.* O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

*Sir To.* Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin:[2] I hate a drunken rogue.

[1] Otherwise. [2] The *pavin* was a grave Spanish dance.

*Oli.* Away with him: who hath made this havoc with them?

*Sir And.* I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

*Sir To.* Will you help?—An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? A thin-faced knave, a gull?

*Oli.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

[*Exeunt* Clown, Sir Toby, *and* Sir Andrew.

*Enter* Sebastian.

*Seb.* I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective,[1] that is, and is not.

*Seb.* Antonio! O, my dear Antonio,
How have the hours racked and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

*Ant.* Sebastian are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

*Ant.* How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

*Oli.* Most wonderful!

*Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured:—
Of charity,[2] what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What countryman? What name? What parentage?

*Vio.* Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,

[1] A *perspective* formerly meant a glass that assisted the sight in any way.

[2] In charity, tell me.

So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
*Seb.* A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.
*Seb.* And so had mine.
*Vio.* And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.
*Seb.* O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
*Vio.* If nothing lets[1] to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurped attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.
*Seb.* So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
[*To* OLIVIA.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Now are you therein, by my life, deceived;
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.
*Duke.* Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
[*To* VIOLA.
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

[1] Hinders.

*Vio.* And all those sayings will I overswear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.
*Duke.* Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
*Vio.* The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.
*Oli.* He shall enlarge him:—fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

*Re-enter* Clown, *with a letter.*

A most extracting[1] frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banished his.—
How does he, sirrah?
*Clo.* Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do; he has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it to you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.
*Oli.* Open it, and read it.
*Clo.* Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,*—
*Oli.* How now! art thou mad?
*Clo.* No, madam, I do but read madness; an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox.*[2]
*Oli.* Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.
*Clo.* So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend,[3] my princess, and give ear.
*Oli.* Read it you, sirrah. [*To* FABIAN.

[1] i. e. a frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its object.
[2] This may be explained: "If you would have the letter read in character, you must allow me to assume the *voice* or frantic tone of a madman."
[3] Consider.

*Fab.* [Reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

*The madly-used* Malvolio.

*Oli.* Did he write this?

*Clo.* Ay, madam.

*Duke.* This savors not much of distraction.

*Oli.* See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
Your master quits you [*To* VIOLA]; and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

*Oli.* A sister?—You are she.

*Re-enter* FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

*Duke.* Is this the madman?

*Oli.* Ay, my lord, this same:
How now, Malvolio?

*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

*Oli.* Have I, Malvolio? No.

*Mal.* Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand:

Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honor,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favor;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-gartered to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter[1] people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck,[2] and gull,
That e'er invention played on? Tell me why.

*Oli.* Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad: then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice[3] hath most shrewdly passed upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

*Fab.* Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;[4]
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was followed,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weighed,
That have on both sides passed.

[1] Inferior.
[2] Fool.
[3] *Practice* is a deceit, an insidious stratagem.
[4] Importunacy.

*Oli.* Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled[1] thee!

*Clo.* Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.*— But do you remember? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? An you smile not, he's gagged:* And thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges.

*Mal.* I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously abused.

*Duke.* Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,[2]
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.—Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come,
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

SONG.

*Clo.* When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

[1] Cheated.
[2] i. e. Shall serve, agree, be convenient.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*

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This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Ague-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life. JOHNSON.

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

SHAKSPEARE took the fable of this play from the Promos and Cassandra of George Whetstone, published in 1578, of which this is "The Argument."

"In the city of Julio (sometimes under the dominion of Corvinus, king of Hungary and Bohemia), there was a law, that what man soever committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should wear some disguised apparel, during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe law, by the favor of some merciful magistrate, became little regarded, until the time of Lord Promos's authority; who, convicting a young gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman to his sister, named Cassandra. Cassandra, to enlarge her brother's life, submitted a humble petition to the Lord Promos. Promos, regarding her good behavior, and fantasying her great beauty, was much delighted with the sweet order of her talk; and doing good, that evil might come thereof, for a time he reprieved her brother; but, wicked man, turning his liking into unlawful lust, he set down the spoil of her honor, ransom for her brother's life: chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his suit, by no persuasion would yield to this ransom. But in fine, won by the importunity of her brother (pleading for life), upon these conditions she agreed to Promos: First, that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos, as fearless in promise as careless in performance, with solemn vow, signed her conditions; but, worse than any infidel, his will satisfied, he performed neither the one nor

the other: for to keep his authority unspotted with favor, and to prevent Cassandra's clamors, he commanded the jailer secretly to present Cassandra with her brother's head. The jailer [touched] with the outcries of Andrugio (abhorring Promos's lewdness), by the providence of God, provided thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felon's head newly executed; who knew it not, being mangled, from her brother's (who was set at liberty by the jailer). [She] was so aggrieved at this treachery, that, at the point to kill herself, she spared that stroke to be avenged of Promos; and devising a way, she concluded to make her fortunes known to the king. She, executing this resolution, was so highly favored of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos; whose judgment was to marry Cassandra, to repair her crazed honor; which done, for his heinous offence, he should lose his head. This marriage solemnized, Cassandra, tied in the greatest bonds of affection to her husband, became an earnest suitor for his life: the king tendering the general benefit of the commonweal before her special case, although he favored her much, would not grant her suit. Andrugio (disguised among the company), sorrowing the grief of his sister, bewrayed his safety, and craved pardon. The king, to renown the virtues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos. The circumstances of this rare history, in action lively followeth."

Whetstone, however, has not afforded a very correct analysis of his play, which contains a mixture of comic scenes, between a bawd, a pimp, felons, &c., together with some serious situations which are not described. A hint, like a seed, is more or less prolific, according to the qualities of the soil on which it is thrown. This story, which in the hands of Whetstone produced little more than barren insipidity, under the culture of Shakspeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader may see the old play of Promos and Cassandra among "Six Old Plays on which Shakspeare founded, &c." published by Mr. Steevens, printed for S. Leacroft, Charing Cross. The piece exhibits an almost complete embryo of Measure for Measure; yet the hints on which it is formed are so slight, that it is nearly as impossible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak. The story originally came

from the "Hecatommithi" of Cinthio, Decade 8, Novel 5, and is repeated in the Tragic Histories of Belleforest.

"This play," says Mr. Hazlitt, "is as full of genius as it is of wisdom. Yet there is an original sin in the nature of the subject, which prevents us from taking a cordial interest in it. 'The height of moral argument,' which the author has maintained in the intervals of passion, or blended with the more powerful impulses of nature, is hardly surpassed in any of his plays. But there is a general want of passion; the affections are at a stand; our sympathies are repulsed and defeated in all directions."

Isabella is a lovely example of female purity and virtue: with mental energies of a very superior kind, she is placed in a situation to make trial of them all, and the firmness with which her virtue resists the appeal of natural affection has something in it heroically sublime. The passages in which she encourages her brother to meet death with firmness rather than dishonor; his burst of indignant passion on learning the price at which his life might be redeemed; and his subsequent clinging to life, and desire that she would make the sacrifice required,—are among the finest dramatic passages of Shakspeare. What heightens the effect is, that this scene follows the fine exhortation of the duke in the character of the friar, about the little value of life, which had almost made Claudio "resolved to die." The comic parts of the play are lively and amusing; and the reckless Barnardine, "fearless of what's past, present, and to come," is in fine contrast to the sentimentality of the other characters. Shakspeare "was a moralist in the same sense in which Nature is one. He taught what he had learnt from her. He showed the greatest knowledge of humanity, with the greatest fellow feeling for it."

Malone supposes this play to have been written about the close of the year 1603.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of* Vienna.
ANGELO, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord, joined with* Angelo *in the Deputation.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a Fantastic.*
Two other like Gentlemen.
VARRIUS, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*
Provost.
THOMAS, } *two Friars.*
PETER, }
A Justice.
ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*
FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*
Clown, *Servant to* Mrs. Over-done.
ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *Sister to* Claudio.
MARIANA, *betrothed to* Angelo
JULIET, *beloved by* Claudio.
FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*
MISTRESS OVER-DONE, *a Bawd.*

*Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE. Vienna.

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

*Enter* Duke, Escalus, Lords, *and* Attendants.

*Duke.* Escalus,—
*Escal.* My lord.
*Duke.* Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists[1] of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency,[2] as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: there is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us, Angelo.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul

[1] *Lists* are bounds.
[2] Some words seem to be lost here; the sense of which may have been

———Then no more remains
But that to your sufficiency *you join*
*A zeal as willing*, as your worth is able,
And let them work.

Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dressed him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?
*Escal.* If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honor,
It is lord Angelo.

*Enter* ANGELO.

*Duke.* Look, where he comes.
*Ang.* Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.
*Duke.* Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper,[1] as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues:[2] nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.[3] But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advértise:[4]
Hold, therefore.—Angelo,
In our remove, be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.
*Ang.* Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,

[1] So much thy own property.
[2] i. e. high purposes.
[3] i. e. interest.
[4] i. e. to one who is already sufficiently conversant with the nature and duties of that *office which I have now delegated to him.*

Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamped upon it.
*Duke.* No more evasion:
We have with a leavened [1] and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestioned
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall impórtune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.
*Ang.* Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.
*Duke.* My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honor, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own;
So to enforce or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away; I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes;
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* [2] vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
*Ang.* The heavens give safety to your purposes!
*Escal.* Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.
*Duke.* I thank you: fare you well. [*Exit.*
*Escal.* I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.
*Ang.* 'Tis so with me:—let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.
*Escal.* I'll wait upon your honor.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] i. e. concocted, matured.
[2] *Aves* are hailings.

## SCENE II. *A Street.*

*Enter* Lucio *and two* Gentlemen.

*Lucio.* If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why, then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

*Lucio.* Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

*Lucio.* Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: there's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

*Lucio.* I believe thee; for I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in metre?

*Lucio.* In any proportion,[1] or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

*Lucio.* Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as for example; thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.[2]

*Lucio.* I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou

[1] i. e. measure. [2] We are both of the same piece.

art piled, for a French velvet.[1] Do I speak feelingly now?

*Lucio.* I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted or free.

*Lucio.* Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

*Lucio.* A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

*Lucio.* Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow: impiety has made a feast of thee.

*Enter* Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

*Bawd.* Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

*Bawd.* Marry, sir, that's Claudio, seignior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'Tis not so.

*Bawd.* Nay, but I know 'tis so; I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

*Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: art thou sure of this?

[1] Velvet was esteemed according to the richness of the *pile*; three-piled was the richest. But *piled* also means *bald*.

*Bawd.* I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

*Lucio.* Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

*Lucio.* Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt* Lucio *and* Gentlemen.

*Bawd.* Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat,[1] what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? What's the news with you?

*Enter* Clown.

*Clo.* Yonder man is carried to prison.

*Bawd.* Well; what has he done?

*Clo.* A woman.

*Bawd.* But what's his offence?

*Clo.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

*Bawd.* What, is there a maid with child by him?

*Clo.* No; but there's a woman with maid by him: you have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

*Bawd.* What proclamation, man?

*Clo.* All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

*Bawd.* And what shall become of those in the city?

*Clo.* They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

*Bawd.* But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

*Clo.* To the ground, mistress.

*Bawd.* Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

*Clo.* Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not

[1] The *sweat*; the consequences of the curative process then used for a certain disease.

change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

*Bawd.* What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

*Clo.* Here comes seignior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *The Same.*

*Enter* Provost,[1] CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and* Officers: LUCIO *and two* Gentlemen.

*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

*Prov.* I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

*Claud.* Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of Heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.[2]

*Lucio.* Why, how now, Claudio? Whence comes this restraint?

*Claud.* From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin[3] down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

*Lucio.* If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

[1] i. e. gaoler.

[2] The Poet alludes to a passage in St. Paul's Epist. to the Romans, ch. ix. v. 15—18: "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy."

[3] To *ravin* is to devour voraciously.

*Claud.* What, but to speak of, would offend again.
*Lucio.* What is it? Murder?
*Claud.* No.
*Lucio.* Lechery?
*Claud.* Call it so.
*Prov.* Away, sir; you must go.
*Claud.* One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*
*Lucio.* A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—
Is lechery so looked after?
*Claud.* Thus stands it with me:—upon a true contráct,
I got possession of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation[1] of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.
*Lucio.* With child, perhaps?
*Claud.* Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscoured armor, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,

[1] It appears that Claudio would say—"for the sake of *promoting* such a dower as her friends might hereafter bestow on her, when time had reconciled them to her clandestine marriage."

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'tis surely for a name.

*Lucio.* I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle[1] on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

*Claud.* I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:[2]
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone[3] and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; besides, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

*Lucio.* I pray, she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

*Claud.* I thank you, good friend Lucio.

*Lucio.* Within two hours,——

*Claud.* Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV. *A Monastery.*

*Enter* DUKE *and* Friar Thomas.

*Duke.* No; holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a cómplete bosom:[4] why I desire thee
To give me secret harbor, hath a purpose

[1] *Tickle*, for ticklish.
[2] i. e. enter on her *novitiate* or *probation*.
[3] *Prone* is *prompt* or *ready*.
[4] "A complete bosom" is a bosom completely armed.

More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.
*Fri.* May your grace speak of it?
*Duke.* My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have delivered to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture[1] and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travelled to Poland;
For so I have strewed it in the common ear,
And so it is received: now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?
*Fri.* Gladly, my lord.
*Duke.* We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,)
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mocked than feared: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.
*Fri.* It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased;
And it in you more dreadful would have seemed,
Than in lord Angelo.
*Duke.* I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them
For what I bid them do; for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,

[1] Strictness.

I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the sight,
To do it slander: and to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure, shall I render you;
Only, this one:—lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard[1] with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V. *A Nunnery.*

*Enter* ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

*Isab.* And have you nuns no further privileges?
*Fran.* Are not these large enough?
*Isab.* Yes, truly; I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
*Lucio.* Ho! Peace be in this place! [*Within.*
*Isab.* Who's that which calls?
*Fran.* It is a man's voice: gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vowed, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him.
[*Exit* FRANCISCA.
*Isab.* Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

[1] i. e. on his defence.

*Enter* Lucio.

*Lucio.* Hail, virgin, if you be; as those check-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

*Isab.* Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

*Lucio.* Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

*Isab.* Woe's me! For what?

*Lucio.* For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

*Isab.* Sir, make me not your story.[1]

*Lucio.* It is true
I would not,—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing,[2] and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing enskied, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

*Isab.* You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,[3] 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison;[4] even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

[1] Mr. Malone reads, "Sir, mock me not;—your story."

[2] This bird is said to draw pursuers from her nest by crying in other places. This was formerly the subject of a proverb—"The lapwing cries most, farthest from her nest," i. e. *tongue far from heart.*

[3] In few and true words.

[4] Abundant produce.

[5] Ibid. page 388. Outline & note.

*Isab.* Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?
*Lucio.* Is she your cousin?
*Isab.* Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.
*Lucio.* She it is.
*Isab.* O let him marry her!
*Lucio.* This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line[1] of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath picked out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigor of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.
*Isab.* Doth he so seek his life?
*Lucio.* Has censured[2] him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
*Isab.* Alas! What poor ability's in me
To do him good?
*Lucio.* Assay the power you have.

[1] *Full line*, extent. [2] To *censure* is to *judge*.

*Isab.* My power! Alas! I doubt,—
*Lucio.* Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe[1] them.
*Isab.* I'll see what I can do.
*Lucio.* But speedily.
*Isab.* I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
*Lucio.* I take my leave of you.
*Isab.* Good sir, adieu.
[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *A Hall in* Angelo's *House.*

*Enter* ANGELO, ESCALUS, *a* Justice, Provost, Officers, *and other Attendants.*

*Ang.* We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
*Escal.* Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honor know,[2]

[1] To *owe* is to *have*, to *possess*. [2] i. e. to examine.

(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attained the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not some time in your life
Erred in this point which now you censure him,
And pulled the law upon you.

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

*Escal.* Be it as your wisdom will.

*Ang.* Where is the provost!

*Prov.* Here, if it like your honor.

*Ang.* See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit* Provost.

*Escal.* Well, Heaven forgive him; and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:[1]
Some run from brakes[2] of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

[1] This line is printed in Italics as a quotation in the first folio.

[2] The first folio here reads—"Some run from brakes of *ice*." The correction was made by Rowe. A *brake* was used to signify a *trap* or *snare*.

*Enter* ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.

*Elb.* Come, bring them away; if these be good people in a commonweal, that do nothing but use their abuse in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

*Ang.* How now, sir! What's your name? And what's the matter?

*Elb.* If it please your honor, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honor two notorious benefactors.

*Ang.* Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

*Elb.* If it please your honor, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

*Escal.* This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

*Ang.* Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

*Clo.* He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

*Ang.* What are you, sir?

*Elb.* He, sir? A tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes[1] a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

*Escal.* How know you that?

*Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your honor,—

*Escal.* How! thy wife?

*Elb.* Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman,—

*Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?

*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

[1] i. e. keeps a bagnio.

*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

*Escal.* By the woman's means?

*Elb.* Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

*Clo.* Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou honorable man; prove it.

*Escal.* Do you hear how he misplaces?

[*To* ANGELO.

*Clo.* Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honor's reverence) for stewed prunes: sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; your honors have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

*Escal.* Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

*Clo.* No indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in a dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

*Froth.* No, indeed.

*Clo.* Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the aforesaid prunes.

*Froth.* Ay, so I did, indeed.

*Clo.* Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

*Froth.* All this is true.

*Clo.* Why, very well then.

*Escal.* Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath

cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

*Clo.* Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

*Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean it not.

*Clo.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honor's leave: and, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

*Froth.* All-hallond[1] eve.

*Clo.* Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: have you not?

*Froth.* I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

*Clo.* Why, very well then:—I hope here be truths.

*Ang.* This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

*Escal.* I think no less; good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit* ANGELO.
Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

*Clo.* Once, sir? There was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

*Clo.* I beseech your honor, ask me.

*Escal.* Well, sir: what did this gentleman to her?

*Clo.* I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—good master Froth, look upon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honor mark his face?

*Escal.* Ay, sir, very well.

*Clo.* Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

*Escal.* Well, I do so.

*Clo.* Doth your honor see any harm in his face?

[1] The Eve of All Saints' day.

*Escal.* Why, no.

*Clo.* I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honor.

*Escal.* He's in the right: constable, what say you to it?

*Elb.* First, an it like you, the house is a respected house: next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

*Clo.* By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

*Clo.* Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

*Escal.* Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity? Is this true?

*Elb.* O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

*Escal.* If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it: what is't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

*Escal.* Truly, officer, because he has some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it:—thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

*Escal.* Where were you born, friend? [*To* FROTH.

*Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

*Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

*Froth.* Yes, and't please you, sir.

*Escal.* So.—What trade are you of, sir? [*To the* Clown.

*Clo.* A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

*Escal.* Your mistress's name?

*Clo.* Mistress Over-done.

*Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband?

*Clo.* Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

*Escal.* Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

*Froth.* I thank your worship; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

*Escal.* Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [*Exit* Froth.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

*Clo.* Pompey.

*Escal.* What else?

*Clo.* Bum, sir.

*Escal.* 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you: so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you color it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

*Escal.* How would you live, Pompey? By being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

*Clo.* If the law would allow it, sir.

*Escal.* But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

*Clo.* Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city?

*Escal.* No, Pompey.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

*Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

*Clo.* If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay:[1] if you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

*Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipped: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

*Clo.* I thank your worship for your good counsel: but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipped out of his trade.

[*Exit.*

*Escal.* Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

*Elb.* Seven year and a half, sir.

*Escal.* I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say, seven years together?

*Elb.* And a half, sir.

*Escal.* Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

*Elb.* Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as

[1] *A bay* is a principal division in building, as a *barn of three bays* is a barn twice crossed by beams.

they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

*Escal.* Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your worship's house, sir?

*Escal.* To my house: fare you well. [*Exit* Elbow.] What's o'clock, think you?

*Just.* Eleven, sir.

*Escal.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Just.* I humbly thank you.

*Escal.* It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

*Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.

*Escal.* It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* Provost *and a* Servant.

*Serv.* He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.
I'll tell him of you.

*Prov.* Pray you, do. [*Exit* Servant.] I'll know
His pleasure: may be, he will relent: alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

*Enter* Angelo.

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter, provost.

*Prov.* Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

*Ang.* Did I not tell thee, yea? Hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

*Prov.* Lest I might be too rash:

Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
*Ang.* Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.
*Prov.* I crave your honor's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.
*Ang.* Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

*Re-enter* Servant.

*Serv.* Here is the sister of the man condemned,
Desires access to you.
*Ang.* Hath he a sister?
*Prov.* Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.
*Ang.* Well, let her be admitted.
[*Exit* Servant.
See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

*Enter* Lucio *and* Isabella.

*Prov.* Save your honor. [*Offering to retire.*
*Ang.* Stay a little while.—[*To Isab.*] You are welcome: What's your will?
*Isab.* I am a woful suitor to your honor;
Please but your honor hear me.
*Ang.* Well; what's your suit?
*Isab.* There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
*Ang.* Well; the matter?

*Isab.* I have a brother is condemned to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.[1]
*Prov.* Heaven give thee moving graces!
*Ang.* Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemned, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
*Isab.* O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honor!
[*Retiring.*
*Lucio.* [*To* ISAB.] Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him:
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.
*Isab.* Must he needs die?
*Ang.* Maiden, no remedy.
*Isab.* Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
*Ang.* I will not do't.
*Isab.* But can you, if you would?
*Ang.* Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
*Isab.* But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touched with that remorse
As mine is to him?
*Ang.* He's sentenced; 'tis too late.
*Lucio.* You are too cold. [*To* ISABELLA.
*Isab.* Too late? why, no: I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,

[1] i. e. let my brother's fault die or be extirpated, but let not him suffer.

And you as he, you would have slippped like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.
*Ang.* Pray you, begone.
*Isab.* I would to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! Should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
*Lucio.* Ay, touch him: there's the vein. [*Aside.*
*Ang.* Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
*Isab.* Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: how would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.[1]
*Ang.* Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.
*Isab.* To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepared for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
*Lucio.* Ay, well said.
*Ang.* The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe,
Had answered for his deed: now, 'tis awake;

[1] "You will then be as tender-hearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence."

Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass,[1] that shows what future evils,
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatched and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

*Isab.* Yet show some pity.

*Ang.* I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

*Isab.* So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

*Lucio.* That's well said.

*Isab.* Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting,[2] petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.——
Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle:—But man, proud man!
Dressed in a little brief authority,—
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

*Lucio.* O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive't.

*Prov.* Pray Heaven, she win him!

[1] This alludes to the deceptions of the fortune-tellers, who pretended to see future events in a beryl, or crystal glass.

[2] *Pelting* for *paltry*.

*Isab.* We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them!
But, in the less, foul profanation.
*Lucio.* Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.
*Isab.* That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
*Lucio.* Art advised o' that? More on't.
*Ang.* Why do you put these sayings upon me?
*Isab.* Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top:[1] go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
*Ang.* She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.[2]——Fare you well.
*Isab.* Gentle my lord, turn back.
*Ang.* I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.
*Isab.* Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.
*Ang.* How! Bribe me?
*Isab.* Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.
*Lucio.* You had marred all else.
*Isab.* Not with fond[3] shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
*Ang.* Well; come to me
To-morrow.

[1] Shakspeare has used this indelicate metaphor again in Hamlet:—"It will but skin and film the ulcerous place."
[2] i. e. such sense as breeds or *produces a consequence* in his mind. Malone thought that *sense* here meant *sensual desire.*
[3] *Fond* here signifies *overvalued or prized by folly.*

*Lucio.* Go to; it is well; away. [*Aside to* Isabel.
*Isab.* Heaven keep your honor safe!
*Ang.* Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross.[1]
*Isab.* At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
*Ang.* At any time 'fore noon.
*Isab.* Save your honor!
[*Exeunt* Lucio, Isabella, *and* Provost.
*Ang.* From thee; even from thy virtue.—
What's this? What's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season.[2] Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense[3]
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? Or, what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook. Most dangerous

[1] The petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," is here considered as *crossing* or intercepting the way in which Angelo was going: he was exposing himself to temptation by the appointment for the morrow's meeting.

[2] I am corrupted, not by her, but by my own heart, which excites foul desires under the same influences that exalt her purity, as the carrion grows putrid by those beams that increase the fragrance of the violet.

[3] *Sense* for *sensual appetite.*

Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigor, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite;—ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wondered how![1]
[*Exit.*

## SCENE III. *A Room in a Prison.*

*Enter* Duke, *habited like a friar, and* Provost.

*Duke.* Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
*Prov.* I am the provost: what's your will, good friar?
*Duke.* Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
*Prov.* I would do more than that, if more were needful.

*Enter* JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames[2] of her own youth,
Hath blistered her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenced;—a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.
*Duke.* When must he die?
*Prov.* As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; stay a while, [*To* JULIET.
And you shall be conducted.
*Duke.* Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
*Juliet.* I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
*Duke.* I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,

[1] Dr. Johnson thinks the second act should end here.
[2] The folio reads *flawes.*

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
*Juliet.* I'll gladly learn.
*Duke.* Love you the man that wronged you?
*Juliet.* Yes, as I love the woman that wronged him.
*Duke.* So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
*Juliet.* Mutually.
*Duke.* Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
*Juliet.* I do confess it, and repent it, father.
*Duke.* 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Showing, we'd not spare[1] heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—
*Juliet.* I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.
*Duke.* There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*
*Juliet.* Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,[2]
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
*Prov.* 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV. *A Room in* Angelo's *House.*

*Enter* Angelo.

*Ang.* When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention,[3] hearing not my tongue,

[1] i. e. not spare to offend heaven.
[2] "O injurious *love*." Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed to read *law* instead of *love*.
[3] *Invention* for *imagination*.

Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown feared and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot,[1] change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still art blood!
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.[2]

*Enter* Servant.

How now: who's there?
*Serv.* One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
*Ang.* Teach her the way. [*Exit* Serv.
O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart;
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all the other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general,[3] subject to a well-wished king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

*Enter* ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?
*Isab.* I am come to know your pleasure.

[1] *Boot* is profit.
[2] "Though we should write *good angel* on the devil's horn, it will not change his nature, so as to give him a right to wear that *crest*."
[3] i. e. the *people* or *multitude*.

*Ang.* That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.
*Isab.* Even so?—Heaven keep your honor! [*Retiring.*
*Ang.* Yet may he live awhile; and it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.
*Isab.* Under your sentence?
*Ang.* Yea.
*Isab.* When, I beseech you? That in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.
*Ang.* Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made,[1] as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.
*Isab.* 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
*Ang.* Say you so? Then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stained?
*Isab.* Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
*Ang.* I talk not of your soul: our compelled sins
Stand more for number than account.[2]
*Isab.* How say you?
*Ang.* Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

[1] i. e. that hath killed a man.
[2] i. e. actions that we are compelled to, however numerous, are not imputed to us by Heaven as crimes.

*Isab.* Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
*Ang.* Pleased you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
*Ang.* Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.
*Isab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks [1]
Proclaim an enshield [2] beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
*Isab.* So.
*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
*Isab.* True.
*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,[3]) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?
*Isab.* As much for my poor brother, as myself:

[1] The masks worn by female spectators of the play are here probably meant.
[2] i. e. enshielded, covered.
[3] i. e. conversation that tends to nothing.

That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

*Ang.* Then must your brother die.

*Isab.* And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die forever.

*Ang.* Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slandered so?

*Isab.* Ignomy[1] in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

*Ang.* You seemed of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

*Isab.* O pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

*Ang.* We are all frail.

*Isab.* Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness.[2]

*Ang.* Nay, women are frail, too.

*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them.[3] Nay, call us ten times frail;

[1] *Ignomy*, ignominy.

[2] This is obscure; but the allusion is so fine, that it deserves to be explained. A *feodary* was one that, in times of vassalage, held lands of the chief lord under the tenure of paying rent and service, which tenure was called *feuda*, among the Goths. "Now," says Angelo, "we are all frail." "Yes," says Isabella, "if all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what they are to this tenure of *imbecility*, and who succeed each other by the same tenure as well as my brother, I would give him up." The comparing mankind lying under the weight of original sin, to a feodary who owes *suit* and service to his lord, is not ill imagined.

[3] The meaning appears to be, that "men debase their natures by taking advantage of women's weakness." She therefore calls on Heaven to assist them.

For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.[1]
*Ang.* I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words: Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none:
If you be one, (as you are well expressed
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.
*Isab.* I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.
*Ang.* Plainly conceive, I love you.
*Isab.* My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for it.
*Ang.* He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
*Isab.* I know, your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.[2]
*Ang.* Believe me, on mine honor,
My words express my purpose.
*Isab.* Ha! Little honor to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming![3]—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretched throat, I'll tell the world,
Aloud, what man thou art.
*Ang.* Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoiled name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;

[1] i. e. impressions
[2] i. e. "your virtue assumes an air of *licentiousness*, which is not natural to you, on purpose to try me."
[3] *Seeming* is hypocrisy.

Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: as for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*

*Isab.* To whom shall I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make courtesy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture[1] of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honor,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorred pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest [*Exit.*

[1] i. e. temptation, instigation.

# ACT III.

## SCENE I. *A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter* Duke, CLAUDIO, *and* Provost.

*Duke.* So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

*Claud.* The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep:[1] a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skyey influences,)
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,[2]
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nursed by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange affects,[3]
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou art poor;

[1] *Keep* here means *care for*, a common acceptation of the word in Chaucer and later writers.

[2] i. e. dwellest.

[3] The old copy reads *effects*. We should read *affects*, i. e. affections, passions of the mind. See Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 4.

For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo,[1] and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld;[2] and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

*Claud.* I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die:
And seeking death, find life: let it come on.

*Enter* ISABELLA.

*Isab.* What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

*Prov.* Who's there? Come in; the wish deserves a welcome.

*Duke.* Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

*Claud.* Most holy sir, I thank you.

*Isab.* My business is a word or two with Claudio.

*Prov.* And very welcome. Look, seignior, here's your sister.

*Duke.* Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* As many as you please.

*Duke.* Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed,[3]
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provost.

[1] *Serpigo* is a leprous eruption. [2] *Old age.*
[3] The *first* folio reads, "Bring them to *hear me* speak," &c.; the *second* folio reads, "Bring them to speak." The emendation is by Steevens.

*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort?
*Isab.* Why, as all comforts are, most good indeed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to Heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:[1]
Therefore your best appointment[2] make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.
*Claud.* Is there no remedy?
*Isab.* None, but such remedy, as to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
*Claud.* But is there any?
*Isab.* Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
*Claud.* Perpetual durance?
*Isab.* Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity[3] you had,
To a determined scope.[4]
*Claud.* But in what nature?
*Isab.* In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honor from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
*Claud.* Let me know the point.
*Isab.* O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honor. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.[5]

[1] A *leiger* is a resident.
[2] i. e. preparation.
[3] i. e. vastness of extent.
[4] "To a determined scope"—a confinement of your mind to one painful idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped.
[5] "And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies."
This beautiful passage is in all our minds and memories, but it most

*Claud.* Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

*Isab.* There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enmew,[1]
As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

*Claud.* The princely Angelo?

*Isab.* O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards![2] Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

*Claud.* O, Heavens! it cannot be.

*Isab.* Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still: this night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

*Claud.* Thou shalt not do't.

*Isab.* O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly[3] as a pin.

*Claud.* Thanks, my dear Isabel.

*Isab.* Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

frequently stands in quotation detached from the antecedent line—"The sense of death is most in apprehension;" without which it is liable to an opposite construction.

[1] To *enmew* is a term in falconry, signifying to restrain, to keep in a mew or cage either by force or terror.

[2] *Guards* were trimmings, facings, or other ornaments applied upon a dress. It here stands, by synecdoche, for *dress*.

[3] Freely.

*Claud.* Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
*Isab.* Which is the least?
*Claud.* If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why, would he, for the momentary trick,
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!
*Isab.* What says my brother?
*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.
*Isab.* And shamed life a hateful.
*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.
*Isab.* Alas! alas!
*Claud.* Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.
*Isab.* O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother played my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness[1]

[1] *Wilderness*, for wildness.

Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance:
Die; perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

*Claud.* Nay, hear me, Isabel.

*Isab.* O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*

*Claud.* O hear me, Isabella.

*Re-enter* Duke.

*Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

*Isab.* What is your will?

*Duke.* Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

*Isab.* I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

*Duke.* [*To* CLAUDIO, *aside.*] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honor in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: Do not satisfy your resolution[1] with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

*Claud.* Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

[1] *Do not satisfy your resolution,* appears to signify, *do not quench or extinguish your resolution with fallible hopes.*

*Duke.* [1]Hold you there: Farewell. [*Exit* CLAUDIO.

*Re-enter* Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* What's your will, father?

*Duke.* That now you are come, you will be gone: leave me awhile with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

*Prov.* In good time.[2] [*Exit* Provost.

*Duke.* The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How would you do to contend this substitute, and to save your brother?

*Isab.* I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

*Duke.* That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing on this business.

*Isab.* Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

[1] *Hold you there:* continue in that resolution.
[2] i. e. *a la bonne heure*, so be it, very well.

Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

*Isab.* I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

*Duke.* Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed; between which time of the contract, and limit[1] of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate[2] husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

*Isab.* Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

*Duke.* Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonor: in few, bestowed[3] her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

*Isab.* Show me how, good father.

*Duke.* This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer[4] yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be

[1] i. e. appointed time.
[2] i. e. betrothed.
[3] Gave her up to her sorrows.
[4] *Refer yourself*, have recourse to.

long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.[1] The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

*Isab.* The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

*Duke.* It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange,[2] resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

## SCENE II. *The Street before the Prison.*

*Enter* Duke, *as a friar; to him* Elbow, Clown, *and* Officers.

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.[3]

*Duke.* O, Heavens! What stuff is here?

*Clo.* 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser al-

[1] i. e. stripped of his covering or disguise.
[2] *Grange*, a solitary farm-house.
[3] *Bastard.* A sweet wine, Raisin wine, according to Minshew.

lowed, by order of law, a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins[1] too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

*Elb.* Come your way, sir;—bless you, good father friar.

*Duke.* And you, good brother father:[2] what offence hath this man made you, sir?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief, too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

*Duke.* Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live: do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

*Clo.* Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove——

*Duke.* Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

*Elb.* He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning; the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

*Duke.* That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

[1] It is probable we should read "fox *on* lamb-skins," otherwise craft will not stand for the facing. Fox-skins and lamb-skins were both used as facings according to the statute of apparel, 24 Hen. 8. c. 13. So, in Characterismi, or Lenton's Leasures, &c. 1631:—"An usurer is an old fox clad in lamb-skin."

[2] The duke humorously calls him *brother father*, because he had called him father friar, which is equivalent to *father brother*, friar being derived from *frere* (Fr.).

*Enter* LUCIO.

*Elb.* His neck will come to your waist, a cord,[1] sir.

*Clo.* I spy comfort; I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

*Lucio.* How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly-made woman,[2] to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain? Ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

*Duke.* Still thus, and thus! Still worse!

*Lucio.* How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

*Clo.* Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.[3]

*Lucio.* Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so—ever your fresh whore, and your powdered bawd: An unshunned[4] consequence; it must be so: art going to prison, Pompey?

*Clo.* Yes, faith, sir.

*Lucio.* Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell: go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

*Elb.* For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

*Lucio.* Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey; you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.[5]

[1] His neck will be tied, like your waist, with a cord. The friar wore a rope for a girdle.

[2] i. e. Have you no new courtesans?

[3] The method of cure for a certain disease was grossly called *the powdering-tub*.

[4] i. e. inevitable.

[5] i. e. stay at home, alluding to the etymology of *husband*

*Clo.* I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

*Lucio.* No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.[1] I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why your mettle is the more: adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

*Duke.* And you.

*Lucio.* Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

*Clo.* You will not bail me then, sir?

*Lucio.* Then, Pompey? Nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

*Lucio.* Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go;

[*Exeunt* ELBOW, Clown, *and* Officers.

What news, friar, of the duke?

*Duke.* I know none: Can you tell me of any?

*Lucio.* Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

*Duke.* I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

*Lucio.* It was a mad, fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

*Duke.* He does well in't.

*Lucio.* A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

*Duke.* It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

*Lucio.* Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

*Duke.* How should he be made, then?

*Lucio.* Some report a sea-maid spawned him:—some that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—

[1] i. e fashion.

but it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion[1] ungenerative, that's infallible.

*Duke.* You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

*Lucio.* Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing of a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

*Duke.* I never heard the absent duke much detected[2] for women; he was not inclined that way.

*Lucio.* O, sir, you are deceived.

*Duke.* 'Tis not possible.

*Lucio.* Who? Not the duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish:[3] the duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; and let me inform you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, surely.

*Lucio.* Sir, I was an inward[4] of his: a shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

*Duke.* What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

*Lucio.* No,—pardon;—'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file[5] of the subject held the duke to be wise.

*Duke.* Wise? Why, no question but he was.

*Lucio.* A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing[6] fellow.

*Duke.* Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath

[1] i. e. a puppet, or moving body, without the power of generation.
[2] *Detected* for suspected.
[3] A wooden dish with a movable cover, formerly carried by beggars, which they *clacked* and clattered to show that it was empty.
[4] i. e. intimate.
[5] The majority of his subjects.
[6] i. e. inconsiderate.

helmed,[1] must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

*Lucio.* Sir, I know him, and I love him.

*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

*Lucio.* Come, sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

*Lucio.* Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

*Duke.* He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

*Lucio.* I fear you not.

*Duke.* O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

*Lucio.* I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this; canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

*Duke.* Why should he die, sir?

*Lucio.* Why? For filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke, we talk of, were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke,

[1] Guided, steered through—a metaphor from navigation.

I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt[1] brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: what king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

*Enter* ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, *and* Officers.

*Escal.* Go, away with her to prison.

*Bawd.* Good my lord, be good to me; your honor is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

*Escal.* Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

*Prov.* A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honor.

*Bawd.* My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

*Escal.* That fellow is a fellow of much license:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt* Bawd *and* Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

*Prov.* So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

*Escal.* Good even, good father.

*Duke.* Bliss and goodness on you!

*Escal.* Of whence are you?

*Duke.* Not of this country, though my chance is now

[1] Smelt, for smelt *of*.

To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the sea,
In special business from his holiness.

*Escal.* What news abroad i' the world?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accursed:[1] much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

*Escal.* One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he given to?

*Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice; a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

*Duke.* He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him; and now is he resolved to die.

*Escal.* You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labored for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.[2]

[1] The allusion is to those legal *securities* into which fellowship leads men to enter for each other.

[2] *Summum jus, summa injuria.*

*Duke.* If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein, if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

*Escal.* I am going to visit the prisoner: fare you well.

*Duke.* Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* ESCALUS *and* Provost.

He, who the sword of Heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;[1]
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Mocking,[2] practise on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' stings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothéd, but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

[1] This passage is very obscure, nor can it be cleared without a more liberal paraphrase than the reader may be willing to allow. "He that bears the sword of Heaven should be not less holy than severe; should be able to discover in himself a pattern of such grace as can avoid temptation, and such virtue as may go abroad into the world without danger of seduction."

[2] The old copies read *making*. The emendation is Mr. Malone's.

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I. *A Room in* Mariana's *House.*

MARIANA *discovered sitting; a Boy singing.*

SONG.

*Take, oh take those lips away,*
*That so sweetly were forsworn;*
*And those eyes, the break of day,*
*Lights that do mislead the morn:*
*But my kisses bring again,*
*bring again,*
*Seals of love, but sealed in vain,*
*sealed in vain.*

*Mari.* Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often stilled my brawling discontent.—
[*Exit* Boy.

*Enter* Duke.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical;
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth is much displeased, but pleased my woe.

*Duke.* 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? Much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

*Mari.* You have not been inquired after. I have sat here all day.

*Enter* ISABELLA.

*Duke.* I do constantly believe you:—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

*Mari.* I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

*Duke.* Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

*Isab.* He hath a garden circummured[1] with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backed;
And to that vineyard is a planched[2] gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

*Isab.* I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

*Duke.* Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

*Isab.* No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possessed him, my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays[3] upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

*Duke.* 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

*Re-enter* MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

[1] *Circummured*, walled round. [2] *Planched*, planked, wooden.
[3] *Stays*, waits.

*Isab.* I do desire the like.

*Duke.* Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

*Mari.* Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

*Duke.* Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

*Mari.* Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt* MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

*Duke.* O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! Thousand 'scapes[1] of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome!—How agreed?

*Re-enter* MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

*Isab.* She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

*Duke.* It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

*Isab.* Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
*Remember now my brother.*

*Mari.* Fear me not.

*Duke.* Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish[2] the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's[3] to sow.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] *'Scapes*, sallies, sportive wiles.

[2] i. e. embellish an action that would otherwise seem ugly.

[3] *Tilth* here means land prepared for sowing. The old copy reads *tithe*. The emendation is Warburton's.

## SCENE II. *A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter* Provost *and* Clown.

*Prov.* Come hither, sirrah: can you cut off a man's head?

*Clo.* If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

*Prov.* Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

*Clo.* Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

*Prov.* What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

*Enter* ABHORSON.

*Abhor.* Do you call, sir?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you tomorrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: he cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

*Abhor.* A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

*Prov.* Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

*Clo.* Pray, sir, by your good favor, (for, surely,

sir, a good favor[1] you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

*Abhor.* Ay, sir, a mystery.

*Clo.* Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

*Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.

*Clo.* Proof.

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Re-enter* Provost.

*Prov.* Are you agreed?

*Clo.* Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

*Prov.* You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

*Abhor.* Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

*Clo.* I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare;[2] for, truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

*Prov.* Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt* Clown *and* Abhorson.

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

*Enter* Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

[1] *Favor* is countenance. [2] i. e. ready.

*Claud.* As fast locked up in sleep, as guiltless labor
When it lies starkly[1] in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.
*Prov.* Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?
[*Knocking within.*
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit* CLAUDIO.
By and by:—
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

*Enter* Duke.

*Duke.* The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who called here of late?
*Prov.* None, since the curfew rung.
*Duke.* Not Isabel?
*Prov.* No.
*Duke.* They will then, ere't be long.
*Prov.* What comfort is for Claudio?
*Duke.* There's some in hope.
*Prov.* It is a bitter deputy.
*Duke.* Not so, not so; his life is paralleled
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he mealed[2]
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.—
[*Knocking within.*—Provost *goes out.*
This is a gentle provost: seldom when[3]
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.—
How now? What noise? That spirit's possessed with haste,
That wounds the unsisting[4] postern with these strokes.

[1] i. e. stiffly.
[2] *Mealed* appears to mean here sprinkled, o'erdusted, defiled.
[3] Some commentators prefer to make these two words a compound one, by reading *seldom-when.*
[4] The old copies read thus.—Sir W. Blackstone suggests that *unsisting* may signify, "never at rest," always opening.—[unresisting?]

Provost *returns, speaking to one at the door.*

*Prov.* There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is called up.
*Duke.* Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
*Prov.* None, sir, none.
*Duke.* As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
*Prov.* Happily,[1]
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege[2] of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Professed the contrary.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Duke.* This is his lordship's man.
*Prov.* And here comes Claudio's pardon.
*Mess.* My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, *it is* almost day.
*Prov.* I shall obey him. [*Exit* Messenger.
*Duke.* This is his pardon, purchased by such sin; [*Aside.*
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?
*Prov.* I told you: lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on;[3] methinks, strangely; for he hath not used it before.

[1] *Happily, haply*, perhaps the old orthography of the word.
[2] i. e. seat.
[3] *Putting on* is spur, incitement.

*Duke.* Pray you, let's hear.

*Prov.* [Reads.] *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine; for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*
What say you to this, sir?

*Duke.* What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

*Prov.* A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

*Duke.* How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

*Prov.* His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

*Duke.* Is it now apparent?

*Prov.* Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

*Prov.* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

*Duke.* He wants advice.

*Prov.* He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not; drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

*Duke.* More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldness of my cunning,[1] I will lay myself in hazard.

[1] i. e. in *confidence* of my *sagacity*.

Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

*Prov.* Pray, sir, in what?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Prov.* Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

*Duke.* By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

*Prov.* Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favor.[1]

*Duke.* O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: You know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

*Prov.* Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

*Duke.* Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

*Prov.* To him, and to his substitutes.

*Duke.* You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

*Prov.* But what likelihood is in that?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke.

[1] Countenance.

You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

*Prov.* I know them both.

*Duke.* The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon overread it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days, he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ.[1] Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* Clown.

*Clo.* I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money:[2] marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colored satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master

[1] "What is writ." We should read "*here* writ;" the duke pointing to the letter in his hand.

[2] It was the practice of money-lenders in Shakspeare's time, as well as more recently, to make advances partly in goods and partly in cash.

Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.[1]

*Enter* ABHORSON.

*Abhor.* Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

*Clo.* Master Barnardine! You must rise and be hanged, master Barnardine!

*Abhor.* What, ho, Barnardine!

*Barnar.* [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

*Clo.* Your friends, sir; the hangman: you must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

*Barnar.* [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

*Abhor.* Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

*Clo.* Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

*Abhor.* Go in to him, and fetch him out.

*Clo.* He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

*Enter* BARNARDINE.

*Abhor.* Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

*Clo.* Very ready, sir.

*Barnar.* How now, Abhorson? What's the news with you?

*Abhor.* Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

[1] It appears from Davies's Epigrams, 1611, that this was the language in which prisoners who were confined for debt addressed passengers:—

"Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake,*
Like *Ludgate prisoners*, lo, I, begging, make
My mone."

*Barnar.* You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

*Clo.* O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

*Enter* Duke.

*Abhor.* Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father; do we jest now, think you?

*Duke.* Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

*Barnar.* Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

*Duke.* O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you,
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

*Barnar.* I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

*Duke.* But hear you.——

*Barnar.* Not a word; if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Provost.

*Duke.* Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt* ABHORSON *and* Clown.

*Prov.* Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

*Duke.* A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

*Prov.* Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his color: what if we do omit

This reprobate, till he were well inclined,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

*Duke.* O, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides!
Despatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefixed by Angelo. See this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Prov.* This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

*Duke.* Let this be done.—Put them in secret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio; ere twice
The sun hath made his journal greeting to
The under generation,[1] you shall find
Your safety manifested.

*Prov.* I am your free dependant.

*Duke.* Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit* Provost.
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Re-enter* Provost.

*Prov.* Here is the head: I'll carry it myself.

*Duke.* Convenient is it: make a swift return;
For I would cómmune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

*Prov.* I'll make all speed.
[*Exit.*

[1] The *under generation*, the antipodes.

*Isab.* [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

*Duke.* The tongue of Isabel;—she's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither;
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

*Enter* ISABELLA.

*Isab.* Ho, by your leave.

*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

*Isab.* The better given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

*Duke.* He hath released him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.

*Duke.* It is no other:
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

*Isab.* O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.

*Isab.* Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

*Duke.* This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes:
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish to go;
And you shall have your bosom[1] on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honor.

[1] Your *bosom* is your heart's desire, your wish.

*Isab.* I am directed by you.

*Duke.* This letter then to friar Peter give:
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined[1] by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter;
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

*Enter* LUCIO.

*Lucio.* Good even!
Friar, where is the provost?

*Duke.* Not within, sir.

*Lucio.* O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't; but they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit* ISABELLA.

*Duke.* Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.[2]

*Lucio.* Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman[3] than thou takest him for.

*Duke.* Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

*Lucio.* Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

[1] Shakspeare uses *combine* for *to bind by a pact or agreement.*
[2] i. e. he depends not on them.
[3] A *woodman* was an attendant on the forester; his great employment was hunting.

*Duke.* You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

*Duke.* Did you such a thing?

*Lucio.* Yes, marry, did I; but was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten meddler.

*Duke.* Sir, your company is fairer than honest: rest you well.

*Lucio.* By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV. *A Room in* Angelo's *House.*

*Enter* ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

*Escal.* Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched[1] other.

*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

*Escal.* I guess not.

*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

*Escal.* He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

*Ang.* Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed:
Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house:
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,[2]
As are to meet him.

[1] *Disvouched* is contradicted. [2] Figure and rank.

*Escal.* I shall, sir: fare you well.
[*Exit.*

*Ang.* Good night.—
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,[1]
And dull to all proceeding. A deflowered maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforced
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her?
—no:
For my authority bears a credent[2] bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonored life,
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had *lived!*
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would and we would not.
[*Exit.*[3]

## SCENE V. *Fields without the Town.*

*Enter* Duke *in his own habit, and Friar* PETER.

*Duke.* These letters at fit time deliver me.
[*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,

[1] Unready, unprepared.
[2] *Credent*, creditable, not questionable.
[3] Dr. Johnson thought the fourth act should end here—"for here is properly a cessation of action; a night intervenes, and the place is changed between the passages of this scene and those of the next. The fifth act, beginning with the following scene, would proceed without any interruption of time or place."

And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.
*F. Peter.* It shall be speeded well.
[*Exit* Friar.

*Enter* VARRIUS.

*Duke.* I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk: there's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI. *Street near the City Gate.*

*Enter* ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

*Isab.* To speak so indirectly, I am loath;
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I'm advised to do it;
He says, to 'vailful purpose.[1]
*Mari.* Be ruled by him.
*Isab.* Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.
*Mari.* I would, friar Peter—
*Isab.* O, peace; the friar is come.

*Enter Friar* PETER.[2]

*F. Peter.* Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you: twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous[3] and the gravest citizens
Have hent[4] the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering; therefore, hence, away.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] This is Mr. Theobald's alteration: the old folio reads *vaile full purpose.*
[2] He is called friar *Thomas* in the first Act.
[3] *Generous*, for noble. [4] i. e. seized, laid hold on.

# ACT V.

## SCENE I. *A public Place near the City Gate.*

MARIANA (*veiled*), ISABELLA, *and* PETER, *at a distance. Enter, at opposite doors,* Duke, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, *and* Citizens.

*Duke.* My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
*Ang. and Escal.* Happy return be to your royal grace!
*Duke.* Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.
*Ang.* You make my bonds still greater.
*Duke.* O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion: give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favors that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;—
And good supporters are you.

PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

*F. Peter.* Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.
*Isab.* Justice, O royal duke! Vail[1] your regard,

[1] To *vail* is to lower, to *let fall*, to cast down.

Upon a wronged, I'd fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me, justice, justice, justice, justice!
*Duke.* Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom?
Be brief:
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice!
Reveal yourself to him.
*Isab.* O, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you; hear me, O, hear me, here.
*Ang.* My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.
*Isab.* By course of justice!
*Ang.* And she will speak most bitterly and strange.
*Isab.* Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
Is it not strange, and strange?
*Duke.* Nay, ten times strange.
*Isab.* It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.
*Duke.* Away with her:—poor soul.
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.
*Isab.* O prince, I cónjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touched with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,

In all his dressings, characts,[1] titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

*Duke.* By mine honesty,
If she be mad, (as I believe no other,)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

*Isab.* O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid,
And hide the false, seems true.[2]

*Duke.* Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

*Isab.* I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemned upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemned by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: one Lucio
As then the messenger;—

*Lucio.* That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

*Isab.* That's he, indeed.

*Duke.* You were not bid to speak.

*Lucio.* No, my good lord;
Nor wished to hold my peace.

*Duke.* I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then
Be perfect.

*Lucio.* I warrant your honor.

*Duke.* The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

[1] *Characts* are *distinctive marks* or characters.
[2] Mr. Phelps proposes to read "And *hid*, the false seems true."

*Isab.* This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.
*Lucio.* Right.
*Duke.* It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.
*Isab.* I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.
*Duke.* That's somewhat madly spoken.
*Isab.* Pardon it.
The phrase is to the matter.
*Duke.* Mended again: the matter;—proceed.
*Isab.* In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I prayed, and kneeled,
How he refelled[1] me, and how I replied,
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter;
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible, intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse[2] confutes mine honor,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
*Duke.* This is most likely!
*Isab.* O, that it were as like as it is true!
*Duke.* By Heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborned against his honor,
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weighed thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
*Isab.* And is this all?
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripened time,

[1] *Refelled* is refuted. [2] *Remorse* is pity.

Unfold the evil which is here wrapped up
In countenance![1]—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wronged, hence unbelieved go!
*Duke.* I know, you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her:—shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.[2]
—Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
*Isab.* One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.
*Duke.* A ghostly father, belike: who knows that Lodowick?
*Lucio.* My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.
*Duke.* Words against me? this a good friar belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.
*Lucio.* But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison; a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.
*F. Peter.* Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused: first, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.
*Duke.* We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of!
*F. Peter.* I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
*Lucio.* My lord, most villanously; believe it.
*F. Peter.* Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,

[1] i. e. false appearance. [2] i. e. insidious stratagem.

Of a strange fever: upon his mere[1] request
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo) came I hither,
To speak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented.[2] First, for this woman,
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly[3] and personally accused,)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

*Duke.* Good friar, let's hear it.

[ISABELLA *is carried off, guarded; and* MARIANA *comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O Heaven! The vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

*Mari.* Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

*Duke.* What, are you married?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* Are you a maid?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* A widow then?

*Mari.* Neither, my lord.

*Duke.* Why, you
Are nothing then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife?

*Lucio.* My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

*Duke.* Silence that fellow; I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Mari.* My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:

[1] *Mere* here means *absolute.*
[2] *Convented*, cited, summoned. [3] i. e. publicly.

I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

*Lucio.* He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

*Duke.* For the benefit of silence, 'would thou were so too.

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Duke.* This is no witness for lord Angelo.

*Mari.* Now I come to't, my lord:
She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

*Ang.* Charges she more than me?

*Mari.* Not that I know.

*Duke.* No? you say, your husband.

*Mari.* Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knew Isabel's.

*Ang.* This is a strange abuse:[1]—let's see thy face.

*Mari.* My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vowed contract,
Was fast belocked in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,[2]
In her imagined person.

*Duke.* Know you this woman?

*Lucio.* Carnally, she says.

*Duke.* Sirrah, no more.

*Lucio.* Enough, my lord.

*Ang.* My lord, I must confess, I know this woman:
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage

[1] *Abuse* stands in this place for *deception* or *puzzle*.

[2] *Garden-houses* were formerly much in fashion. They were chiefly such buildings as we should now call *summer-houses*, standing in a walled or inclosed garden in the suburbs of London.

Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition;[1] but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity; since which time of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honor.

*Mari.* Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows; and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else forever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

*Ang.* I did but smile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touched: I do perceive,
These poor informal[2] women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

*Duke.* Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compáct with her that's gone! Think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's sealed in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin: lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.—

[1] Her fortune, which was promised *proportionate* to mine, fell short of the *composition*, i. e. contract or bargain.

[2] *Informal* signifies *out of their senses*. So in the Comedy of Errors, Act v. Sc. I.

"To make of him a *formal* man again."

There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

*F. Peter.* Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

*Duke.* Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit* Provost.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,[1]
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.

*Escal.* My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—[*Exit* Duke.] Seignior Lucio, did you not say, you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

*Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum:* honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.

*Escal.* We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

*Lucio.* As any in Vienna, on my word.

*Escal.* Call that same Isabel here once again; [*To an Attendant.*] I would speak with her; pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

*Lucio.* Not better than he, by her own report.

*Escal.* Say you?

*Lucio.* Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess; perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

*Re-enter* Officers, *with* Isabella, *the* Duke, *in the friar's habit, and* Provost.

*Escal.* I will go darkly to work with her.

*Lucio.* That's the way, for women are light at midnight.

[1] i. e. out, to the end.

*Escal.* Come on, mistress; [*To* ISABELLA.] Here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

*Lucio.* My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

*Escal.* In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

*Lucio.* Mum.

*Escal.* Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? They have confessed you did.

*Duke.* 'Tis false.

*Escal.* How! know you where you are?

*Duke.* Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometimes honored for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'Tis he should hear me speak.

*Escal.* The duke's in us; and he will hear you speak;
Look, you speak justly.

*Duke.* Boldly, at least:—but, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort[1] your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

*Lucio.* This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

*Escal.* Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed friar!
Is't not enough, thou hast suborned these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself;
To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—we'll touze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpose:—what! unjust?

*Duke.* Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,

[1] To *retort* is to refer back.

Nor here provincial:[1] My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'errun the stew; laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.[2]

*Escal.* Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him, seignior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

*Lucio.* 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate: do you know me?

*Duke.* I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison in the absence of the duke.

*Lucio.* O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

*Duke.* Most notedly, sir.

*Lucio.* Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

*Duke.* You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

*Lucio.* O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

*Duke.* I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

*Ang.* Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

[1] *Provincial* is pertaining to a province; most usually taken for the circuit of an ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The chief or head of any religious order in such a province was called the *provincial*, to whom alone the members of that order were accountable.

[2] Barbers' shops were anciently places of great resort for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps at least as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific *forfeits*; which were *as much in mock as mark*, because the barber had no authority of himself to enforce them, and also because they were of a ludicrous nature.

*Escal.* Such a fellow is not to be talked withal:—away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him:—Let him speak no more:—Away with those giglots[1] too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The* Provost *lays hands on the Duke.*

*Duke.* Stay, sir; stay a while.

*Ang.* What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

*Lucio.* Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir; why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! You must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! Show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Wilt not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the* Duke.

*Duke.* Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.——

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:———

Sneak not away, sir; [*To* LUCIO.] for the friar and you

Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

*Lucio.* This may prove worse than hanging.

*Duke.* What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.——— [*To* ESCALUS.

We'll borrow place of him:—sir, by your leave:

[*To* ANGELO.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath looked upon my passes:[2] Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

[1] *Giglots* are wantons.

[2] *Passes*, probably put for *trespasses*; or it may mean *courses*, from *passes* (Fr.).

*Duke.* Come hither, Mariana;—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?
*Ang.* I was, my lord.
*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:—go with him, provost.
[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and* Provost.
*Escal.* My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonor,
Than at the strangeness of it.
*Duke.* Come hither, Isabel:
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advértising, and holy[1] to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorneyed at your service.
*Isab.* O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employed and pained
Your unknown sovereignty.
*Duke.* You are pardoned, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Laboring to safe his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance[2] of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brained my purpose: but peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

*Re-enter* ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and* Provost.

*Isab.* I do, my lord.
*Duke.* For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wronged
Your well-defended honor, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake; but as he adjudged your brother,

[1] *Advértising and holy*, attentive and faithful.
[2] Perhaps we should read *demonstrance*.

(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
*An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.*
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still *for Measure.*
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage:[1]
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stooped to death, and with like haste;—
Away with him.

*Mari.* O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

*Duke.* It is your husband mocked you with a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come; for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

*Mari.* O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

*Duke.* Never crave him; we are definitive.

*Mari.* Gentle, my liege,— [*Kneeling.*

*Duke.* You do but lose your labor;
Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [*To* LUCIO.] to you.

*Mari.* O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

*Duke.* Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,

[1] i. e. "to deny which will avail thee nothing."

Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
*Mari.* Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands; say nothing; I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?
*Duke.* He dies for Claudio's death.
*Isab.* Most bounteous sir,
[*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemned,
As if my brother lived: I partly think,
A due sincerity governéd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die: My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perished by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.
*Mari.* Merely, my lord.
*Duke.* Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
*Prov.* It was commanded so.
*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the deed?
*Prov.* No, my good lord; it was by private message.
*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of your office.
Give up your keys.
*Prov.* Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.
*Duke.* What's he?

*Prov.* His name is Barnardine.
*Duke.* I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
[*Exit* Provost
*Escal.* I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appeared,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of tempered judgment afterward.
*Ang.* I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter* Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, *and* JULIET.

*Duke.* Which is that Barnardine?
*Prov.* This, my lord.
*Duke.* There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemned;
But, for those earthly[1] faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:—friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?
*Prov.* This is another prisoner, that I saved,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.
[*Unmuffles* CLAUDIO.
*Duke.* If he be like your brother, [*To* ISABELLA.] for his sake
Is he pardoned; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine.
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits[2] you well:

[1] i. e. so far as they are punishable on *earth*.
[2] Requites.

Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.[1]—
I find an apt remission in myself:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;—
You, sirrah, [*To* Lucio.] that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury,[2] an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

*Lucio.* 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick:[3] If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.

*Duke.* Whipped first, sir, and hanged after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wronged by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finished,
Let him be whipped and hanged.

*Lucio.* I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

*Duke.* Upon mine honor, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Lucio.* Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

*Duke.* Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wronged, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana!—Love her, Angelo;
I have confessed her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.[4]

[1] "Her worth worth yours;" that is, "her value is equal to yours; the match is not unworthy of you."
[2] Incontinence.
[3] Thoughtless practice.
[4] i. e. more *to be rejoiced in.*

Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.
[*Exeunt.*

The novel of Giraldi Cinthio, from which Shakspeare is supposed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *Shakspeare Illustrated*, elegantly translated, with remarks, which will assist the inquirer to discover how much absurdity Shakspeare has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but suspect that some other had new-modelled the novel of Cinthio, or written a story which in some particulars resembled it, and that Cinthio was not the author whom Shakspeare immediately followed. The emperor in Cinthio is named Maximine: the duke in Shakspeare's enumeration of the persons of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very slight remark; but since the duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why should he be called Vincentio among the *persons*, but because the name was copied from the story, and placed superfluously at the head of the list by the mere habit of transcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a story of Vincentio, Duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine, Emperor of the Romans.

Of this play, the light or comic part is very natural and pleasing, but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labor than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite: some time, we know not how much, must have elapsed between the recess of the duke and the imprisonment of Claudio; for he must have learned the story of Mariana in his disguise, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted.* The unities of action and place are sufficiently preserved.

JOHNSON.

* The duke probably had learned the story of Mariana in some of his former retirements, "having ever loved the life removed." And he had a suspicion that Angelo was but a *seemer*, and therefore stays to watch him. BLACKSTONE.

# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

It is said that the main plot of this play is derived from the story of Ariodante and Ginevra, in the fifth book of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso. Something similar may also be found in the fourth canto of the second book of Spenser's Faerie Queene; but a novel of Bandello's, copied by Belleforest in his Tragical Histories, seems to have furnished Shakspeare with the fable. It approaches nearer to the play in all particulars than any other performance hitherto discovered. No translation of it into English has, however, yet been met with.

This play is supposed to have been written in 1600, in which year it was first published.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of* Arragon.
DON JOHN, *his bastard Brother.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of* Florence, *favorite to* Don Pedro.
BENEDICK, *a young Lord of* Padua, *favorite likewise of* Don Pedro.
LEONATO, *Governor of* Messina.
ANTONIO, *his Brother.*
BALTHAZAR, *Servant to* Don Pedro.
BORACHIO, CONRADE, } *Followers of* Don John.
DOGBERRY, VERGES, } *two foolish Officers.*
A Sexton.
A Friar.
A Boy.

HERO, *Daughter to* Leonato.
BEATRICE, *Niece to* Leonato.
MARGARET, URSULA, } *Gentlewomen attending on* Hero.

*Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.*

SCENE. Messina.

# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *Before* Leonato's *House.*

*Enter* Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, *and others, with a* Messenger.

*Leonato.* I learn in this letter, that don Pedro[1] of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

*Mess.* He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

*Leon.* How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

*Mess.* But few of any sort, and none of name.

*Leon.* A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that don Pedro hath bestowed much honor on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

*Mess.* Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

*Leon.* He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

*Mess.* I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

[1] The old copies read don *Peter.*

*Leon.* Did he break out into tears?

*Mess.* In great measure.

*Leon.* A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better it is to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

*Beat.* I pray you, is seignior Montanto[1] returned from the wars, or no?

*Mess.* I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

*Leon.* What is he that you ask for, niece?

*Hero.* My cousin means seignior Benedick of Padua.

*Mess.* O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

*Beat.* He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight:[2] and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? For, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

*Leon.* Faith, niece, you tax seignior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet[3] with you, I doubt it not.

*Mess.* He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

*Beat.* You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

*Mess.* And a good soldier too, lady.

*Beat.* And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

*Mess.* A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed[4] with all honorable virtues.

*Beat.* It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

*Leon.* You must not, sir, mistake my niece there

[1] *Montanto* was one of the ancient terms of the fencing school; a title humorously given to one whom she would represent as a bravado.

[2] *Flights* were long and light feathered arrows, that went directly to the mark.

[3] Even.

[4] *Stuffed*, in this first instance, has no ridiculous meaning.

is a kind of merry war betwixt seignior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

*Beat.* Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits[1] went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference[2] between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

*Mess.* Is it possible?

*Beat.* Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

*Mess.* I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

*Beat.* No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer[3] now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

*Mess.* He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

*Beat.* O Lord! He will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pounds ere he be cured.

*Mess.* I will hold friends with you, lady.

*Beat.* Do, good friend.

*Leon.* You will never run mad, niece.

*Beat.* No, not till a hot January.

*Mess.* Don Pedro is approached.

[1] In Shakspeare's time, *wit* was the general term for intellectual power. The *wits* seem to have been reckoned *five*, by analogy to the five senses.

[2] This is an heraldic term. So, in Hamlet, Ophelia says, "You may wear your rue with a *difference*."

[3] Quarreller.

*Enter* DON PEDRO, *attended by* BALTHAZAR *and others*, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, *and* BENEDICK.

*D. Pedro.* Good seignior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

*Leon.* Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

*D. Pedro.* You embrace your charge[1] too willingly. I think, this is your daughter.

*Leon.* Her mother hath many times told me so.

*Bene.* Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

*Leon.* Seignior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

*D. Pedro.* You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:[2]—Be happy, lady! For you are like an honorable father.

*Bene.* If seignior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

*Beat.* I wonder that you will still be talking, seignior Benedick; no body marks you.

*Bene.* What, my dear lady Disdain!—Are you yet living?

*Beat.* Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as seignior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

*Bene.* Then is courtesy a turncoat:—but it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

[1] i. e. encumbrance, or, according to Mr. Douce, the person committed to your care.

[2] This phrase is common in Dorsetshire. "Jack fathers himself," is like his father.

*Beat.* A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humor for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

*Bene.* God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

*Bene.* Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

*Beat.* A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

*Bene.* I would my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: but keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

*Beat.* You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

*D. Pedro.* This is the sum of all: Leonato,—seignior Claudio, and seignior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

*Leon.* If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord; being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

*D. John.* I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

*Leon.* Please it your grace lead on?

*D. Pedro.* Your hand, Leonato; we will go together. [*Exeunt all but* BENEDICK *and* CLAUDIO.

*Claud.* Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of seignior Leonato?

*Bene.* I noted her not; but I looked on her.

*Claud.* Is she not a modest young lady?

*Bene.* Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? Or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

*Claud.* No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

*Bene.* Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

*Claud.* Thou thinkest I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

*Bene.* Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

*Claud.* Can the world buy such a jewel?

*Bene.* Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? Or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter?[1] Come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the song?[2]

*Claud.* In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

*Bene.* I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

*Claud.* I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

*Bene.* Is it come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion?[3] Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, don Pedro is returned to seek you.

*Re-enter* DON PEDRO.

*D. Pedro.* What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

*Bene.* I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

[1] Do you mean to amuse us with improbable stories?
[2] i. e. to *join* in the song.
[3] i. e. subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy.

*D. Pedro.* I charge thee on thy allegiance.

*Bene.* You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—he is in love. With who?—Now that is your grace's part. —Mark how short his answer is:—with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

*Claud.* If this were so, so were it uttered.

*Bene.* Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

*Claud.* If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

*D. Pedro.* Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

*Claud.* You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, I speak my thought.

*Claud.* And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Bene.* And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Claud.* That I love her, I feel.

*D. Pedro.* That she is worthy, I know.

*Bene.* That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

*Claud.* And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.[1]

*Bene.* That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat[2] winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine[3] is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

[1] By obstinacy against conviction, alluding to the definition of a heretic in the schools.

[2] That is, *wear a horn on my forehead, which the huntsman may blow. A recheat* is the sound by which the dogs are called back from the scent.

[3] *The fine* is the conclusion.

*D. Pedro.* I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

*Bene.* With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

*D. Pedro.* Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.[1]

*Bene.* If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat,[2] and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.[3]

*D. Pedro.* Well, as time shall try:
*In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.*[4]

*Bene.* The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign,—*Here you may see Benedick the married man.*

*Claud.* If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake too then.

*D. Pedro.* Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good seignior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

*Bene.* I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage: and so I commit you—

[1] A capital *subject* for satire.

[2] It seems to have been one of the inhuman sports of the time to inclose a cat in a wooden tub or bottle suspended aloft to be shot at.

[3] i. e. Adam Bell, "a passing good archer," who, with Clym of the Cloughe and William of Cloudeslie, were outlaws as famous, in the north of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties.

[4] This line is from The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo, &c., and occurs, with a slight variation, in Watson's Sonnets, 1581.

*Claud.* To the tuition of God: From my house, (if I had it)—

*D. Pedro.* The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

*Bene.* Nay, mock not, mock not: the body of your discourse is sometime guarded[1] with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither; ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. [*Exit* BENEDICK.

*Claud.* My liege, your highness now may do me good.

*D. Pedro.* My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

*Claud.* Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

*D. Pedro.* No child but Hero; she's his only heir;
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

*Claud.* O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am returned, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her: was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

*Claud.* How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

[1] Trimmed, ornamented.

*D. Pedro.* What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity:[1]
Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once,[2] thou lov'st;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

*Enter* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

*Leon.* How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

*Ant.* He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamed not of.

*Leon.* Are they good?

*Ant.* As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached[3] alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine. The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

*Leon.* Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

[1] Mr. Hayley proposes to read, "The fairest grant is *to* necessity;" i. e. "*necessitas quod cogit defendit.*"
[2] i. e. once for all.
[3] Thickly interwoven.

*Ant.* A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

*Leon.* No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; you go with me, and I will use your skill:—good cousins, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *Another Room in* Leonato's *House.*

*Enter* DON JOHN *and* CONRADE.

*Con.* What the goodjere, my lord! Why are you thus out of measure sad?

*D. John.* There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

*Con.* You should hear reason.

*D. John.* And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

*D. John.* I wonder, that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw[1] no man in his humor.

*Con.* Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair

[1] Flatter.

weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

*D. John.* I had rather be a canker[1] in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any; in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

*Con.* Can you make no use of your discontent?

*D. John.* I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

*Enter* BORACHIO.

*Bora.* I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

*D. John.* Will it serve for any model[2] to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

*Bora.* Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

*D. John.* Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

*Bora.* Even he.

*D. John.* A proper squire! And who, and who? Which way looks he?

*Bora.* Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

*D. John.* A very forward March chick! How came you to this?

*Bora.* Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was

[1] *A canker* is the canker-rose, or dog-rose. "I had rather be a neglected dog-rose in a hedge, than a garden-rose if it profited by his culture."

[2] *Model* is here used in an unusual sense; but Bullokar explains it, '*Model*, the *platforme*, or form of any thing."

smoking a musty room,[1] comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad[2] conference: I whipped me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

*D. John.* Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure; that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

*Con.* To the death, my lord.

*D. John.* Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *A Hall in* Leonato's *House.*

*Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

*Leon.* Was not count John here at supper?

*Ant.* I saw him not.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beat.* He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

*Leon.* Then half seignior Benedick's tongue in

[1] The neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors rendered such precautions too often necessary.

[2] Serious.

count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in seignior Benedick's face,—

*Beat.* With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

*Leon.* By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Ant.* In faith, she is too curst.

*Beat.* Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns;* but to a cow too curst he sends none.

*Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

*Beat.* Just, if he send me no husband: for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

*Leon.* You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

*Beat.* What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

*Leon.* Well, then, go you into hell?

*Beat.* No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:* so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

*Ant.* Well, niece, [*To* HERO.] I trust you will be ruled by your father.

*Beat.* Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make

courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please you*:—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me.*

*Leon.* Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

*Beat.* Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? To make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

*Leon.* Daughter, remember what I told you; if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

*Beat.* The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important,[1] tell him, there is measure[2] in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

*Leon.* Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

*Beat.* I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

*Leon.* The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

*Enter* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others masked.*

*D. Pedro.* Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

[1] Importunate.

[2] A *measure*, in old language, besides its ordinary meaning, signified also *a dance.*

*Hero.* So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

*D. Pedro.* With me in your company?

*Hero.* I may say so, when I please.

*D. Pedro.* And when please you to say so?

*Hero.* When I like your favor; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

*D. Pedro.* My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.[1]

*Hero.* Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

*D. Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*

*Bene.* Well, I would you did like me.

*Marg.* So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

*Bene.* Which is one?

*Marg.* I say my prayers aloud.

*Bene.* I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.

*Marg.* God match me with a good dancer!

*Balth.* Amen.

*Marg.* And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

*Balth.* No more words; the clerk is answered.

*Urs.* I know you well enough; you are seignior Antonio.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* I know you by the waggling of your head.

*Ant.* To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

*Urs.* You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

*Ant.* At a word I am not.

*Urs.* Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

[1] Alluding to the fable of Baucis and Philemon in Ovid.

*Beat.* Will you not tell me who told you so?

*Bene.* No, you shall pardon me.

*Beat.* Nor will you not tell me who you are?

*Bene.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;[1]—Well, this was seignior Benedick that said so.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am sure, you know him well enough.

*Bene.* Not I, believe me.

*Beat.* Did he never make you laugh?

*Bene.* I pray you, what is he?

*Beat.* Why, he is the prince's jester; a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

*Bene.* When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

*Beat.* Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*

We must follow the leaders.

*Bene.* In every good thing.

*Beat.* Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but* DON JOHN, BORACHIO, *and* CLAUDIO.

*D. John.* Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

[1] This was a term for a *jest-book* in Shakspeare's time, from a popular collection of that name, about which the commentators were much puzzled, until a large fragment was discovered in 1815, by the Rev. J. Conybeare, Professor of Poetry in Oxford.

*Bora.* And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

*D. John.* Are not you seignior Benedick?

*Claud.* You know me well; I am he.

*D. John.* Seignior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamored on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

*Claud.* How know you he loves her?

*D. John.* I heard him swear his affection.

*Bora.* So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

*D. John.* Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

*Claud.* Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—
'Tis certain so;—the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.[1]
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not: farewell, therefore, Hero!

*Re-enter* BENEDICK.

*Bene.* Count Claudio?

*Claud.* Yea, the same.

*Bene.* Come, will you go with me?

*Claud.* Whither?

*Bene.* Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

*Claud.* I wish him joy of her.

[1] *Blood* signifies *amorous heat* or *passion.*

*Bene.* Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

*Claud.* I pray you, leave me.

*Bene.* Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

*Claud.* If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

*Bene.* Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.——But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

*Re-enter* DON PEDRO.

*D. Pedro.* Now, seignior, where's the count? Did you see him?

*Bene.* Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren;[1] I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

*D. Pedro.* To be whipped! What's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

*D. Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

*Bene.* Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might

[1] A parallel thought occurs in Isaiah, c. i., where the prophet, in describing the desolation of Judah, says, "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a *lodge* in a garden of cucumbers," &c. It appears that these lonely buildings were necessary, as the cucumbers, &c. were obliged to be constantly watched and watered, and that as soon as the crop was gathered they were *forsaken*.

have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

*D. Pedro.* I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

*Bene.* If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

*D. Pedro.* The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, she is much wronged by you.

*Bene.* O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester: that I was duller than a great thaw: huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed; she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Ate[1] in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

*Re-enter* CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

*D. Pedro.* Look, here she comes.

*Bene.* Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester

[1] The goddess of discord.

John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard: do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: you have no employment for me?

*D. Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company

*Bene.* O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit*

*D. Pedro.* Come, lady, come: you have lost the heart of seignior Benedick.

*Beat.* Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I give him use[1] for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice; therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

*D. Pedro.* You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

*Beat.* So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

*D. Pedro.* Why, how now, count? Wherefore are you sad?

*Claud.* Not sad, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* How then? Sick?

*Claud.* Neither, my lord.

*Beat.* The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

*D. Pedro.* I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true, though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

*Leon.* Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

*Beat.* Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—

[1] Interest.

Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

*Beat.* Speak, cousin, or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

*Beat.* Yea, my lord: I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—my cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

*Claud.* And so she doth, cousin.

*Beat.* Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned; I may sit in the corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband

*D. Pedro.* Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

*Beat.* I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

*D. Pedro.* Will you have me, lady?

*Beat.* No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day.—But I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

*D. Pedro.* Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

*Beat.* No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

*Leon.* Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

*Beat.* I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit.*

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

*D. Pedro.* She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

*Leon.* O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

*D. Pedro.* She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

*Leon.* O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

*D. Pedro.* Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

*Claud.* To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

*Leon.* Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

*D. Pedro.* Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labors; which is, to bring seignior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

*Leon.* My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watching.

*Claud.* And I, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* And you, too, gentle Hero?

*Hero.* I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

*D. Pedro.* And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain,[1] of approved valor, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humor your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

[1] The same as *strene, descent, lineage.*

## SCENE II. *Another Room in* Leonato's *House.*

*Enter* Don John *and* Borachio.

*D. John.* It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

*Bora.* Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

*D. John.* Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me. I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

*Bora.* Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

*D. John.* Show me briefly how.

*Bora.* I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favor of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

*D. John.* I remember.

*Bora.* I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

*D. John.* What life is in that to be the death of this marriage?

*Bora.* The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince, your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honor in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

*D. John.* What proof shall I make of that?

*Bora.* Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

*D. John.* Only to despite them, I will endeavor any thing.

*Bora.* Go then, find me a meet hour to draw don Pedro and the count Claudio alone. Tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend[1] a kind of zeal

[1] Pretend.

both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honor, who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial. Offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio;[1] and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding; for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

*D. John.* Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

*Bora.* Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

*D. John.* I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. Leonato's *Garden.*

*Enter* BENEDICK *and a* Boy.

*Bene.* Boy,—

*Boy.* Seignior.

*Bene.* In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.[2]

*Boy.* I am here, already, sir.

*Bene.* I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit* Boy.]—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become

[1] The old copies read *Claudio* here. Theobald altered it to *Borachio.*
[2] Gardens were once called orchards.

the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love. And such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe. I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armor; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all the graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbor.

[*Withdraws.*

*Enter* DON PEDRO, LEONATO, *and* CLAUDIO.

*D. Pedro.* Come, shall we hear this music?

*Claud.* Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hushed on purpose to grace harmony!

*D. Pedro.* See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

*Claud.* O, very well, my lord. The music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox[1] with a penny-worth.

[1] Some editors have printed this *kid-fox*; and others suppose it to mean *young* or *cub-fox*.

*Enter* BALTHAZAR, *with music.*

*D. Pedro.* Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

*Balth.* O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

*D. Pedro.* It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

*Balth.* Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes;
Yet will he swear, he loves.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

*D. Pedro.* Why these are very crotchets that he speaks:
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting! [*Music.*

*Bene.* Now, *divine air!* now is his soul ravished! —Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR *sings.*

I.

*Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;*
*Men were deceivers ever;*
*One foot in sea, and one on shore;*
*To one thing constant never;*
*Then sigh not so,*
*But let them go,*
*And be you blithe and bonny;*
*Converting all your sounds of woe*
*Into, Hey nonny, nonny.*

II.

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo*
*Of dumps so dull and heavy;*
*The fraud of men was ever so,*
*Since summer first was leavy:*
*Then sigh not so, &c.*

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a good song.

*Balth.* And an ill singer, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Ha! No; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

*Bene.* [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog, that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven,[1] come what plague could have come after it.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, marry. [*To* CLAUDIO.]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

*Balth.* The best I can, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Do so; farewell. [*Exeunt* BALTHAZAR *and music.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with seignior Benedick?

*Claud.* O, ay.—Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.[2] [*Aside to* PEDRO.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on seignior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor.

*Bene.* Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*Aside.*

*Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to

[1] i. e. the owl.

[2] This is an allusion to the *stalking-horse*; a horse either real or factitious, by which the fowler anciently screened himself from the sight of the game.

think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

*D. Pedro.* May be, she doth but counterfeit.

*Claud.* Faith, like enough.

*Leon.* O God! Counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

*D. Pedro.* Why, what effects of passion shows she?

*Claud.* Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. [*Aside.*

*Leon.* What effects, my lord? She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.

*Claud.* She did, indeed.

*D. Pedro.* How, how, I pray you? You amaze me; I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

*Leon.* I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

*Bene.* [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it. Knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

*Claud.* He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aside.*

*D. Pedro.* Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

*Leon.* No; and swears she never will; that's her torment.

*Claud.* 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says. *Shall I,* says she, *that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him!*

*Leon.* This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper.—My daughter tells us all.

*Claud.* Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

*Leon.* O!—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet!—

*Claud.* That.

*Leon.* O! she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence;[1] railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her. *I measure him*, says she, *by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

*Claud.* Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—*O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

*Leon.* She doth indeed; my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

*D. Pedro.* It were good, that Benedick knew of *it* by some other, if she will not discover it.

*Claud.* To what end? He would but make a *sport* of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

*D. Pedro.* An he should, it were an alms to *hang* him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

*Claud.* And she is exceeding wise.

*D. Pedro.* In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

*Leon.* O my lord, wisdom and blood[2] combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that *blood* hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

*D. Pedro.* I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed[3] all other respects, *and* made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

*Leon.* Were it good, think you?

*Claud.* Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she makes her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

[1] i. e. into a thousand *small pieces*; the *silver* halfpence were very minute pieces.

[2] i. e. passion.

[3] To *daff* is the same as to *do off*, to *doff*, to put aside.

*D. Pedro.* She doth well. If she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible[1] spirit.

*Claud.* He is a very proper man.

*D. Pedro.* He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

*Claud.* 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

*D. Pedro.* He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

*Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.

*D. Pedro.* As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

*Leon.* If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

*D. Pedro.* And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love?

*Claud.* Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

*Leon.* Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

*D. Pedro.* Well, we'll hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

*Leon.* My lord, will you walk? Dinner is ready.

*Claud.* If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*

*D. Pedro.* Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one

[1] That is, a spirit inclined to scorn and contempt. It should be *contemptuous.*

an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.

BENEDICK *advances from the arbor.*

*Bene.* This can be no trick. The conference was sadly borne.[1]—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! Why, it *must* be requited. I hear how I am censured. They say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think *to* marry; —I must not seem proud.—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair;—'tis a truth; I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—'tis so; I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me.—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage;—but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humor? No. The world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady. I do spy some marks of love in her.

*Enter* BEATRICE.

*Beat.* Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

*Bene.* Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those thanks, than

[1] Seriously carried on.

you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

*Bene.* You take pleasure then in the message?

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, seignior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Bene.* Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come to dinner;*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

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## ACT III.

### SCENE I. Leonato's *Garden.*

*Enter* HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

*Hero.* Good Margaret, run thee into the parlor;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice,
Proposing[1] with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favorites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it. There will she hide her,
To listen our propose.[2] This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

[1] *Proposing* is conversing, from the French *propos*, discourse, talk.
[2] The folio reads *purpose*; the quarto *propose*, which appears to be right. See the preceding note.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.
[*Exit.*

*Hero.* Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit;
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

*Enter* BEATRICE, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.
*Urs.* The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with their golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
*Hero.* Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait, that we lay for it.—
[*They advance to the bower.*
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.[1]
*Urs.* But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
*Hero.* So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.
*Urs.* And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
*Hero.* They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him[2] wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
*Urs.* Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

[1] A hawk not trained to obedience; a wild hawk.
[2] *Wish* him, that is, *recommend to* or *desire* him.

Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
*Hero.* O God of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man;
But nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising[1] what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.
*Urs.* Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
*Hero.* Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward.[2] If fair-faced,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;[3]
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
*Urs.* Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
*Hero.* No, nor to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly.

[1] Undervaluing.
[2] Alluding to the practice of witches in uttering prayers, i. e. misinterpret them.
[3] An *agate* is often used metaphorically for a very diminutive person, in allusion to the figures cut in agate for rings, &c.

It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
*Urs.* Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.
*Hero.* No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with; one doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
*Urs.* O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is prized to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as seignior Benedick.
*Hero.* He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
*Urs.* I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; seignior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument,[1] and valor,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
*Hero.* Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
*Urs.* His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?
*Hero.* Why, every day;—to-morrow. Come, go in;
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.
*Urs.* She's limed,[2] I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.
*Hero.* If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt* HERO *and* URSULA.

BEATRICE *advances.*

*Beat.* What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! And maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.

[1] i. e. discourse, or powers of reasoning. [2] i. e. ensnared.

And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;[1]
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others say, thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II. *A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

*Enter* Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, *and* Leonato.

*D. Pedro.* I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

*Claud.* I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman[2] dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leon.* So say I; methinks you are sadder.

*Claud.* I hope he be in love.

*D. Pedro.* Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love. If he be sad, he wants money.

*Bene.* I have the toothache.

*D. Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it!

*Claud.* You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

*D. Pedro.* What, sigh for the toothache?

[1] This image is taken from falconry.

[2] Sir Philip Sidney also applies the name *hangman* to Cupid, in the sense of *destroyer* or *executioner*.

*Leon.* Where is but a humor, or a worm?

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

*Claud.* Yet say I, he is in love.

*D. Pedro.* There is no appearance of fancy[1] in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once;[2] as, a German from the waist downward, all slops;[3] and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

*Claud.* If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs. He brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

*D. Pedro.* Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

*Claud.* No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

*Leon.* Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, he rubs himself with civet; can you smell him out by that?

*Claud.* That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

*D. Pedro.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

*Claud.* And when was he wont to wash his face?

*D. Pedro.* Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

[1] A play upon the word *fancy*, which Shakspeare uses for *love*, as well as for *humor*, *caprice*, or *affectation*.

[2] So, in The Seven deadly Sinnes of London, by Decker, 1606, "For an Englishman's sute is like a traitor's body that hath beene hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is set up in several places: his codpiece, in Denmarke; the collar of his dublet and the belly, in France; the wing and narrow sleeve, in Italy; the short waste hangs over a botcher's *stall* in Utrich; his huge sloppes speaks Spanish; Polonia gives him the bootes, &c.—and thus we mocke everie nation for keeping one fashion, yet steale patches from everie of them to piece out our pride; and are now laughing-stocks to them, because their cut so scurvily becomes us."

[3] Large, loose breeches or trowsers.

*Claud.* Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string,[1] and now governed by stops.

*D. Pedro.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

*Claud.* Nay, but I know who loves him.

*D. Pedro.* That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

*Claud.* Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

*D. Pedro.* She shall be buried with her face upwards.

*Bene.* Yet is this no charm for the toothache.—Old seignior, walk aside with me. I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK *and* LEONATO.

*D. Pedro.* For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

*Claud.* 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

*Enter* DON JOHN.

*D. John.* My lord and brother, God save you.

*D. Pedro.* Good den, brother.

*D. John.* If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

*D. Pedro.* In private?

*D. John.* If it please you. Yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

*D. Pedro.* What's the matter?

*D. John.* Means your lordship to be married tomorrow? [*To* CLAUDIO.

*D. Pedro.* You know he does.

*D. John.* I know not that, when he knows what I know.

*Claud.* If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

[1] *Love-songs*, in Shakspeare's time, were sung to the lute.

*D. John.* You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labor ill bestowed!

*D. Pedro.* Why, what's the matter?

*D. John.* I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

*Claud.* Who? Hero?

*D. John.* Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

*Claud.* Disloyal?

*D. John.* The word is too good to paint out her wickedness. I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant. Go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her then, to-morrow wed her: but it would better fit your honor to change your mind.

*Claud.* May this be so?

*D. Pedro.* I will not think it.

*D. John.* If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

*Claud.* If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

*D. Pedro.* And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

*D. John.* I will disparage her no further, till you are my witnesses. Bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

*D. Pedro.* O day untowardly turned!

*Claud.* O mischief strangely thwarting!

*D. John.* O plague right well prevented!

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *A Street.*

*Enter* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES,[1] *with the* Watch.

*Dogb.* Are you good men and true?

*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

*Dogb.* First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbor Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name. To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

*Dogb.* You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge. You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if he will not stand?

*Dogb.* Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

[1] The first of these worthies is named from the *Dog-berry* or female cornel, a shrub that grows in every county in England. *Verges* is only the provincial pronunciation of *verjuice*.

*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

*Dogb.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills [1] be not stolen. —Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

*Dogb.* Why, then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, sir.

*Dogb.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect *him*, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, *shall* we not lay hands on him?

*Dogb.* Truly, by your office, you may; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

*Verg.* You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

*Dogb.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man, who hath any honesty in him.

*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

*Dogb.* Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear

[1] A halberd or species of axe, once the weapon of the English infantry. Johnson observes that it was carried in his time by the watchmen of Litchfield.

her lamb when it baas, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

*Verg.* 'Tis very true.

*Dogb.* This is the end of the charge.[1] You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

*Verg.* Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

*Dogb.* Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him. Marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* By'r lady, I think it be so.

*Dogb.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night. An there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbor.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge. Let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

*Dogb.* One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you, watch about seignior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

*Enter* BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

*Bora.* What! Conrade,—

*Watch.* Peace; stir not. [*Aside.*

*Bora.* Conrade, I say!

*Con.* Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

*Bora.* Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

*Con.* I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

*Bora.* Stand thee close then under this pent-house,

[1] This charge is evidently intended as a satire upon the police regulations of London, entitled, Statutes of the Streets.

for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

*Watch.* [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

*Bora.* Therefore know, I have earned of don John a thousand ducats.

*Con.* Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

*Bora.* Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

*Con.* I wonder at it.

*Bora.* That shows thou art unconfirmed.[1] Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

*Con.* Yes, it is apparel.

*Bora.* I mean, the fashion.

*Con.* Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

*Bora.* Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

*Watch.* I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

*Bora.* Didst thou not hear somebody?

*Con.* No; 'twas the vane on the house.

*Bora.* Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? How giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty! sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy[2] painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched[3] worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

*Con.* All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou

[1] Unpractised in the ways of the world.
[2] i. e. discolored by smoke, *reeky*. From *recan*, Saxon.
[3] Soiled, sullied. Probably only another form of *smutched*.

thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion.

*Bora.* Not so neither. But know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely.—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master don John, saw afar off, in the orchard, this amiable encounter.

*Con.* And thought they Margaret was Hero?

*Bora.* Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him; he wears a lock.

*Con.* Masters, masters,—

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

*Con.* Masters,—

1 *Watch.* Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

*Bora.* We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.[1]

*Con.* A commodity in question,[2] I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

[1] A quibble upon the word *bill*, which was sometimes used in the sense of bond.

[2] i. e. in examination or trial.

## SCENE IV. *A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

*Enter* HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

*Hero.* Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

*Urs.* I will, lady.

*Hero.* And bid her come hither.

*Urs.* Well. [*Exit* URSULA.

*Marg.* Troth, I think your other rabato[1] were better.

*Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

*Marg.* By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

*Hero.* My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

*Marg.* I like the new tire[2] within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

*Hero.* O, that exceeds, they say.

*Marg.* By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours—cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down-sleeves, side-sleeves,[3] and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

*Hero.* God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

*Marg.* 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

*Hero.* Fie upon thee! Art not ashamed?

*Marg.* Of what, lady? Of speaking honorably? Is not marriage honorable in a beggar? Is not your lord honorable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence,—*a husband.* An

[1] A kind of ruff; *rabat* (Fr.). [2] Head-dress.

[3] i. e. *long sleeves.* *Side* or *syde* in North Britain is used for *long*, when applied to the garment. It has the same signification in Anglo-Saxon and Danish.

bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a husband?* None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy. Ask my lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

*Enter* BEATRICE.

*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.

*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero.

*Hero.* Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.

*Marg.* Clap us into—*Light o' love;* that goes without burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

*Beat.* Yea, *Light o' love,*[1] with your heels!—Then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.[2]

*Marg.* O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

*Beat.* 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin: 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill.—Hey ho!

*Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.[3]

*Marg.* Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

*Beat.* What means the fool, trow?[4]

*Marg.* Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

*Beat.* I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

*Marg.* A maid, and stuffed! There's goodly catching of cold.

[1] The name of a popular old dance tune.

[2] A quibble between *barns*, repositories for corn, and *bairns*, children, formerly pronounced *barns*.

[3] That is, for an *ache* or pain, pronounced *aitch*.

[4] This obsolete exclamation of inquiry is a contraction of *trow ye?* think you? believe you?

*Beat.* O, God help me! God help me! How long have you professed apprehension?

*Marg.* Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

*Beat.* It is not seen enough; you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

*Marg.* Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus,[1] and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

*Beat.* Benedictus! Why Benedictus? You have some moral in this Benedictus.

*Marg.* Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love. Nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man. He swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging:[2] and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

*Marg.* Not a false gallop.

*Re-enter* URSULA.

*Urs.* Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, seignior Benedick, don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

*Hero.* Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

[1] "*Carduus Benedictus*, or blessed thistle (says Cogan in his Haven of Health, 1595), so worthily named for the singular virtues that it hath."

[2] i. e. "*feeds* on *love*, and likes his food."

## SCENE V. *Another Room in* Leonato's *House.*

*Enter* LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

*Leon.* What would you with me, honest neighbor?

*Dogb.* Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

*Leon.* Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

*Dogb.* Marry, this it is, sir.

*Verg.* Yes, in truth it is, sir.

*Leon.* What is it, my good friends?

*Dogb.* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter—an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

*Verg.* Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man and no honester than I.

*Dogb.* Comparisons are odorous; *palabras,*[1] neighbor Verges.

*Leon.* Neighbors, you are tedious.

*Dogb.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

*Leon.* All thy tediousness on me! ha!

*Dogb.* Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

*Verg.* And so am I.

*Leon.* I would fain know what you have to say.

*Verg.* Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

[1] i. e. *words*, in Spanish. It seems to have been current here for a time, even among the vulgar; it was probably introduced by our sailors, as well as the corrupted form pala'ver.

*Dogb.* A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! It is a world to see![1]—Well said, i'faith, neighbor Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth, he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped. All men are not alike; alas! good neighbor!

*Leon.* Indeed, neighbor, he comes too short of you.

*Dogb.* Gifts, that God gives.

*Leon.* I must leave you.

*Dogb.* One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

*Leon.* Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may *appear* unto you.

*Dogb.* It shall be suffigance.

*Leon.* Drink some wine ere you go; fare you well.

*Enter* a Messenger.

*Mess.* My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

*Leon.* I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* Messenger.

*Dogb.* Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination these men.

*Verg.* And we must do it wisely.

*Dogb.* We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a *non com.* Only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

[1] This was a common apostrophe of admiration.

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I. *The Inside of a Church.*

*Enter* DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, *and* BEATRICE, *&c.*

*Leon.* Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*Friar.* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

*Claud.* No.

*Leon.* To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

*Friar.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

*Hero.* I do.

*Friar.* If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

*Claud.* Know you any, Hero?

*Hero.* None, my lord.

*Friar.* Know you any, count?

*Leon.* I dare make his answer; none.

*Claud.* O, what men dare do! What men may do! What men daily do, not knowing what they do!

*Bene.* How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

*Claud.* Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave!
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

*Leon.* As freely, son, as God did give her me.

*Claud.* And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

*D. Pedro.* Nothing, unless you render her again.

*Claud.* Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato, take her back again.
Give not this rotten orange to your friend:
She's but the sign and semblance of her honor.
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here.
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows?—But she is none.
She knows the heat of a luxurious[1] bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
*Leon.* What do you mean, my lord?
*Claud.* Not to be married,
Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.
*Leon.* Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof
Have vanquished the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,——
*Claud.* I know what you would say. If *I have* known her,
You'll say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin.
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;[2]
But, as a brother to his sister, showed
Bashful sincerity and comely love.
*Hero.* And seemed I ever otherwise to you?
*Claud.* Out on thy seeming! I will write against it.
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pampered animals
That rage in savage sensuality.
*Hero.* Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
*Leon.* Sweet prince, why speak not you?
*D. Pedro.* What should I speak?

[1] Lascivious. [2] Licentious.

I stand dishonored, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.
*Leon.* Are these things spoken? Or do I but dream?
*D. John.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
*Bene.* This looks not like a nuptial.
*Hero.* True, O God!
*Claud.* Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
*Leon.* All this is so; but what of this, my lord?
*Claud.* Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And by that fatherly and kindly power[1]
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
*Leon.* I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
*Hero.* O God, defend me! How am I beset!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?
*Claud.* To make you answer truly to your name.
*Hero.* Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
*Claud.* Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talked with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
*Hero.* I talked with no man at that hour, my lord.
*D. Pedro.* Why then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear. Upon my honor,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal[2] villain,
Confessed the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
*D. John.* Fie, fie! They are

[1] i. e. "natural power." *Kind* is used for *nature*.
[2] *Liberal* here, as in many places of these plays, means *licentious beyond honesty or decency*.

Not to be named, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

*Claud.* O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm;
And never shall it more be gracious.[1]

*Leon.* Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[HERO *swoons.*

*Beat.* Why, how now, cousin! Wherefore sink you down?

*D. John.* Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, *and* CLAUDIO.

*Bene.* How doth the lady?

*Beat.* Dead, I think;—help, uncle!
Hero! Why, Hero!—Uncle!—Seignior Benedick!
Friar?

*Leon.* O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wished for.

*Beat.* How now, cousin Hero!

*Friar.* Have comfort, lady.

*Leon.* Dost thou look up?

*Friar.* Yea; wherefore should she not?

*Leon.* Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?[2]—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:

[1] i. e. graced, favored, countenanced.

[2] That is, "which her *blushes* discovered to be true."

For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?[1]
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smirched thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, *No part of it is mine;*
*This shame derives itself from unknown loins?*
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her: why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again!
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul, tainted flesh!

*Bene.* Sir, sir, be patient:
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.

*Beat.* O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

*Bene.* Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

*Beat.* No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

*Leon.* Confirmed, confirmed! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barred up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Washed it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

*Friar.* Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions start

[1] *Frame* is order, contrivance, disposition of things.

Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appeared a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental zeal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

*Leon.* Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

*Friar.* Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

*Hero.* They know, that do accuse me; I know none
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintained the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

*Friar.* There is some strange misprision[1] in the princes.

*Bene.* Two of them have the very bent[2] of honor;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

*Leon.* I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honor,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so ate up my invention,

[1] Misconception.
[2] *Bent* is here used for the utmost degree of, or tendency to, honorable conduct.

Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
*Friar.* Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead.
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation;[1]
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
*Leon.* What shall become of this? What will this do?
*Friar.* Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good.
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintained,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused,
Of every hearer; for it so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why, then we rack[2] the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.—So will it fare with Claudio.
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed. Then shall he mourn,

[1] Show, appearance. [2] i. e. raise to the highest pitch.

(If ever love had interest in his liver,[1])
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape,
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levelled false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy;
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

*Bene.* Seignior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness[2] and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

*Leon.* Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

*Friar.* 'Tis well consented. Presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolonged; have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt* Friar, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

*Bene.* Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

*Beat.* You have no reason; I do it freely.

*Bene.* Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

*Bene.* Is there any way to show such friendship?

*Beat.* A very even way, but no such friend.

[1] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love.
[2] Intimacy.

*Bene.* May a man do it?

*Beat.* It is a man's office, but not yours.

*Bene.* I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

*Bene.* By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

*Beat.* Do not swear by it, and eat it.

*Bene.* I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says I love not you.

*Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

*Bene.* With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

*Beat.* Why then, God forgive me!

*Bene.* What offence, sweet Beatrice?

*Beat.* You have stayed me in a happy hour. I was about to protest I loved you.

*Bene.* And do it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

*Bene.* Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

*Beat.* Kill Claudio.

*Bene.* Ha! Not for the wide world.

*Beat.* You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

*Bene.* Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

*Beat.* I am gone, though I am here.[1]—There is no love in you.—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

*Bene.* Beatrice,—

*Beat.* In faith, I will go.

*Bene.* We'll be friends first.

*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

*Bene.* Is Claudio thine enemy?

*Beat.* Is he not approved in the height a villain,[2]

[1] i. e. "I am in reality absent, *for my heart is gone from you*, though I remain in person before you."

[2] So, in K. Henry VIII.: "He's a traitor to the *height*."

that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand[1] until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

*Bene.* Hear me, Beatrice—

*Beat.* Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

*Bene.* Nay but, Beatrice—

*Beat.* Sweet Hero!—She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

*Bene.* Beat—

*Beat.* Princes, and counties![2] Surely a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect![3] A sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies,[4] valor into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim[5] ones too. He is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

*Bene.* Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

*Beat.* Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

*Bene.* Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

*Bene.* Enough; I am engaged; I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin; I must say she is dead; and so farewell. [*Exeunt.*

1 Delude her with false expectations.

2 *Countie* was the ancient term for a *count* or *earl*.

3 A specious nobleman made out of sugar.

4 Ceremonies.

5 *Trim* seems here to signify *apt, fair-spoken*. *Tongue* used in the singular, and *trim ones* in the plural, is a mode of construction not uncommon in Shakspeare.

## SCENE II. *A Prison.*

*Enter* DOGBERRY, VERGES,[1] *and* Sexton, *in gowns; and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

*Dogb.* Is our whole dissembly appeared?

*Verg.* O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors?

*Dogb.* Marry, that am I and my partner.

*Verg.* Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.[2]

*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before master constable.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

*Bora.* Borachio.

*Dogb.* Pray write down—Borachio.——Yours, sirrah?

*Con.* I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

*Dogb.* Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

*Con. Bora.* Yea, sir, we hope.

*Dogb.* Write down—that they hope they serve God;—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

*Con.* Marry, sir, we say we are none.

*Dogb.* A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah;

[1] Throughout this scene the names of *Kempe* and *Cowley*, two celebrated actors of the time, are put for *Dogberry* and *Verges* in the old editions.

[2] This is a blunder of the constable's, for "examination to exhibit." In the last scene of the third act, Leonato says, "Take their examination yourself, and bring it me."

a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

*Bora.* Sir, I say to you, we are none.

*Dogb.* Well, stand aside.—'Fore God they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none?

*Sexton.* Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, that's the eftest[1] way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* This man said, sir, that don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

*Dogb.* Write down—prince John, a villain.—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother, villain.

*Bora.* Master constable,—

*Dogb.* Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

*Sexton.* What heard you him say else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

*Dogb.* Flat burglary as ever was committed.

*Verg.* Yea, by the mass, that it is.

*Sexton.* What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

*Dogb.* O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

*Sexton.* What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

*Sexton.* And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away. Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and

[1] i. e. the *quickest* way.

brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

*Dogb.* Come, let them be opinioned.

*Verg.* Let them be in the bands[1]—

*Con.* Off, coxcomb!

*Dogb.* God's my life! where's the sexton? Let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.——Thou naughty varlet.

*Con.* Away! You are an ass, you are an ass.

*Dogb.* Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an ass!—But, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.—Bring him away. O that I had been writ down—an ass. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *Before* Leonato's *House.*

*Enter* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

*Ant.* If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

*Leon.* I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless

[1] In the old copy this passage stands thus: "*Sexton.* Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb."

As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form.
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should groan;[1]
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters;[2] bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.[3]

*Ant.* Therein do men from children nothing differ.

*Leon.* I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push[4] at chance and sufferance. -

[1] The folio reads, "And sorrow, wagge, cry hem," &c.

[2] *Candle-wasters*—a contemptuous term for *book-worms* or *hard students*, used by Ben Jonson in Cynthia's Revels, and others.

[3] That is, "than *admonition*, than *moral instruction*."

[4] *Push* is the reading of the old copy, which Pope altered to *pish* without any seeming necessity. To make a *push* at any thing is to contend against it or defy it.

*Ant.* Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.
*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason; nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonor her.

*Enter* DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

*Ant.* Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.
*D. Pedro.* Good den, good den.
*Claud.* Good day to both of you.
*Leon.* Hear you, my lords,—
*D. Pedro.* We have some haste, Leonato.
*Leon.* Some haste, my lord!—Well, fare you well, my lord.—
Are you so hasty now?—Well, all is one.
*D. Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
*Ant.* If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
*Claud.* Who wrongs him?
*Leon.* Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou.—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.
*Claud.* Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear.
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
*Leon.* Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me.
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done, being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wronged mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by;
And, with gray hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child:

Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors.
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany.
*Claud.* My villany!
*Leon.* Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
*D. Pedro.* You say not right, old man.
*Leon.* My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,[1]
His May of youth, and bloom of lustihood.
*Claud.* Away, I will not have to do with you.
*Leon.* Canst thou so daff[2] me? Thou hast killed my child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
*Ant.* He shall kill two of us, and men indeed.
But that's no matter; let him kill one first—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—
Come, follow me, boy. Come, boy, follow me:[3]
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining[4] fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
*Leon.* Brother,—
*Ant.* Content yourself. God knows, I loved my niece;
And she is dead, slandered to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue;
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops!—
*Leon.* Brother Antony,—
*Ant.* Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling,[5] out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,

[1] Skill in fencing.
[2] This is only a corrupt form of *doff*, to *do off* or *put off*.
[3] The folio reads:—
——Come, *sir* boy, come follow me.
[4] Thrusting.
[5] *Scambling* appears to have been much the same as *scrambling*; shifting or shuffling.

Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

*Leon.* But, brother Antony,—

*Ant.* Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

*D. Pedro.* Gentlemen both, we will not wake[1] your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honor, she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,—

*D. Pedro.* I will not hear you.

*Leon.* No?
Come, brother, away;—I will be heard;—

*Ant.* And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

*Enter* BENEDICK.

*D. Pedro.* See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

*Claud.* Now, seignior! what news?

*Bene.* Good day, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Welcome, seignior. You are almost come to part almost a fray.

*Claud.* We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

*D. Pedro.* Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

*Bene.* In a false quarrel there is no true valor. I came to seek you both.

*Claud.* We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

[1] i. e. rouse, stir up, convert your patience into anger, by remaining longer in your presence.

*Bene.* It is in my scabbard. Shall I draw it?

*D. Pedro.* Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

*Claud.* Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

*D. Pedro.* As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick, or angry?

*Claud.* What! Courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

*Bene.* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me.—I pray you, choose another subject.

*Claud.* Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.[1]

*D. Pedro.* By this light, he changes more and more; I think he be angry indeed.

*Claud.* If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.[2]

*Bene.* Shall I speak a word in your ear?

*Claud.* God bless me from a challenge!

*Bene.* You are a villain.—I jest not;—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

*Claud.* Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

*D. Pedro.* What, a feast? A feast?

*Claud.* I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock[3] too?

[1] The allusion is to *tilting*. See note, As You Like It, Act iii. Sc. 4.

[2] There is a proverbial phrase, "If he be angry, let him turn the buckle of his girdle." Mr. Holt White says, "Large belts were worn with the buckle before; but for wrestling, the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind was therefore a challenge."

[3] A *woodcock*, being supposed to have no brains, was a common phrase for a foolish fellow. It means here one caught in a springe or trap, alluding to the plot against Benedick.

*Bene.* Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

*D. Pedro.* I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said thou hadst a fine wit. *True,* says she, *a fine little one; No,* said I, *a great wit; Right,* says she, *a great gross one; Nay,* said I, *a good wit; Just,* said she, *it hurts nobody; Nay,* said I, *the gentleman is wise; Certain,* said she, *a wise gentleman;*[1] *Nay,* said I, *he hath the tongues; That I believe,* said she, *for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.* Thus did she, an hour together, transshape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded, with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

*Claud.* For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

*Claud.* All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden.*

*D. Pedro.* But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

*Claud.* Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

*Bene.* Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humor; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company. Your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina; you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [*Exit* BENEDICK.

*D. Pedro.* He is in earnest.

*Claud.* In most profound earnest; and I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

*D. Pedro.* And hath challenged thee?

[1] *Wise gentleman* was probably used ironically for a silly fellow; as we still say a *wise-acre.*

*Claud.* Most sincerely.

*D. Pedro.* What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit![1]

*Claud.* He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

*D. Pedro.* But, soft you, let be;[2] pluck up, my heart, and be sad![3] Did he not say, my brother was fled?

*Enter* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

*Dogb.* Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Say, and you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

*D. Pedro.* How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

*Claud.* Hearken after their offence, my lord!

*D. Pedro.* Officers, what offence have these men done?

*Dogb.* Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanderers; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

*D. Pedro.* First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

*Claud.* Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.[4]

*D. Pedro.* Whom have you offended, masters, that

[1] These words are probably meant to express what Rosaline, in As You Like It, calls the "*careless desolation*" of a lover.

[2] The old copies read, "let *me* be:" the emendation is Malone's. *Let be* appears here to signify *hold, rest there.* It has the same signification in Saint Matthew, ch. xxvii. v. 49.

[3] i. e. "rouse thyself my heart and be prepared for serious consequences."

[4] That is, *one meaning put into many different dresses.*

you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

*Bora.* Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes. What your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how don John, your brother, incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garment; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

*D. Pedro.* Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

*Claud.* I have drunk poison, whiles he uttered it.

*D. Pedro.* But did my brother set thee on to this?

*Bora.* Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

*D. Pedro.* He is composed and framed of treachery;—
And fled he is upon this villany.

*Claud.* Sweet Hero! Now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

*Dogb.* Come, bring away the plaintiffs. By this time our sexton hath reformed seignior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

*Verg.* Here, here comes master seignior Leonato, and the sexton too.

*Re-enter* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *with the* Sexton.

*Leon.* Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

*Bora.* If you would know your wronger, look on me.
*Leon.* Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast killed
Mine innocent child?
*Bora.* Yea, even I alone.
*Leon.* No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thyself.
Here stand a pair of honorable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death.
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
*Claud.* I know not how to pray your patience;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin. Yet sinned I not,
But in mistaking.
*D. Pedro.* By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.
*Leon.* I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess[1] the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and, if your love
Can labor aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones. Sing it to-night.—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead;
And she alone is heir to both of us:[2]
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.
*Claud.* O, noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!

[1] To *possess* anciently signified to *inform*, to *make acquainted with*.
[2] Yet Shakspeare makes Leonato say to Antonio, Act i. Sc. 5, "How now, brother; where is my cousin your son?" &c.

I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

*Leon.* To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was packed[1] in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

*Bora.* No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

*Dogb.* Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass. I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment; and also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it,[2] and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

*Leon.* I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

*Dogb.* Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

*Leon.* There's for thy pains.

*Dogb.* God save the foundation.[3]

*Leon.* Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

*Dogb.* I leave an errant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry

[1] i. e. combined; an accomplice.

[2] It was one of the fantastic fashions of Shakspeare's time to wear a long hanging *lock of hair* dangling by the ear; it is often mentioned by contemporary writers, and may be observed in some ancient portraits. The humor of this passage is in Dogberry's supposing the *lock* to have a key to it.

[3] A phrase used by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses. Dogberry probably designed to say, "God save the founder."

meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbor. [*Exeunt* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Watch.

*Leon.* Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

*Ant.* Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

*D. Pedro.* We will not fail.

*Claud.* To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

*Leon.* Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd [1] fellow.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. Leonato's *Garden.*

*Enter* BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

*Bene.* Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

*Marg.* Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

*Bene.* In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

*Marg.* To have no man come over me? Why, shall I always keep below stairs? [2]

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

*Marg.* And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

*Bene.* A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.[3]

*Marg.* Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

[1] Here *lewd* means *knavish, ungracious, naughty*, which are the synonymes used with it in explaining the Latin *pravus* in dictionaries of the sixteenth century.

[2] Of this passage Dr. Johnson says, "I suppose every reader will find the meaning."

[3] i. e. "I yield."

*Bene.* If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

*Marg.* Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* MARGARET.

*Bene.* And therefore will come.

*The god of love,* [Singing.
*That sits above,*
*And knows me, and knows me,*
*How pitiful I deserve,*—

I mean, in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.[1]—

*Enter* BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I called thee?

*Beat.* Yea, seignior, and depart when you bid me.

*Bene.* O, stay but till then!

*Beat.* *Then*, is spoken; fare you well now.—And yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

*Bene.* Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

*Beat.* Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

*Bene.* Thou hast frighted the word out of his right

[1] I. e. "*in choice phraseology.*"

sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

*Beat.* For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

*Bene. Suffer love!* a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

*Beat.* In spite of your heart, I think. Alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

*Bene.* Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

*Beat.* It appears not in this confession. There's not one wise man among twenty that will *praise* himself.

*Bene.* An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that *lived* in the time of good neighbors. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live *no* longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?

*Bene.* Question![1]—Why, an hour in clamor, *and* a quarter in rheum. Therefore it is most expedient for the wise (if don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy;) and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

*Beat.* Very ill.

*Bene.* And how do you?

*Beat.* Very ill too.

*Bene.* Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

[1] This phrase appears to be equivalent to—"You ask a question indeed!"—or "That is the question!"

*Enter* URSULA.

*Urs.* Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil[1] at home. It is proved my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

*Beat.* Will you go hear this news, seignior?

*Bene.* I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *The Inside of a Church.*

*Enter* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* Attendants, *with music and tapers.*

*Claud.* Is this the monument of Leonato?

*Atten.* It is, my lord.

*Claud.* [*Reads from a scroll.*]

*Done to death*[2] *by slanderous tongues*
*Was the Hero that here lies;*
*Death, in guerdon*[3] *of her wrongs,*
*Gives her fame which never dies;*
*So the life, that died with shame,*
*Lives in death with glorious fame.*

*Hang thou there upon the tomb,* [Affixing it.
*Praising her when I am dumb.*—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

[1] *Old coil* is *great* or *abundant bustle. Old* was a common augmentative in ancient familiar language.

[2] This phrase occurs frequently in writers of Shakspeare's time; it appears to be derived from the French phrase *faire mourir.*

[3] Reward.

SONG.

*Pardon, Goddess of the night,*
*Those that slew thy virgin knight:*
*For the which, with songs of woe,*
*Round about her tomb they go.*
*Midnight, assist our moan;*
*Help us to sigh and groan,*
*Heavily, heavily.*
*Graves, yawn and yield your dead,*
*Till death be uttered,*
*Heavenly, heavenly.*[1]

*Claud.* Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.
*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, masters. Put your torches out;
The wolves have preyed; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.
*Claud.* Good morrow, masters; each his several way.
*D. Pedro.* Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.
*Claud.* And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speeds,
Than this, for whom we rendered up this woe!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV. *A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

*Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar, *and* HERO.

*Friar.* Did I not tell you she was innocent?
*Leon.* So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her

[1] In some of the modern editions, this is altered to *heavily, heavily.*

Upon the error that you heard debated.
But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
*Ant.* Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
*Leon.* Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;
And, when I send for you, come hither masked.
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me.—You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt* Ladies.
*Ant.* Which I will do with confirmed countenance.
*Bene.* Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
*Friar.* To do what, seignior?
*Bene.* To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Seignior Leonato, truth it is, good seignior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favor.
*Leon.* That eye my daughter lent her. 'Tis most true.
*Bene.* And I do with an eye of love requite her.
*Leon.* The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will?
*Bene.* Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoined
In the estate of honorable marriage;—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
*Leon.* My heart is with your liking.
*Friar.* And my help
Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

*Enter* Don Pedro *and* Claudio, *with* Attendants.

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow to this fair assembly.
*Leon.* Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio.
We here attend you; are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

*Claud.* I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
*Leon.* Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.
[*Exit* ANTONIO.
*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
*Claud.* I think, he thinks upon the savage bull.[1]
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
*Bene.* Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leaped your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

*Re-enter* ANTONIO, *with the* Ladies *masked.*

*Claud.* For this I owe you; here comes other reckoning.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?
*Ant.* This same is she, and I do give you her.
*Claud.* Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.
*Leon.* No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
*Claud.* Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband if you like of me.
*Hero.* And when I lived, I was your other wife:
[*Unmasking.*
And when you loved, you were my other husband.
*Claud.* Another Hero!
*Hero.* Nothing certainer.
One Hero died defiled; but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.
*D. Pedro.* The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

[1] Still alluding to the passage quoted from Hieronymo, or the Spanish Tragedy, in the first scene of the play.

*Leon.* She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

*Friar.* All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death.
Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

*Bene.* Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

*Beat.* I answer to that name; [*Unmasking.*] What is your will?

*Bene.* Do not you love me?

*Beat.* Why, no, no more than reason.

*Bene.* Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived; for they swore you did.

*Beat.* Do not you love me?

*Bene.* Troth, no, no more than reason.

*Beat.* Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

*Bene.* They swore that you were almost sick for me.

*Beat.* They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

*Bene.* 'Tis no such matter.—Then you do not love me?

*Beat.* No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

*Leon.* Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

*Claud.* And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet, of his own pure brain,
Fashioned to Beatrice.

*Hero.* And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

*Bene.* A miracle! Here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

*Beat.* I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

*Bene.* Peace, I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*

*D. Pedro.* How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

*Bene.* I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humor. Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram? No; if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do propose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

*Claud.* I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

*Bene.* Come, come, we are friends;—Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

*Leon.* We'll have dancing afterwards.

*Bene.* First, o'my word: therefore, play, music—prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

*Bene.* Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. Exeunt.*

*Much Ado about Nothing* (as I understand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly passed under the title of *Benedick and Beatrix.* Heming the player received, on the 20th of May, 1613, the sum of forty pounds, and twenty pounds more as his Majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting six plays at Hampton Court, among which was this comedy.

STEEVENS.

END OF VOL. I.